



SIMMS
"

THE
REMAINS
OF
MAYNARD DAVIS RICHARDSON,
WITH A
MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE.

BY HIS FRIEND.

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TO

The Family, the Relatives and the Friends,
of the late MAYNARD D. RICHARDSON, these
Remains and this Memoir, are respectfully in-
scribed by

THE COMPILER.

May 22.

[NOTE.—The editor has ventured upon the publication of two little performances in this collection, as those of Mr. Richardson, without being altogether assured of their parentage. They occur among his papers without those distinguishing marks of authorship which were referred to in the compilations of the rest of the volume. They are mere trifles, however, and having the general manner of Mr. R. are permitted to appear as his.]

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MEMOIR.

The compiler of this little volume, is conscious of no necessity which could call for, or prompt, an apologetic appeal to the reader, for his indulgence during its perusal. He feels confident, that, without referring particularly or even passingly to the extreme youth of its subject, and the circumstances under which these 'remains' were written and now make their appearance, their own merits are sufficiently marked and peculiar to render any such appeal unnecessary. Though the transcripts and impressions of a mind and life, scarcely yet active in their human career, and certainly, in great part, yet undeveloped, they carry with them, and upon their face, claims to the respectful consideration of all classes of readers, which may not go unregarded. They are of the true metal, and bear the stamp of a genius as beautiful and full of scent and promise as the first flower of the springtime; though, with sorrow we must add, one, which has proved more timelessly evanescent and fleeting. There may be some, however—some stern critic, too impregnable in rule, and too fettered by the exercise and dictate of an inflexible justice, to whom the germ which this volume discloses, wanting as it does in the fruition of its promise, and more than deficient in many of the essentials of a labored perfection, may seem vain and valueless. He may wonder that

the effusions of the boy, just free from college restraints, and tinctured deeply with its frequent pedantries and notorious truisms, should be thus sedulously preserved and set in sight. He may sneer at the revived discussion of opinions, now settled down into certainty by common consent, or repudiated and overthrown by a decision equally unanimous. For such an one we have little of remark. If, familiar with the highest attributes of intellect, only, and conscious of no humbler standard of comparative excellence, than that which distinguishes the Apollo Belvidere, he disdains the creations of all humbler artists—this little memento is not for his examination. We look to gentler spirits—to a more moderated measure of criticism—for its destiny. We place it in other hands—we refer to an authority, in affections more generously constituted, and a judgment higher even than his, for its sanction and support. Nor shall we look in vain. The intelligent sense will recognise in this little effort to embalm the memory of a mind of high promise stricken in the bud, an encouragement to effort in others similarly constituted. This trophy, like that of Kirke White and others, of our own as well as foreign countries, may stimulate the efforts of the boy, and direct and render effective his industry. It may be, however, that reasons such as these, may prove unequal to the task of apology. The unbending and conscientious Procrustes, who would lop off what is unequal in the literary measure with scrupulous exactitude, may still object, that we have already memorials enough, for the purposes of warning and example. If so, we have yet another reply. We, who honor the memory we have endeavored to preserve, have not studiously thrust our memorials upon his sight. We have built our temple, (if we may so speak,) in the secluded walks of the village church-yard,—in the silent places of the forest—and if he

reads its inscription at all, he can only do so, by a studied departure from the thoroughfare, and an equally studied approach to the simple edifice upon which it is written.

MAYNARD DAVIS RICHARDSON, the subject of our memoir, was the sixth child and fourth son, of the Hon. John S. Richardson, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court, and of Mrs Elizabeth L. Richardson, of South-Carolina. He was born at Charleston, in that State, on the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and twelve. He attended the various, most approved elementary schools in that city; and at a comparatively early period, was entered at the Charleston College, not long before, successfully established, under the charge of a Faculty and Tutorship, which have acquired, in the administration of its duties, a high reputation for themselves, while conferring upon it a degree of usefulness and character, not peculiar, before this period, to such institutions in that section. Here, he pursued a preparatory course of instruction, for an adequate time, prior to his transfer to the South-Carolina College, at Columbia, in 1828, where his education underwent completion. It was, however, at the College of Charleston, and while in the Seminaries of that city, that the capacities of his mind—those graceful and vigorous shoots of promise which so unhappily were denied fulfilment—first began to develope themselves. At this period, and when but thirteen or fourteen years of age, the eye, alike, of parental pride and satisfaction, and of youthful and school fellowship, became attracted to the unfolding talent which afterwards distinguished his limited career, and which, even then, exhibited those first fruits which won for him, among his associates, a consideration not soon to be forgotten. The precocious nature of his boyish efforts, a wonder at that time to his mates and rivals, if detailed at large and dwelt upon now, would, we are assured, be no less so to

These subjects of discussion indicate something of the course of popular inquiry in the Southern States for some years past; and their free analysis, along with others of similar import, has doubtless tended not a little to that general habit of inquiry and examination into the principles and concerns of Government, which, while it has doubtless been productive of no small enlightenment among the great majority of the people, has, at the same time, set them afloat upon a sea of perpetual excitement and speculation, and brought about that spirit of technically refining upon the simplicities of diction and definition, which leaves no instrument where it found it; and renders language, itself, a most uncertain channel for the transmission and application of reason and of thought. There can be no doubt that a partial examination of an abstruse question—such an examination, to speak in brief, as the popular mind, devoted, as it must be, to a thousand conflicting duties and pursuits, can afford to give it—will only have a tendency to the unsettling of established usage and opinion, without furnishing, in their stead, any more wholesome or legitimate substitutes. Coupled with the popular spirit, is always to be found a large degree of thirst for novelty and change—a thirst, which, properly directed, finds its authorized channel in new and valuable enterprises, and is so far beneficial, alike, to men and nations; but which, dammed up in this quarter and misdirected in others, breaks down all the landmarks and washes away all the restraints of social order, until revolution finds its realm and dominion in the devastation which necessarily follows. We would not, by these remarks, have it understood, that we think debating societies, such as those above spoken of, productive rather of evil than of benefit; but it may have its use to inquire, in how much we should sanction the superficial consideration of subjects, requiring

long years of elaborate inquiry, which the popular mind, in our country, is too apt to undertake, examine and settle, in the brief compass of a single night. Any discussion, however, of this matter, whatever its importance in a social point of view, being here unnecessary and irrelevant, we return to our subject by introducing to the reader, for example, a string of topics, all of them of leading and of nice general import, which appears in the handwriting and among the papers of our author, and which, without doubt, were submitted by him while at college, to some one or more of the associations, of which he may have been the member. That many of these were actually discussed, in part by himself, we have the proof, in notes, profusely rich, which are strewn confusedly among the remains now before us. Some of them appear to have furnished the material, in an after day, for many of his published essays—and in this manner we are compelled to account, for the occasional use of the same idea, and, in one or more instances, the same paragraph, in more than one article upon relevant subjects;—a repetition, which is unavoidable in this publication, and which the reader, referring to this explanation, will readily excuse, as it may happen to occur in the progress of the volume. A comparison, however, of these initial efforts, with their revised arrangement in after compositions, proves them in most cases, to have undergone summary and abridgement, rather than dress and amplification. Here follow the proposed topics of debate:

“Is usury lawful?

“Is falsehood ever justifiable?

“Which is the widest field for talent and distinction, war, letters, or politics?

“Is wealth or knowledge, most powerful?

“Southern States holding slaves?

“Fashion—productive of good or evil?

"Law of Libel in South Carolina?

"Mind ever inactive?"

"Must the unities of time, place and action be preserved?"

"One or succession of ages better?"

"Moral sense innate?"

"Capital punishment necessary?"

"Use of ancient classics—their study *justifiable*?"

"Luxury—good or ill in results?"

"Writings of Atheism injurious to Christianity?"

"Language of Divine or human institution?"

"Slavery—consistent with natural justice?"

"Is Poetry, in its aggregate effects, beneficial to society?"

"Of most influence, reason or habit?"

"Theatricals beneficial?"

"Relative Intellects—male and female?"

"Should females be denied the pursuit of science?"

"Are the capacities of men originally equal?"

"Ambition productive of pleasure or pain, good or evil?"

"Public or private education preferable?"

"Coriolanus, justifiable in bringing its enemies into his country?"

"Horse stealing, be punished capitally?"

"Has the life of Buonaparte been of benefit to the world?"

"Is bravery natural or acquired?"

"Were the discoverers of the New World justifiable in appropriating the possessions of the natives?"

"Has a Government the right of forbidding emigration?"

"What influence climate upon national character?"

"Crusades beneficial?"

"Which preferable, talent or industry?"

"Cato justifiable in his suicide?"

These are some of the questions taken up for discussion in

these societies. The majority of mankind, would, perhaps satisfactorily, solve many of them at a glance. But there are none of them which might not furnish occasion for acute and close speculation and extensive research; as doubtless, on these occasions, they commonly did. A few of them are illogically and unsatisfactorily put—the first, for instance, which, for its answer, necessarily looks to the existing law, itself, on the subject. Many of them, have been long known as points of issue among Schoolmen and Government Doctors; and, all of them call for a high degree of methodical and mental exercise, to be treated with even the most insignificant degree of success. The notes of our author taken evidently with the view to their analysis, indicate comprehensive research, a reading singularly wide and various, a talent at arrangement surprising in one so very young, and a faculty of illustration, the necessary result of his large acquaintance with books, coupled with a memory that did not seem to hesitate often. His style too, at this period, when he was but thirteen or fourteen years of age, was distinguished by its manliness and character. It was free and graceful—lofty without grandiloquence, and flowing without flippancy. Many specimens of his composition at this time will be found in the body of the volume—particularly among the verses,—and are remarkable for their ease and purity. They certainly equal, if they do not surpass, the like performances of Cowley and Pope at the same time of life, and lead us to infer a corresponding excellence with these illustrious writers, had he been spared for the endeavor.*

That he took a leading part among his associates at this period, we have the testimony of themselves. A letter from

*The following verses, crude, imperfect, and the images of which may be traced elsewhere, may be taken in proof of our assertion. They bear evi-

an intimate associate of Mr. Richardson, received in reply to an application, made with this object, is strong in this respect, and, as it comes from a gentleman, himself of considerable promise, we shall make free selections from its contents. "No one," says he, "at this period knew our friend better than myself. Our intimacy begun with childhood, and my

dence of extreme juvenility, and are coupled with notes which would refer their composition to his twelfth or thirteenth year. They are described in the manuscript from which they are taken, as his first effort in verse.

A FRAGMENT.

I love to roam at morning light
 When day has chased away dull night;
 I love to roam when night afar
 Has fled within her ebon car;
 At dawn, to see Spring's earliest flower
 Revived by cheerful vernal showers;
 To roam along the silent walk,
 Where I, my fancy, may not balk,
 O'ershadowed by the forest trees,
 And fanned by Zephyr's cooling breeze—
 The brilliant foliaged birds to see
 And listen to their minstrelsy;
 To sit and hear the waving grove
 Re-echo to the voice of love;
 To hear the truant blackbird's lay,
 While skipping fast from spray to spray;
 To hear the silver speckl'd thrush
 Tuning his throat from bush to bush;
 To view the new-born day appear
 And brighten nature with his glare;—
 All these I love, but more I love,
 At midnight's silent hour to rove,
 To watch the twinkling stars, to see
 The queen of heaven, in majesty;
 To lie the moistened grass along,
 And hear the owl's foreboding song;
 To some old, moss-clad tower to hie
 While the grey bat goes flitting by;

admiration of his virtues and talents grew up from that period until his death. While at school, he was highly esteemed as a promising youth. Indeed his singular capacity, as is too often the case at such institutions, made him somewhat unpopular with his fellows. The precocity of his mind was such, and his colloquial powers so various and rich for one of his age, that he always placed himself foremost in their school-boy efforts. This gained him the appellation of "the Pedant"—but no one knew how to parry such sneers with greater dexterity. At school, the best boxer, you know, has from time immemorial, been considered the best man. It was otherwise with him. He had a vein of pungent humor which to him was sword and shield. No one knew how to exercise this property better—and no one at school ever wielded it with more absolute sway. I have fallen into an apparently trivial recital, because I believe upon this part of his early character depended much of his literary success afterwards. I am sure his first inducement to the writing of

To sit among the ruins drear,
 And watch in calm composure there—
 The ruined walls, with grass o'ergrown
 The hooting owl, roused from her home,
 The bubbling brook, that winds its course
 O'er pebble's overgrown with moss—
 The silver moon her bright beams throw
 Upon the rough hewn stones below,
 There many a joke and many a song
 Oft' rung the ancient walls along.

• • • • •
 Give me to sit, in tranquil joy
 Where no disturbance can annoy;
 Give me to watch, ere morning's beam
 Dispel my visionary dream;
 Oh! give me oft' to know the power
 Of midnight's calm and silent hour.

poetry, arose out of the applause of the students, bestowed upon a little doggrel satire, which we unmercifully dealt out upon the head of one of our classmates. It was for some indignity received, that Maynard pointed the pen at his victim, and in the course of one night's hard work, we *conjointly* managed to produce a sort of heroic satire, representing our opponent as the famous Trojan hero—ourselves as Agamemnon and Achilles. The verses, I confess, were bad enough—not to speak of the bad taste of placing ourselves so modestly in the shoes of two such doughty heroes. Be this as it may—the praise they received at school was to him, not less than myself “a poetic glass of wine,” and it exhilarated him to such a degree that he cut many a pleasant caper with the muses in times thereafter. The compass of this letter admonishes me to pass over the earlier portions of his life, and say something of that period when his mind began to develop its powers, and take a more orderly stand.

“He was about fifteen years of age, when we both joined a Debating Society of the city. Although one of the youngest members—he was remarkable for taking a successful part in some of the gravest debates. He chiefly delighted to engage in subjects of morals and metaphysics—and I am astonished even at this period when I reflect how correctly and variously he used to handle these topics. This he was in great measure enabled to do from his proficiency in the ancient classics.—Most of their philosophers he had read, and his principal delight was in introducing them to the acquaintance of his several friends. I think it was his constant perusal of such authors which gave such a terseness* to his conversation and writings. In the society he was far from being a popular

*The want of this very terseness, with all deference to the opinion of our friend, is the chief fault of our author's style, which, as he has said immediately below, was quite too essayical.

debater. His style was too essayical. But his satirical powers frequently made up for this deficiency. He could laugh from the minds of his audience the most solid conclusions, and substitute in their place his own. I am fully persuaded that this faculty, if properly managed, and had life been spared, would have made him a highly successful pleader. I have already almost implied that his essays were well received. For one of his age they were remarkable for their correctness of thought and style. I recollect one in particular. It gained him great commendation from the members. The subject was "The means of attaining a high moral standard." An anecdote which arose from this essay, will serve to illustrate its excellence. In the course of his observations he touched upon the beauties of Zenophon as a philosopher; and pictured forth his life of Cyrus as a correct model of the moral standard. This he did in so charming a manner that we all went home and read the *Cyropædia* with redoubled energy. I am sure my tutor at least could bear testimony to my correct recitations of the book for weeks after.

"After Maynard went to College, I knew little of him save through letters. He, however, from all that I have been enabled to collect from his fellow students, took there an elevated stand. It is believed by most of them, that he might have received the first honors of the Institution, had he not declared himself indifferent to them. As it was he was placed among its highest honored. Many of his letters are before me. They are on various subjects, and display a mind richly cultivated, if not matured. I have often had cause to admire the rapidity with which he wrote on every subject. He never corrected what he wrote, and, what is remarkable, I do not recollect ever to have detected a flagrant mistake in even his most familiar epistles.

"I could write a volume in praise of the social virtues of

our friend—but this is not the place. Suffice it to say he was generous—high minded and sincere—and seldom lost a friend where he made one.”

Of the satirical powers of Maynard, as described by the friend, to whom we are indebted for the above epistle, we have little question. Much of the material which we have been compelled to exclude from this compilation, savours strongly of this characteristic; and taking a local and personal direction, particularly during the political warfare, in which it was, perhaps, his misfortune to engage, has been discarded, chiefly, for this very reason. Still, there are evidences of the talent in many of the performances here preserved; and the epigrams, which will be found at the termination of the volume, attest the evident leaning of his mind to the habit which has been ascribed to him. We would not by this, however, have it understood or supposed by the reader that he possessed that morbid and hostile malignity of temperament and thought, which is so absolutely essential to the constitution of the personal satirist. He was a creature, too gentle in his disposition—too confiding, too fond and yielding, to treasure up, for a moment, the venomous discontent—the jaundiced querulousness of spirit, which finds man and society, things only of prey and pastime,* and which must

*A fragment, without any of those designations which might refer it to its proper period or occasion, may be given as a specimen of this boyish satire. It is certainly no mean evidence of spirit and of poetical aptitude, if we regard the extreme youth at which he must have written it.

“When looking through the world I trace,
The discord of each human place,
The overt spleen, the lurking hate,
Which on all stations seem to wait,
I wonder—yet the cause I find,
Still planted in the human mind.
It takes its rise with earliest time

be the prime constituent in the mind and character of the habitual satirist.

In his sixteenth year (1828) he entered the Junior class of the South-Carolina College, at Columbia. Of his literary

And speeds its way through every clime.
 Some sage philosopher has said,
 That to the mortal eye still spread,
 His fellows follies lie revealed,
 While all his own are well concealed—
 And Rancour [Envoy] with her with'ring [jaundiced] eyes,
 'The merit changes to the vice.
 Thus ——'s pen with venom fraught—
 A venal pen for [with] lucre bought,
 Attempts to strangle at its birth,
 'The infant muse, inspired by mirth,
 And silence nature's sweetest song
 With croakings of his raven tongue.
 That song of feeling's darling child
 "Warbling his native wood notes wild,"
 Advancing with celestial fire
 From "nature up to nature's Sire,"
 As erst, shall now and e'er prevail
 While ——'s critic spleen shall fail.—
 His verse, of hate and folly born,
 Though seeking fame shall find but scorn.
 'Tis Dryden says—perhaps 'twas Byron—
 No matter which, the search would tire on,
 That who by gentleness would soothe,
 The bitter and the brainless youth,
 Errs wide, as he who tries to bribe
 The true—the candid critic's pride,
 Who wields no prostituted pen
 To hate, to party, or to men—
 Whose rule of right is nature's creed,
 Who gives to merit, merit's need;
 Still, always eager to befriend,
 The verse our nature meant to mend.

labours while at this Institution, we know comparatively little or nothing. It is more than probable that the studies and requisitions of the University, left him but little time, and afforded him few opportunities for exercises, which, whatever may be the ultimate design of education, are, in reality, irrelevant to its acquirement. Still, he must have indulged occasionally in his converse and association with the muses, for his verses seem more easy after this period, and his prose, always free and graceful, had acquired still greater freedom, and had taken on itself an air of manliness which gave an added interest to the passionate flow of its general character.—Associations of a like literary character with those which he enjoyed when at school in Charleston, seem here to have rather confirmed him in a habit of metaphysical disquisition; which, in time became, not less a habit than a luxury, the consequence of which unhappily appears in almost every thing which he has written. Numberless scraps of manuscript occur among his papers, containing the heads of his argument on these occasions and at these controversies; usually coupled with some brief exordium, which, while substantially proposing the question, furnished him with a text, that, by unavoidable necessity, introduced the corollary.—His research on these occasions was prodigious. All writers of whom he appears ever to have heard, who had treated of the main or any of the incidental topics, were thoroughly overhauled and examined; and the immense pile of notes, authorities and selections, which were gathered by him in this way, and carefully preserved, would infinitely surprise the great majority of our modern and native literati. In these inquiries Maynard was indefatigable; and the acquisitions thus made,—the various and valuable fund of knowledge thus obtained, furnishing him at all times with ready material, and which few minds could digest with more faci-

lity than his own, must have yielded him numberless advantages over his contemporaries in any future pursuit of literature. Our reference here has been purely to works of science and speculation—to those huge tomes in which the great body of moral and metaphysical knowledge is contained, and the mere perusal of which, apart from their study and analysis, is, of itself, a monstrous, and, possibly, a meritorious labour. The industry of Maynard was not content only with this, however great, achievement. Warmly devoted to letters, the literature of the classics was at an early period of his college career, a prime object of devotion and attainment; and, while an under graduate, he delivered the oration devoted to the subject, which fully attested the success of this pursuit, and which, in the language of a critical friend, “would have done honour to the pens of Everett or Legare.” “He read, (observes the same authority) the productions of Homer, Euripides and Eschylus, not so much with the feelings of a critic as a poet. He breathed the same atmosphere with them—the mantle of their inspiration fell upon his shoulders,—he caught their spirit and transfused it with uncommon felicity into his own writings.”*

This is high praise, and although not prepared to say quite as much as the authority from which we have drawn the preceding passage, we cannot scruple to believe, that there is promise—high promise in what he has left us of his mind—that such would have been his achievement, and that, this eulogy would not have been entirely unmerited in the end. The little collection here given, is one of infinite promise;—labouring too, as it does, under the several and strong disadvantages, incident to its early composition—the want of chastened elaboration, and the absence of that careful revision, which none

*From an obituary notice, contained in the “Sumter Whig”—the journal conducted by our author—then, under the control of a friend.

but an author can hope to undertake satisfactorily. The crude thought, hastily conceived and hurriedly committed to paper, can only receive due correction from the mind that conceives it; and with this belief we have been compelled to throw aside, though with many scruples, numerous passages, comprising the germ of many a fine conception and brilliant design, which, under his hands, might have attained all the growth and beauty, which they undoubtedly promised.

It was while Maynard was a member of the senior class of the South Carolina College, that a Dramatic corps under the direction of Mr. De Camp, for some years after, the Manager, established a Theatre in Columbia; at that period something of a novelty to its citizens. To a student, and a profound admirer of the muses, this was an event of highest interest; and the offer of a prize, by the Manager, for a poetical address adapted to the opening of the new temple, immediately instigated our young author—then in his *seventeenth* year—to undertake the performance. He did so, and succeeded. The address was chosen by a committee of high character, and was spoken, we believe, with considerable effect. We are not informed as to the number of competitors, but presume, that, as is usual on these occasions, they were neither few in number, nor deficient in industry and talent. The successful poem, which will be found in our poetical department, is not a fair specimen of the abilities of the writer. The hacknied character of the theme and occasion, the difficulty of saying any thing new on such a subject, and the extreme youth of its author, were all so many obstacles in the way of a performance, the memory of which might be lasting. The address, therefore, is rather that of a gentleman, to whom the *Belles Lettres* were a taste and a pastime, than of a poet. The images and ideas employed, are, of necessity, common place; and such as are unavoidably suggested

by the subject. Many of them appear elsewhere, and in the old writers; and the chief merit, therefore, of the article in question, is the graceful and flowing versification, and a few, somewhat novel, combinations of ideas and images, peculiar to the theme. The structure of the verse is perfectly unexceptionable, and with, perhaps, a solitary exception, uncommonly easy and harmonious. In its members, however, it is incoherent, and, if we may so speak, inconsecutive. The song wanders from one topic to another before each is exhausted; and we find the former recurred to, before we have well made our way into and through that, to which, in like manner, we had been previously hurried. But this is a venial error, and incident to all juvenile performances. The wonder is, that, in a production of such length, and of a character so ambitious, the defects and exuberances should be so few and unimportant.

To this single achievement, however, the labours of our author, while at College, do not appear to have been limited; and, although we are not advised of any other performance, strictly of a public or popular character, from his pen, beyond an occasional display before the Clariosophic Society, and other associations of which he was a member, his attainments and reputation seem rapidly to have been progressing. His correspondence, at this period—which, from its personal and domestic character, we are not at liberty to make use of—bears strong testimony to the manliness and originality of his mind, and its employments. His propensity to philosophical inquiry and criticism—the close and scrupulous self-examination which, in these habits, his mind continually underwent, seemed to prepare him, naturally as it were, to digress, with the most perfect freedom and success, even in the most familiar compositions, to opinions as lofty and comprehensive, as the arguments by which they

from the description given, the glowing strain which is said to have distinguished the college exercise. It is stript of many of those aids and ornaments which gave it a free flow upon the ear of the auditory; and, in the less pretending form of the essay—though sufficiently obnoxious still to the reprehensions of a severe taste—it has been deprived, by a more critical spirit than that in which it had been conceived, of much of that glow and glitter, which probably won for it most of the applause by which it appears to have been greeted upon its delivery. In its present shape, it is strangely unsatisfactory. The argument is entirely incomplete—the transitions from one to another of its premises and details, too hurried to admit of full, or even partial justice to any one of them; and all that we can now perceive of merit, in what has been left us, of a performance confessedly highly popular at the time of its inception, is a graceful and flowing diction, and a rather profuse, but not unpleasing, freedom of illustration and ornament.

Having now quitted college, he proposed to himself the study of the law, and leisurely, at intervals, from this period, until his life took a new, and perhaps, not an uncongenial direction, he employed himself in the acquisition of the elementary principles of that noble science. Such a pursuit, admirably accorded with the acute and logical turn of his mind, and there is little doubt,—considering, in connection with this characteristic, another, not less so, in the free and extreme facility, which, at his age, he possessed, of language and composition—that, had he lived, and chosen to pursue the profession, his success, as an advocate, must have been decided. Currently with this study, he employed himself in the education of two younger brothers, by which exercise he still further refreshed and strengthened his own college acquisitions; and in this manner was passed, not unprofita-

bly, the brief interval of time, between his departure from his Alma Mater, and assumption of the many responsibilities and, at all times, highly exciting duties, of a political journalist. We now see him in a character entirely new, and, one, for which we hesitate not to affirm, the amiability of his character—the unsophisticated and yielding temper of his feelings and affections, almost entirely unfitted him. The heart of Maynard, had been made in a mould, and imbued with a spirit, as gentle as those emotions, which were the invariable accompaniments and unhesitating prompters of all his actions. He had formed his idea of human nature, not from a survey of its existing, but of its ideal condition. He had looked upon humanity, as it was before, and not after its fall; and the soul of poetry, which prompted his own moods, was quite too generous and gentle, to conceive of either storms or serpents in that sweet Eden, which his fancy had filled with existences, not merely immortal, but young and beautiful and innocent to the last. What had such a creature to do with politics and political partizanship—that warfare of peevish spirits and petty ambition, where patriotism becomes a by-word and jest—furnishing the sign post for beer house and brothel—and where ruffianism and guile are almost certain of success in the conflict with honest devotion, shrinking modesty, and that high-souled truth that will not prostitute its own pure impulses, for all the honors and distinctions of an immoral and diseased condition of society!

We have hitherto studiously forborne, as unnecessary to our narration, any reference—more than one purely occasional—to the condition of political parties in the State of South-Carolina, during all this period; and our reference now shall be as cautiously sparing as may be consistent with the requirements of our memoir. Designing this publication, as we do, simply, as the memorial of one, who had

in him much that might have taught, and won, and commanded—and who had already done something towards the attainment of this promise—we would carefully suppress and exclude all such matter as might be merely local and fleeting in its interest, or offensive in its expression. We would preserve the memory of our friend as a son of Carolina—one, who, if spared for the realization of those pledges which his early career had given, would have conferred honor upon her, and whose labors, even now, are not altogether unworthy to be enshrined in the memories of her children. For these reasons we would desire to avoid that rank and prolific growth—the parties of the day—and though from the nature of Mr. Richardson's employments during the most active period of his life, this hope be entertained in vain, we shall yet so far as practicable, abridge his "Remains" by excluding whatever may not seem purely abstract and general in its application.

The condition of parties in South-Carolina, separating, as they did, the people at large upon a topic the most terribly exciting, and the interest of which, we regret to say, has not even now altogether subsided, it was deemed necessary that an exponent of the doctrines and desires of the Union Party should be established in Sumter District—a highly intelligent division of the State, and one, in which parties were, in a numerical sense, pretty equally divided. The opposite, or Nullification Party, had already the vantage ground afforded them by the use of a press in the little village of Sumter; and the "Southern Whig," a journal embodying the politics of the former party, was established under the direction of Mr. Richardson, and in great part through his own personal activity. He had now entered upon a new sphere, and one to which his whole previous life had been foreign and unfamiliar. He was now to enter into the arena—to combat—

not principles, so much as persons—for who does not know that the war of political partizanship, whatever may be its character at the commencement, overlooks, in a little while, the abstract grounds upon which the conflict began, and identifying measures with men, forgets the doctrine in the teacher? Of this, Maynard seems, at the outset, to have had but little idea. His nature had been too generously—too gently constituted;—he was quite too unsophisticated—too untaught in the habits of human collision, to regard it as at all difficult so to discuss the workings of a problem in government or morals, with guiding principles, and according to the dicta of college rules, with an even temper, and without violation of the bounds and limits of the most rigid decorum. Thus, having in his very first paper devoted several columns to the consideration of the principles of a distinguished statesman, embodied in a theory which has lately “rung from side to side” of our country, he addresses him a private letter, accompanying his public analysis, in which, while he regrets that his own convictions do not permit his recognition of the doctrine which he opposes, he entertains the hope that his course may not lose him those good regards and that friendly interest which had always been avowed for his fortunes by the person whom he addresses and whose opinions he reviews. The original of this letter may well merit preservation, as an illustration of that manly candour and general and stern adherence to principle, which formed no less a feature of the intellectual, than the moral existence of our subject. The following is a copy of the communication here referred to.

“Respected and Dear Sir:

“I take the liberty of sending you the ‘Sumter Whig,’ devoted to principles which I believe possess your sanction, with, perhaps, a single exception. After as impartial an in-

vestigation of the subject as my understanding is capable of giving it, I have been compelled by stubborn conviction, to reject the doctrine of the veto, except as (probably) a revolutionary measure. I trust that, in stating my objections, I have felt and expressed that esteem for your character, and that respect for your abilities, which I certainly entertain; and that no political rancour will ever operate to convert an honest difference of opinion into reckless and indiscriminate censure. If I am in error, to be convicted of it will give me no pain; nor [in that event] would I hesitate to avow it and retrace my steps. I am not possessed, I trust, by the ‘*amabilis insania*’ of weak minds, which weds them to error and renders them obstinately inaccessible to conviction;—though I must say, my error, if so it be, must be fundamental. I have either built upon an insecure foundation, or am bottomed upon constitutional law, and have escaped Locke’s distinctive feature of madness—false conclusions from sound premises. To you as the *giver of comparative*, I would address Pope’s invocation to the *Author of all light*—‘If I am right, O! teach,’ etc.

“With respectful remembrance of your kindness,

“I am, Dear Sir, very sincerely, &c.”

It is not often that public men, in their career of personal ambition, urged on by party impulses—solicitous of the one object, and reckless of the character of those means employed in its attainment—observe a courtesy, so elevated, so becomingly honourable as this. Most of our partizan editors would smile at this juvenile consideration of the feelings of others—this deferential regard to authority and age. They would scarce scruple, strong in their supposed notions of the right, and devoutly zealous for the combination of men or interests for which they speak, to assail motives, no less than opinions. It was not so with our friend. He had no such

hostility to men; and his opposition to measures, while his convictions were the result usually of a close and rigid examination of the subject, in all its parts, was urged with all the deference of one, who felt that he might yet be wrong. The trait which this little epistle discloses, to our mind, speaks largely for the graceful delicacy of his. It embodies the modesty of youth, while it indicates the confidence of character—by which, we mean, an enlightened sense, solicitous for the truth, and placing the pursuits and enquiries of its intellect, not less under the charge of a pure and proper morality, than of the lights of its own reason and experience.

In his twentieth year, and shortly after he had undertaken the editorship of the *Southern Whig*, he was appointed by the Union Party of Sumter District, one of the delegates to the Baltimore Convention, convened for the nomination of the President and Vice President, of the United States,—where, along with the members from South-Carolina, generally, his vote appears recorded for the present incumbent of the former office, and Mr. Barbour, of Virginia, in the latter. From Baltimore, after the adjournment of the Convention, he proceeded to Washington, and attended closely to the proceedings of both branches of Congress, as may be inferred from the well written letters, which he furnished for his journal from that city—a portion of which, as they describe in part, the manner, style, spirit and character of some of the leading members of those two bodies, we have preserved in this collection. They are highly graceful as mere specimens of composition, but the reader will discover many yet higher attributes in the bold, free, thought, the critical acumen, and frequently just opinions, which distinguish them throughout. We may add, that there are permitted to appear rather too many of those prejudices, which Southern youth at a very early period, are taught to imbibe, against Northern men and institutions.—A marked bias, running

along with them, some times defaces and defeats his opinions; and are attributable rather to the soil than the soul of the author, whose sense did not often permit him to err in this manner, and whose spirit, once conscious of, would withhold its support or sanction from any sentiment savouring of injustice.

We met him, at this period, for the last time, in Washington. He was in excellent health, and his spirits were unusually buoyant. He was preparing for his return to Carolina, having been tasked to deliver an oration on the fourth of July, then near at hand;* and the high favour and applause which had so far attended his public career, and the tokens of which were particularly abundant at the seat of Government, with those who knew him, had elated him to the utmost. He was full of hope, sanguine in anticipation, and the numberless plans of public life, and literary achievement which he had designed, and which were unhesitatingly disclosed—for his nature had no concealments—though calculated, at that time, to make one smile at the profuseness and plenitude of his hope—unapprehensive of defeat and disappointment,—are full of melancholy consideration now. Who could have dreamed of so dark a set, for so bright a sun—who look for a tempest when the sky was without a cloud! We separated; and, a day or two before the close of June, he took his way home, and arrived barely in time to deliver his oration, which he put together in the course of a few hours before its delivery, while attending at the same time to the journal under his direction, the duties of which he had resumed immediately on his return.

The measure of a convention of the Southern States, with the view to a consideration of their federal relations, having

*We have not been able to place our hands upon this performance, of which, those who were present at its delivery, speak in terms of the highest eulogy.

been suggested and discussed by several of the leading men of Carolina, was warmly taken up in his paper by Maynard, and it would be doing him far less than justice, were we to doubt, that, but for his activity in the matter, the decision of the Union Party of the State, which finally adopted it, would never, or not then, at least, have been made. The aim was, if possible, to prevent the inefficient, and, most probably, the suicidal action of any one State, upon these *relations*; and, by referring the common evil and difficulty to the interests in common, enlist the action of a physical power, sufficient to give emphasis to any plan which might finally be decided upon for the attainment of a remedy. Some of the leading politicians of the Party in the lower division of the State, were opposed to the measure, apprehending a dissolution of the Union, and the formation of an entirely new confederation of interests purely Southern—an object supposed to be in the contemplation of many individuals of the opposite party. With this fear, the suggestion, though on the whole, rather popular with the greater portion of the party, was coldly received by some of those most active and distinguished in the direction of its affairs; and, accordingly, we find, that the measure, though fixed upon at last, was simply given into, after it had been adopted by the Union Party of Sumter District, without reference to any of the other divisions of the State. A preliminary convention of delegates, representing the State, only, being necessary to any ulterior arrangement of this nature, a meeting was called at Columbia, and, in obedience to the will of his constituents of Sumter, Maynard, though but twenty years of age, attended as a delegate from that section, the first session of the Union Convention, in September of the past year. He was, at this period, still engaged in the conduct of his journal, the politics of which, had, as was to have been expected, involved him in several controversies of a

character rather unpleasing and troublesome than trying or terrible. Solicitous only to reform, he overlooked, in some respects, the capacity and character of the disputant, and in return for argument, he sometimes received abuse. A situation like this, was, of all others, the most mortifying to a man of the nice sensibility—the quiet spirit, and honest and confiding candour of Mr. Richardson; and his indignation at these assaults had no other effect than that of keeping his mind in a state of strong and feverish excitement. Ungenerous attack, mean and sneaking insinuations—a shameless obloquy and bitter malignity, wrought upon his temper in a thousand ways; and their effect upon his mind and his habits grew momentarily more and more visible to every eye. A sickly animation pervaded his whole system, and made him restlessly alive to every circumstance, which, at another period, would have been suffered to pass by him without any regard, or, at the utmost, with but a passing thought or smile, of scorn or indifference. Still, he did not complain, even to those most intimately dear to him; and though it was evident how deeply he felt the ungenerous nature of the warfare waged against him, a sense of pride—a true manliness, and a just appreciation of his own character forbade the idea of any reference to others for sustenance or sympathy. The iron was in his soul, yet he writhed not under its inflictions. He felt himself mistaken and misunderstood, by many of those whose opinions he could really esteem; while, on the other hand, he was daily the victim of assaults from quarters either too worthless or obscure to justify honorable consideration. To one, not conversant with the temper of political parties, and those too, of a Southern country, our regrets may savour somewhat of extravagance. It may be thought surprising that one whose character we have sought to describe, as peculiarly distinguished by its manly firmness, should at the same time, be so tenderly alive

to such indirect or base hostility; but when it is remembered, that true manliness of character is most usually allied to a sensibility as perpetually alive, as the courage which is called to sustain it, must be active and enduring, the sufferings of his spirit, charged too with the paramount necessity of their suppression, will be readily understood.

In the beginning of October, in company with his father, the Honorable Judge Richardson, he went on a visit to the town and neighborhood of Columbia, chiefly with a political object. At that period of excitement, no talent, of whatever order, was suffered to rest in idleness; and the journey was taken in obedience to that almost imperative requirement of the popular voice, which, from its sometimes insulated position in the interior, looks necessarily for its knowledge of men and measures, alike, to those whose leisure and information will permit of such a practice. In the thickly clustered towns and villages of the Northern States, where newspapers and knowledge may be had on all hands and with little trouble, such a habit is unknown; but with the agricultural States, with a free population scattered at wide intervals throughout a territory, in one sense of the word, wild and uncultivated, no other means of popular enlightenment can be readily contrived. To adopt such a system is therefore incumbent upon all those who may desire the popular welfare—though, it sometimes happens in the end, as the present condition of South-Carolina, readily and unhappily attests, that, in the same way and through a like medium, error sometimes succeeds to ignorance, and usurps dominion over the less presumptuous power, whose place she has taken.

The business of the political meeting which drew their attendance at Columbia, having been over, Maynard, though indisposed, commenced his return home in company with his father. He had proceeded as far as the house of Mr. John Marshall, in Richland District, some fourteen miles

from Columbia, when his indisposition put on, for the first time, a serious appearance, and it was found impossible for him to proceed further. Medical attendance was called; and the presence of four physicians about him, attested not less the alarming nature of the attack, than the deep interest of those around him; for his recovery.

During his illness, which, in spite of all care, was destined to be fatal, attended closely by a father whom he had ever loved; and a sister in whom his best affections had been always confided, his spirits, previously oppressed or stimulated, in extremes, returned in most respects to the more even tone of healthful equanimity, even while the animal fires were most rapidly wasting; and, though, at occasional moments, his thoughts, reverting to the life of turmoil in which he had so recently been engaged, grew irregular with sudden hallucinations, yet, with a strong, and, under all circumstances, a singular exercise of the mental powers, he was enabled to bring back and restrain the rebellious spirits, and confine them to the dwelling, destined so shortly to be left forever vacant. His moments of delirium, few and soon overcome, gave place, as the hour of dissolution drew near, to the guiding and fine reason which distinguished his intellect; and he sought, having a full consciousness of his fate; to soothe and compose the hearts of those who could do nothing for him. He spoke with serenity and mildness—with a temper, no longer ruffled with the strifes to which he had been so lately subject, and the effect of which, was, in great part, the worst feature of his disease. The principles of the Christian Religion, which, with a singular direction for one of his youth, his mind had examined years before, he now repeated with a conscious triumph to those about him; as his own, and as forming that creed, which now brought serenity to his spirit.* Though ambition was a marked and

*The most grateful evidence of the truth of his declaration in this respect,

leading feature in his life, there were no vain regrets on his lips at the hour of his departure. Forgiving those who had wronged or mistaken him—blessing those who loved, on the twelfth of October, the sixth day of his illness, he expired gently in the arms of those most dear to him. His remains were borne to the place of family burial and residence at Bloom Hill, in Claremont county, followed by a large concourse of those relatives and friends, whose eyes, for a long period, had been turned in high expectation upon that fine promise now forever overthrown.

Our task is now nearly over. The life of the man of letters is seldom prolific of much material of leading interest—still less may we find in the history of one but entered upon such a life. A series of abstractions rather than events, brings us from one stage of time to another, and he who has charmed and soothed, and beguiled us in his works, seldom leaves a memorial of interest behind him, except to those to whom he has been personally known. It was thus with our subject. In the quiet of the studio, for the most part of his career, we look in vain for those strifes, and the developement of those passions, which give action to history. His life, wedded to few changes but those of the seasons, like the rose of the wilderness, is conscious of no events but those which they bring; and the elements in the midst of which he dwelt, bestow at his departure, as little consideration, as the forest, when, by some rude zephyr, the leaf detached and whirled away from the parent stem, or, breaking through the sides of its choked and neglected fountain,

occurs in the collection of manuscripts which he left behind him. There—seemingly prepared at different periods of his short life, and, from their nature, having reference to events which were calculated not merely to try the nerve, but to inspire a decent sense of tremulous consideration in the mind,—we find several forms of prayer, in which a singular and amiable humility of expression is coupled with all the sentiments of a high and soaring spirit, desirous of life for the purposes of achievement.

when the silent water escapes away, and is forever lost in the deep sands and untrodden paths of the desert. Nor, does the fact, that there remain still a few, who most regret and cannot cease to remember, change very materially the destiny of which we have spoken, and sought, however feebly, to describe. The world of man is one of thoughtless change, and of perpetually varying regards. It is to defeat this disposition that we carve the marble—that we give life to the rock and the canvass—filling the abodes of business and of men with fine forms, and sweet, but always melancholy, memorials.

We need say little more in relation to the literary labours of Maynard. The reader will form his own opinion, upon the imperfect volume which we have put before him. The specimens here given, are not meant so much to exhibit his performance as his promise—are not so much the achievement, as the preparation for achievement. They are the exercise, of the young eaglet—the initial flights, in which, by short excursions and brief elevations, he prepares his wings for the far summits, and his unscaled eyes for the meridian blaze. That these flights would have been as high on the part of Maynard as any of his fellows, we have no doubt ourselves, and, without fear, hazard the opinion among our readers; relying confidently, even on this little collection, full of imperfections, as, doubtless it will appear, to sustain our estimate. He had the soul for the endeavour—the spirit of daring which such an aim demands; and, who will say, that the bird who, yet unfledged, poured forth strains so delicate and melodious, as those here preserved, would not, when years and exercise had imparted confidence to his spirit and maturity to his voice, have made the groves ring with a music, not easily to be rivalled, and not soon to be forgotten.

REMAINS, &c.

REMAINS, &c.—POLITICAL.

CALHOUN'S EXPOSITION.*

The sentiments of this distinguished individual, having been for sometime before the American people, and the reckless anathemas and sweeping denunciations of opposing, and the servile and indiscriminate flatteries of applauding partizans, having pretty well subsided, the time may be supposed, fairly to have arrived for sober, unbiassed, calculating reason to make up her final verdict. We believe the recent *expose*, has received as much unmerited censure, as undeserved praise. By some, its author has been apotheosised as the originator of a brilliant system of government, or as the fearless champion of the old, discarded principles of *ninety-eight*. By others, he has been denounced as a reckless disorganiser, and determined disunionist. To the former verdict we cannot entirely yield our assent, but the latter opinion, we unhesitatingly disavow. We can never believe, that this distinguished and most able Statesman, would, under any circumstances, finally and advisedly, pledge his high and responsible name to sentiments of disrespect, and disaffection to the government of our adoption. It would be strange indeed, if

*The title by which Mr. Calhoun's theory on the subject of nullification is popularly recognized in South-Carolina. For this theory *in extenso*, as understood by its advocates, see the correspondence between Governor Hamilton and Vice-President Calhoun, in July and August, 1832;—the various addresses and reports of the Convention held at Columbia, South-Carolina, November, 1832, and the Ordinance to nullify, recommended by the same body, and carried out in its provisions by the succeeding State Legislature.—See also, the speech of Mr. Hayne on Foot's resolution in the Senate of the United States, at a previous session.

he could. The obscure individual, to whom the door of honorable fame is for ever closed, might find an excuse for becoming the incendiary of the Ephesian Temple: but what defence could be made for the *Guardian of the shrine*, who had, himself, snatched a living coal from the altar to wrap the fabric in flames? To the sincere and honest conviction of Mr. Calhoun in the constitutionality and fitness of his remedy, the independent attitude he has assumed, his manly disregard of the personal bearing of the question, his uncompromising devotion to his oath to support the Constitution—the *expose* before us bears ample testimony. We accord to him the high and honorable eulogium of regarding truth, and disregarding party: of preferring the interests of South Carolina to the emoluments of the Union; of sacrificing self to what he sincerely believed the cause of the Constitution. In the chief point he has discussed, the constitutional question, we are so unfortunate as to differ with him. We differ honestly, after long and laborious reflection, and shall freely detail our grounds of dissent. If we misconceive or mistake the question, we are sincerely desirous of correction.

We will, in fairness, state this important constitutional question in the words of its originator: nor, indeed, could we find language that more succinctly embraces the whole ground in dispute.

“The question of the relation, which the State and General Government bear to each other, is not one of recent origin. From the commencement of our system, it has divided public sentiment. Even in the Convention, while the Constitution was struggling into existence, there were two parties, as to what this relation should be, whose different sentiments, constituted no small impediment in forming that instrument. After the General Government went into operation, experience soon proved that the question had not terminated with the labors of the Constitution. The great struggle, that preceded the political revolution of 1801, which brought Mr. Jefferson into power, turned essentially on it; and the doctrines and arguments on both sides were

embodied and ably sustained; on the one, in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions, and the report to the Virginia Legislature; and on the other, in the replies of the Legislature of Massachusetts and some of the other States.—These resolutions and this report, with the decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania about the same time, (particularly in the case of Cobbett, delivered by Chief Justice M’Kean and concurred in by the whole bench,) contain what I believe to be the true doctrine on this important subject.”

* * * * *

“Their great and leading principle is that the General Government emanated from the people of the several States, forming distinct political communities, and acting in their separate and sovereign capacity, and not from all of the people forming one aggregate political community: that the Constitution of the U. States is in fact a compact, to which each State is a party, in the character already described; and that the several States or parties, have a right to judge of its infractions, and in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of a power not delegated, they have the right, in the last resort, to use the language of the Virginia resolutions, *“to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits, the authorities, rights and liberties appertaining to them.”*”

* * * * *

“Where the diversity of interests exists in separate and distinct classes of the community, as is the case in England, and was formerly the case in Sparta, Rome, and most of the free States of antiquity, the rational constitutional provision is, that each should be represented in the Government, as a separate estate with a distinct voice, and a negative on the acts of its co-estates, in order to check their encroachments. In England, the Constitution has assumed expressly this form; while in the governments of Sparta and Rome the same thing was effected under different but not much less efficacious forms.”

* * * * *

“Happily for us, we have no artificial and separate classes of society. We have wisely exploded all such distinctions; but we are not, on that account exempt from all contrariety of interests, as the present distracted and dangerous condition of our country, unfortunately, but too clearly proves. With us they are almost exclusively geographical, resulting mainly

from difference of climate, soil, situation, industry and production, but are not, therefore, less necessary to be protected by an adequate constitutional provision, than where the distinct interests exist in separate classes. The necessity is, in truth greater, as such separate and dissimilar geographical interests, are not liable to come into conflict, and more dangerous when in that state, than those of any other description."

"This right of interposition, thus solemnly asserted by the State of Virginia, be it called what it may, state right, veto, nullification, or by any other name, I conceive to be the fundamental principle of our system, resting on facts historically as certain, as our revolution itself, and deductions as simple and demonstrative, as that of any political or moral truth whatever, and I firmly believe that on its recognition depends, the stability and safety of our political institutions."

Were we to start any general objection to the doctrine of the Vice President, it would be, that it is too metaphysical—too vague—too speculative. It appeals more to abstract analogies than to practical illustrations—more to what *might* be the most perfect scheme of government, than to what actually is the organization of our own. It gives to human nature too much virtue and forbearance; and while providing checks against the cupidity of a majority, seems to apprehend no abuse of power on the part of a factious and disorganizing minority. In proof of, at least, one of our allegations, we would refer to the sweeping assertion, that "*by nature every individual has a right to govern himself.*" The expression is imposing at first sight, and seems to carry truth along with it. The question however involves a nice point in metaphysics, and may well admit of doubt. We do not express a definitive opinion at this time, but will simply suggest a difficulty or two, that readily occur. Man being born with the several qualities of reciprocal enjoyment and protection—bearing many relations to his fellows, which can be developed only by the act of his congregating with them—this situation would appear to be a necessary feature of his nature. More

over, being found in a social state, and—since what is universal may be said to be natural—society, with its conditions and restrictions—one of which we conceive to be, in the emphatic language of Mr. Jefferson, “absolute acquiescence to the decisions of the majority”—is his proper situation. If so, to deny the right of the majority to govern, is to oppugn a condition of Society, and, as we shall hereafter shew, to shake the main pillar of Republicanism. As if in anticipation of these difficulties, Mr. Calhoun has drawn a vivid picture of the evils of partial legislation, the likelihood of interested majorities, and the disastrous and remediless situation of oppressed minorities. These points are made to figure prominently on the foreground of the sketch—highly colored, and in bold relief. But there are dark, as well as bright points, in the picture. There are shadows, which obscure its brilliancy—blots which mar the liberty of its coloring—and irregularities, destroying all the harmony of its proportions.—True, an interested majority *may* misconstrue the charter—*may* enact unjust and unconstitutional laws. But on the other hand, is it probable, that the decision of a single confederate, alarmed for its rights—deeply interested in the issue—and goaded on by its passions—will prove more profound—more temperate—and more impartial than that of the collective wisdom and virtue of the whole Union?

“After a measure may have been framed with the greatest wisdom and caution, and with the assistance of all those guards which the Constitution has deemed indispensable, it enables a single member of the government to undo every thing—to bid defiance to the government of its own choice; and to commit, perhaps, an irretrievable injury to the interests of every other member of the confederacy. And this, too, without putting it in the power of that single member to cure, in any practical manner, the faulty legislation of which it complains. A power of this kind—a power which is only potent to do mischief—is absolutely irreconcilable with the preservation of our free institutions.”

It appears to us, that the fundamental error of the doctrine, one which runs through, and unconsciously tinctures the whole theory, in claiming such ultra and unheard of rights for the States, is a radical misunderstanding of the nature of our government. The opposite extremes of our peculiar polity are CONSOLIDATION, on the one hand, and the STATE VETO or Nullification on the other. The former would first crush the confederate government, and then amalgamate the particles into mass—newly remodelling them and preserving no trace of their original elements. This would make us an unlimited consolidation, with no final remedy in any measure of injustice, save in the “*ultima ratio regum*.” The latter, would render the confederacy a *league* (and one of a most peculiar character) instead of a *government**—would subtract from the wholesome powers of the Union, to annex a dangerous prerogative to the States—and, virtually, throw us back upon the old, rotten, discarded, inefficient confederation of '77. Our government, then, is strictly neither entirely National, nor entirely Federal, but a mixture of both. In its *origin* it is purely federal—in its *operation* it is purely national—in its *organization* it is partly federal, and partly national.

Mr. Calhoun, has, we think, been led away by considering not what *is*, but what *ought to be* the character of our civil polity. In settling it, he has been misled by a deceptive view of the veto power in the different branches of the British Government. He considers these departments as representing distinct interests, and derives their privilege of check from this contrariety. This is not the case.—Every branch of that government represents partially, if not entirely, the same interests

*The distinction here made by our author, between the character of a league and a government, has been dwelt upon with much force and adroitness by a subsequent reviewer of the whole subject, in the North American Review; in a long paper contained in the number of that journal for January, 1833, attributed, (though we doubt with correctness,) to the pen of Mr. Webster. See pages 226—7 of that periodical.

—with this, in the present instance, unimportant distinction, that the Lords are a step above the Commons in rank—the King a step above the Lords. The lower house represents the commercial and landed interest—the upper also represents the latter, with no small share of the monied class. The King embraces both, and has a check upon both. Precisely such is the foundation of our checks of different departments. It could not be otherwise, for it is the simplest—the least disorganizing—the most efficient. There is one difference, however, which republicanism has introduced into our form. The veto of our Chief Magistrate differs from that of the British throne, inasmuch as it is not *absolute*, not *final*—it is *conditional*. There is no sound reason, then, for saying, that, since the British Constitution has provided for *different classes* by mutual checks upon each other, our Constitution should secure different *geographical interests* by a more extensive veto.

By Mr. Calhoun's theory, this declaration of the Confederates in General Congress assembled, is neither a *new grant of power* to Congress—nor an *amendment*, nor a *legislative act* in any particular. It is simply an *expression of opinion*—the *renewal* of a grant already made—or a *refusal* of a power never delegated. In other words, the Convention is organized into a Court of Justice—a judicial tribunal—not to amend—alter—remodel—or abrogate the Constitution: but to *pass sentence upon a law of Congress*. For our own part, we cannot see the difference between a *settlement* of the Charter by three fourths of a Convention and an *amendment*. To one party it must partake essentially of that character. South Carolina believes the Tariff law unconstitutional;—if a Convention decides otherwise, it is surely an *amendment*, as far as she is concerned. If the decision is in our favor, it is precisely the same in relation to our opponents. “To this complexion it *must come at last*”—to *construe a law, ad libitum*, is

by the position of the advocates of the veto on another occasion, fully equivalent to the power to *make or amend*.

If we are not mistaken in our interpretation of what the advocates of the Veto term the "*settlement of the Charter*," it will be a very easy matter to demonstrate its inconsistency with the letter of the Constitution.—It is admitted by Mr. Calhoun, and indeed by every partizan on that side, though they differ among themselves in other particulars, that the object—the sole end and aim of Nullification is, to *force* Congress to submit the law in question to a General Convention, which shall either formally cede the disputed power, by a vote of *three fourths*, or deny it by a vote of more than *one fourth*. We pass by the inconsistency developed in the difference between the vote necessary to *give*, and that required to *deny* the power. This ground has been already occupied—nor have we ever seen a plausible rejoinder. But, to the point in hand. If to *declare—to pronounce valid—to "settle"*—be virtually to *amend*—then is the assumption on the part of a single State to force such an amendment palpably unconstitutional. There are two (and *only* two) modes provided by the Constitution to amend, revise, and abrogate that instrument—(Art. V. Sec. I.)—"whenever two thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, or upon application of two thirds of the State Legislatures." This is the only legal mode—the power so far from being given to a single State, is expressly denied. Now, if South-Carolina, by her Legislature or Convention, usurps this power, she violates the Constitution—she resists the Government of her own adoption—she places herself in an attitude of war, and is at once without the pale and protection of the Union.—Again, if there is no such *express* prerogative given to a State.—if, on the contrary, it is *expressly denied*, can it be found among the *reserved* rights? Can it be supported by implication, construction, or what the nullifiers call

the “*nature of things*” and the “*character of our Government?*” No one more deeply feels, or more sensibly deplores than ourselves, the fallen condition of of this once “glorious little State.” No one more heartily desires her a safe egress from her pressures—no one more sincerely loves peaceable and constitutional remedies,—and no one, we are pleased to believe, would be more willing to apply them. Could we think the veto safe, peaceable and constitutional, we would unite heart and hand with our opponents. But, stubborn conviction forces us to reject the proposed remedy, (if that may be called a *remedy*, which rids us of *life?*) and we cannot but believe, but, that, in order to get rid of a vexatious (and we hope temporary) evil, the advocates of the new system violate the very instrument which they profess to desire to restore to its original import and purity.

The ostensible end and aim of the veto is to compel Congress to keep within, what, in the opinion of the Nullifying State, is its legitimate sphere; by submitting to the joint employers a doubtful act of the common agent, not for purposes of *amendment*, but simply to obtain an *expression of opinion*. Now we would enquire, by what clause of the Constitution a state is invested with the power to call a General Convention not to alter or to abrogate, but to pass a *judicial opinion* upon a *legislative act*? We have searched for it in vain nor can we admit of it by implication, construction, or what the Nullifiers term the “*nature of things*.” If a State can decide upon the constitutionality of an act of Congress, either absolutely, or by requiring, against its construction, a vote equal to that which called the Constitution into existence, then is the Judiciary virtually abolished, and its powers transferred to each and every State. The Constitution has, in the most unequivocal language, appointed the Supreme Court the tribunal of constitutional appeal—making it independent, but in other respects feeble,—strong in its

own sphere, but powerless out of it—in order that it might be safely interposed as a check upon the other departments. We do not say or believe that this body is perfectly profound in theory, and admirable in its practical operation. The assertion would imply, that its creators were not men, and that itself is more than human. We believe certain of the objections of the Vice President to be well founded, and, to a certain extent, conclusive. But these relate to inherent defects of the Constitution, which can be remedied only by an amendment. We believe that the concession of this power to the Supreme Court is perfectly consistent with the admission, that the power may not always have been rightly exercised, and may require re-consideration and re-adjustment. At one period of our History, the Bench descended from its high and responsible functions to become a school of intemperate party harangues. But power must be trusted somewhere, and all human trusts are obnoxious to abuse—still, if the People have the corrective in their own hands, there is no reasonable ground of complaint. Reasoning from abuses is decidedly the least philosophical and satisfactory mode that can be adopted and under such an habit, we would reject all Government, because misrule sometimes triumphs: all Law, because villainy still stalks abroad without punishment: all Medicine, because disease sometimes baffles its efforts. The Judiciary, whatever may be the errors in its organization, though the weakest department of our government, has ever been esteemed the strongest against the encroachments of the Legislature: and when any change is to take place in its structure and capacity, we may well pause, before we prefer the ardor, intemperance, and the, necessarily, tumultuous character of an excited State Convention, to the cool, dispassionate, reasoning habits of a learned, dignified and temperate Bench.

“How the States are to exercise this high power of interposition which constitutes so essential a portion of their re-

served rights that it *cannot be delegated without an entire surrender of their sovereignty*, and converting our system from a *federal* into a *consolidated* government, is a question that the States only are competent to determine."

Mr. Calhoun here bases the right of State interposition by veto upon the reserved *sovereignty* of the States. His position is, that the confederates of the league, originally *free, sovereign and independent*, have not yielded to Congress the power in question, or the right to assume it by implication or construction. The States, and each State severally, retain this power by virtue of their *reserved sovereignty*. Now, it so happens, that of the *twenty-four* confederates which at present compose the Union, *eleven were never sovereign States*, and, of course cannot claim this right of interposition. Here are the two horns of a dilemma; choose either, and the case is the same. If one State possesses this right of veto, it must, by the provisions of the Constitution, be common to all. The right is claimed by virtue of powers appertaining to a sovereign community, which have never been ceded to the common agent; but this *regis of sovereignty* throws its protection over the thirteen original parties alone; and yet we live under a government of equal privileges, and under a Constitution which expressly provides, that no preference shall be given to one State over another! To the scheme of our opponents, this objection, from their own shewing, appears fatal; and a solution of the difficulty, if possible, would not a little enlighten our understandings.

"Should the General Government, and a State come into conflict, we have a high remedy: the power which called the General Government into existence, which gave it all of its authority, and can enlarge, contract, or abolish its powers at its pleasure, may be invoked. The States themselves may be appealed to, three fourths of which, in fact, form a power, whose decrees are the Constitution itself, and whose voice can silence all discontent. The utmost extent then of the power is, that a State acting in its sovereign capacity, as one of the parties to the constitutional compact, may compel

the Government, created by that compact, to submit a question touching its infraction, to the parties who created it; to avoid the supposed dangers of which, it is proposed to resort to the novel, the hazardous, and I must add, fatal project of giving to the General Government the sole and final right of interpreting the Constitution, thereby reversing the whole system, making that instrument the creature of its will; instead of a rule of action impressed on it at its creation, and annihilating in fact the authority which imposed it, and from which the government itself derives its existence."

We cannot find the clause in the Constitution, which authorizes Congress to call a Convention for any other purposes, than to alter, amend, or abrogate the Charter. The State interposition, be it remembered, only forces a *construction* from the assembled confederates. We are also at a loss to understand the force of the analogy which gives the power of *construing* exclusively to three-fourths, because three-fourths are requisite to *amend*. Why not insist, because the Constitution was *unanimously adopted*, that it should be *unanimously expounded*? The analogy appears equally obvious and conclusive. The error appears to be in imagining, that there is a peaceable and universal remedy for all governmental obliquities:—a political panacea for every abuse of power. It is beyond human ingenuity to contrive such a system, as long as man is constituted with his present passions. Power must be confided somewhere, and will sometimes be overstepped. We have provided every safeguard for its just administration, in the responsibility of our National Senators and Representatives to the people:—in the liability of federal officers to impeachment: and in the independence of U. States influence in the appointment of State functionaries. But after all these precautions, the Constitution is a compact to be expounded by *its text and spirit*—by *the facts of the case, and the provisions for expounding it*—which provisions none of the parties can constitutionally reject. The instrument provides that the laws of the United States shall be the supreme law of

the land, and that the judges in every State shall be bound thereby: any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.* The Charter also ordains, that the judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity under this Constitution, &c.† This is the law of the Constitution—the arrangement of power and adjustment of interests may be faulty—may be dangerous:—but that such is the scheme of our government, the language used is too explicit to admit of a doubt. But we can entrust this point in abler hands, and we gladly avail ourselves of superior intellect and experience. Mr. Madison, in relation to the tribunal of dernier resort, holds the following language:

“It is true, that in controversies relating to the boundary between the two jurisdictions, the tribunal which is ultimately to decide, is to be established under the General Government. But this does not change the principle of the case. The decision is to be impartially made according to the rules of the Constitution; and all the usual and most effectual precautions are taken to secure this impartiality. Some such tribunal is clearly essential to prevent an appeal to the sword and a dissolution of the compact; and that it ought to be established under the General, rather than the Local Governments; or to speak more properly, that it could be safely established under the first alone, is a position not likely to be combated.”

If the State does not possess this right of forcible appeal, the exposition infers, that Congress is the final judge of its own powers, and that ours is virtually a consolidated government. We have already shewn, that the Constitution provides another tribunal to settle the question which the veto would provoke, viz: “has Congress this power?” But independent of this, the States, as well as Congress, possess their own mode of appeal. If the one is satisfied of the legality of the act, and declines submitting it to the amendatory tribu-

*Constitution, U. S. Sec. 4, Art. VI. 2.

†Ibid, Art. 3, Sec. 2.

nal, what ground of complaint have the other? Congress is satisfied: Let those who are dissatisfied, exercise their Constitutional prerogative.* Let the State draw up its view of the unconstitutionality of the act—let it apply to the Legislatures of the other States for their opinion—let it respectfully, but firmly remonstrate *against the act*, and obtain a decision as the Constitution points out. If this fails to assemble the confederates, it ought to convince the appellate State, that the call of a Convention would not alter the case: but that the tribunal thus referred to, would infallibly reject our claim. If, after this application of the Constitutional provision, the people deem the evil too great for acquiescence, they need not unconditionally and absolutely secede. Let them assemble in their majesty—let them take their vital interests in their own hands—let them make a final appeal—let them solemnly adjure the government of their own choice, to pause, or incur the mournful alternative of blotting out one bright star from our political firmament—of effacing one stripe from our National flag. Let the question be respectfully but firmly put—renounce the

*This view of the writer has been followed up, more in detail, by the Reviewer, to whose paper on the topic in question, comprised in the North American, we have already referred. It will be seen by the brief passage which we subjoin, how nearly the two writers coincide in their separate consideration of the point. The Reviewer says: "It would therefore be the duty of the discontented State, instead of proceeding to *nullify* and throwing upon the General Government the responsibility of bringing the subject before the other States, to *begin* by addressing herself directly to the other States in the way of consultation. But in what form is this to be done? The Vice President tells us that the subject must be brought before the States "in the only form in which, according to the Constitution it can be, by a proposition to amend in the manner prescribed by that instrument" But how does it appear, that this is the only or the proper form in which the business can be done? The object is to *ascertain the meaning* of the Constitution. Why resort for this purpose, to a process intended for a totally different one, and, as we have seen, wholly unsuitable and ineffectual for this? Suppose that all the insuperable preliminary objections to which we have adverted are overcome;—that the General Government has applied for a grant of the disputed power, and that the States, as the Vice President would of course desire, have refused the application;—how would the case then stand? Precisely as it does now. The question would still be, what is the meaning of the Constitution as it is?"

Tariff—not so much as an evil in itself, as implying the existence of a right to impose other and greater evils—or renounce the Union? We do not believe, that the present or prospective state of affairs would warrant such a dreadful alternative, but let not the party, of which we are, it is true, but an inefficient member, be taunted as *remediless*.* We claim every right which the Constitution provides, and are ready, when occasion demands, to apply those rights which are above all Constitutions, the “right to fight”—the right to resist oppression—the right to appeal from man to God.

“As strongly as I am impressed with the great dissimilarity, and, I must add, as truth compels me to do, contrariety of interests in our country, resulting from the causes already indicated, and which are so great, that they cannot be subjected to the unchecked will of a majority of the whole, without defeating the great end of government (and without which it is a curse:) yet I see in the Union, as *ordained in the Constitution*, the means, &c. &c.”

In this passage, which substantially embraces the whole theory, containing the *fact-predicate*, (*discordant interests, in the Confederacy*) and the inference deduced (*the danger of legislation by a mere majority*) Mr. Calhoun has only thrown the weight of his authority into the scale, and we are content to settle the question by this rule. We think we shall be able to throw into our scale, sanction at least as high as Mr. Calhoun's; (by no means an easy task;) and to refute, by the most unequivocal opinions of two of the patriarchs of our country, each of the positions upon which his doctrines are founded. Our quotations are from Presidents Washington and Jefferson, and are so singularly appropriate, that they appear to have been penned for the express purpose of answering the embryo theory of Mr. Calhoun. If the question before us was, what is the best government? and, not, what actually is the government under which we live? we might alter our

*The Union Party of South Carolina is here referred to.

position, and adopt a different system of defence. But, as the question stands, our extracts conclusively shew, that both of Mr. Calhoun's positions—the fact-predicate and the conclusion—were repudiated by our earliest and ablest statesmen, and formed no part of the government under which they lived. Upon Mr. Calhoun's first principle (“*geographical distinctions*”) President Washington holds the following Language : “THE UNITY OF GOVERNMENTS, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so: With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles.” “These considerations speak the most persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of patriotic desire. *Is there a doubt, whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation, in such a case were criminal.*”

These sentiments, though mildly, are emphatically expressed. But the venerable father whose language they are, does not stop here. “In contemplating,” says he, “the causes which disturb our Union, it occurs, as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by *geographical discriminations—Northern and Southern—Atlantic and Western*; whence designing men may endeavour to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart burning which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection.”

Could any thing be more calculated than the passage above italicised to apply to the present condition of

affairs! Was there not prescience in it—the foresight, alike of the prophet and the patriot? But there is yet more, equally fruitful of prophetic warning and philosophic examination, in the prospective history of the country. “*I have already intimated to you,*” says he, “*the danger of parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations.*” The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government; but, *the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all.*”

Thus much upon Mr. Calhoun’s first principle, and here we might well dismiss the controversy, for if the premises are controverted, the inference, of course, rests unsupported. But we will go farther, and demonstrate from expressions of Mr. Jefferson, too unequivocal to be for a moment misunderstood, that he deemed (what Mr. Calhoun denies) the “right of election” to be a sufficient safeguard—that he knew of no other—and that the *minority principle* found no supporter in him. We quote from his Inaugural Address of 1801, delivered two years after he penned his celebrated Kentucky Resolutions, from which he has been claimed as the corner stone of Nullification:—with how much truth this extract will in some measure shew. In enumerating the “*essential principles of our government*,” and consequently, those which ought to shape its administration,” he mentions—“*a jealous care of the right of election by the people, a mild and safe corrective of abuses, which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided: ABSOLUTE acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.*”

Again—in dwelling upon them more at length, he says:—“*These principles form the bright constellation,*

which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages, and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment:—they should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instructions, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust, *and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and safety.*”

“Nor ought they to overlook, in considering the question, the different character of the claims of the two sides. The one asks from the Government no advantages, but simply to be let alone in the undisturbed possession of their natural advantages, and to secure which, as far as was consistent with the other objects of the Constitution, was one of their leading motives in entering into the Union; while the other side claims, for the advancement of their prosperity the positive interference of the Government. In such cases on every principle of fairness and justice, such interference ought to be restrained, *within limits strictly compatible with the natural advantages of the other.*”

We unequivocally subscribe to the sentiment of the extract above, as just, and in the true spirit of the Constitution; but we cannot perceive its accordance with, at least, our version of the doctrine in question. It is an undisputed maxim in Law, Legislation and Politics—“*Conveniet nulli quad secum dissidit ipse*”—that when inconsistency can be clearly stamped upon any position, it is *ipso facto* fundamentally rotten and not to be relied on. We proceed to the test. The high toned, latitudinarian spirit of construction, which prevails in our federal legislature, authorizing every encroachment upon the rights of a minority that an overbearing majority may in their infallibility deem proper, has been justly complained of by the Republican States; and by none more clamorously than South-Carolina. The practice of Congress on this point is so well known, that it is hardly necessary to advert to it.

They assume, in their omnipotency, a power, not expressly ceded to the charter, and refuse to yield it, unless three-fourths of the States, met in Convention, abrogate the assumption. That this is a disingenuous subterfuge, subscribing to the letter, but violating the spirit of the Constitution, South-Carolina has never ceased to exclaim. And yet, even by the varnished account of Gen. Hayne, this is the very method for the adoption of South-Carolina. She is to assume a doubtful power, and retain it unless forced to yield it to the mandate of three-fourths of a Convention. Here are the two horns of a dilemma—choose either and the case is the same. If this is not resorting to that most sophistical and uncandid mode of reasoning—viz. arguing in a circle—we must confess our utter inadequacy to determine what moral reasoning is. We call upon the supporters of this doctrine to leap over this barrier—to extricate their *protege* from between these two fires—from the talons of the Hawk, on the one hand, and the beak of the Buzzard, on the other.* We think that South-Carolina must either retract her malediction of the General Government, because of the assumption of doubtful powers,—or admit, that her contemplated course is parallel, and equally unconstitutional. But we go further, and believe it can be shewn, that the doctrine is subversive of the very State Sovereignty it professes to support. We do not here intend, that Mr. Calhoun countenances, or even admits by implication this result; but it can be clearly deduced from language from a very high quarter, and is another proof of the vague and dangerous nature of the proposed remedy. We do not here, also, intend, that State Rights (*eo nomine*) are relinquished by the appeal to three-fourths of the assembled Confederates, for what we term *State Rights* emanate from that source alone. Nor do we mean that *State Sovereignty*, which is in-

* The reader is here reminded of the vulgar adage—"Betwixt Hawk and Buzzard."

alienable, is yielded up. We simply mean to point out the inconsistency and disingenuousness of a doctrine, which *professes* to submit to the jurisdiction of a court of stockholders, rights that flow from nature, and can be relinquished only with life. This we are fully aware is a serious charge against the nullifiers—men, many of them, of undoubted patriotism and intelligence, and in whose ranks are arrayed some of the most distinguished sons of Carolina, and the South. It is for this very reason, that we have so long intruded upon the patience of our readers. It is because they *are* strong, and *are* respectable, and *are* influential, that we have made an humble effort against, what we conceive, their honest errors, and unintentional hallucination. We feel no disposition to support the cause we have espoused, by branding our adversaries with the epithet “Traitors” or “Disunionists.” We believe the contrary;—we believe that both parties are true to their country, and that they are striving for what they believe, its political salvation. They differ only as regards the remedy. This, indeed, so far as the entire South is concerned, is the point of difference, yet in issue, and now for settlement; and this, by the way, is difference enough. But, let us to the point in hand, without further digression.

“Sovereignty,” say they---Mr. Senator Hayne, among them---“is a something too high and majestic to be submitted to the jurisdiction of a Court! God and our right hands are the only arbiters. Any other doctrine leads to abject submission.” If this language means any thing—if it means to imply in the term Sovereignty, those prime essentials of civil and religious liberty which our forefathers fondly imagined they bequeathed to their children—we say with them. Their determination is ours, and we flatter ourselves that we should be among the very last to yield up, whatever the disparity of force, any portion, however slight, of that high patrimony. But how is Nullification consis-

tent with a determination so made—with an obligation so imperative. The inconsistency is before us—sufficiently gross, and “he who runs may read.” The veto doctrine has little in it of this glorious and manful resolution. It is a poor device, and that must be indeed a beggarly sovereignty which looks to it for sustenance and shelter.

The remedy contended for, be it remembered is not final—is not *absolute*. It is *conditional*. It annuls the law not *in toto*—not *forever*—but *only till three fourths of the State resort to it*. They claim a sovereign, reserved, constitutional, right, and *then yield it up*. They give to three fourths of a Convention the unlimited, arbitrary, uncontrollable power of an Aulic Council, and pledge themselves to abide by its decree, however unjust and unconstitutional. They say, the Tariff Law is intolerable, it is grinding us to the dust, it is oppressive and unjust—it is a “deliberate, palpable and dangerous violation” of the Constitution—and we will nullify it. But if three-fourths met in Convention decide, *that it is not so*—that BLACK IS WHITE, AND WHITE BLACK—that it is constitutional and politic, *we will submit*—thought it be *intolerable*—we are bound to submit.

If this is not yielding up the Sovereignty of the States and to the very worst hands too, we candidly confess our utter inability to understand the first and plainest principles of logic. What has the South; and especially South-Carolina to hope from such a change in the Constitution? It has been justly said, that we contributed more than any people of America to build up the magnificent structure at Washington under whose weight we feel, or think, ourselves sinking. Let us not pull it in ruins over ourselves. If it must fall, let it bury our oppressors.

“No one,” says Mr. Calhoun, “can have a higher respect for the maxim, that a majority ought to govern, than I have, taken in its proper sense, subject to the

restrictions imposed by the Constitution, and confined to subjects in which every portion of the community have a similar interest: but it is a great error to suppose as many do, that the right of a majority to govern is a natural and not a conventional right."

The principle here entertained and expressed---denying, in fact, in the teeth of its estimated value, the right of the majority to govern the minority, forms the leading, and indeed, the essential feature in the theory of Nullification. We have already shown, in another place, and in the language of Mr. Jefferson, that, "*absolute acquiescence* in the decisions of the majority" constitutes the main pillar of Republicanism, and is, in fact, a natural, and not a conventional right. This latter distinction, however, is of no practical importance. The doctrine in its real and important bearings inevitably leads to aristocratic influence, and is nearly, if not entirely as objectionable as the avowed principle of the elder Adams, "that aristocracy is natural, and therefore unavoidable." We do not here intend, that Mr. Calhoun's ostensible motive only appears, while the real lies concealed in his own breast. Nor do we mean, that he countenances the absurdity, into which Mr. Adams fell, of believing that "nature creates Kings and aristocracies." But we contend, that in its practical operation his theory leads to the same results. Whatever detracts from the rightful prerogative of the majority, to increase thereby the influence of the minority, is of aristocratic tendency. A *pure* aristocracy is nothing more than the rule of a minority; a *mixed* aristocracy is giving that minority undue and dangerous powers. We will, for the present, content ourselves with controverting Mr. Adams' proposition---incidentally noticing that of the Vice-President of necessity, from the similar tendency of the two---but reserving our objections *in extenso* to the latter for another occasion. "Whether the human mind is able to circumscribe its own powers, is a question between the two

modern political parties. One (of which Mr. Adams was a disciple) asserts, that a man can ascertain his own moral capacity—deducing consequences from this postulate—and erecting thereon systems of government. Right—(say they)—because natural. The other, observing that those who affirm the doctrine, have never been able to agree upon this natural form of Government, and that human nature has been perpetually escaping from all forms, considers government as susceptible of unascertained modification and improvement, from moral causes. To illustrate the question, let us confront Mr. Adams' opinion, "*that aristocracy is natural, and therefore, unavoidable,*" with one "*that it is artificial or factitious, and therefore evitable.*" He seems to use the term "*natural*" to convey an idea distinct from moral, by coupling it with the idea of fatality. But moral causes, being susceptible of human modification, events flowing from them possess the quality of freedom or evitability. As the moral efforts, by which ignorance or knowledge are produced, are subjects themselves of election, so ignorance and knowledge, the effect of these moral efforts, are also subjects of election; and ignorance and knowledge are powerful moral causes. If, therefore, by the term "*natural*," Mr. Adams intended to include moral, the idea of fatality is inaccurately coupled with it: and if he resigns this idea, the infallibility of his system, as being "*natural*" must also be resigned. That he must resign his political predestination and all its consequences, we shall attempt to prove, by shewing, that aristocracies, both ancient and modern, have been variable and artificial,—that they have all proceeded from moral, not from natural causes;—and that they are evitable and not inevitable.

An opinion "that nature makes kings or nobles" has been the creed of political fatalists from the commencement of the world:—and confronts its rival creed "that liberty and slavery are regulated by political law."

However lightly Mr. Adams may speak of Filmer (Mr. Calhoun would doubtless do the same) it is an opinion in which they are associated, and is selected for discussion, because by its truth or falsehood, the folly or wisdom of the policy of the United States is determined. Mr. Adams rears his system upon two assertions: "That there are only three general forms of Government—monarchy, aristocracy and democracy—of which all other forms are mixtures;—and that every Society naturally produces an order of men, which it is impossible to confine to an equality of rights."*

Political power in *one* man, without division or responsibility, is MONARCHY;—the same power in a (minority) few, is ARISTOCRACY;—and the same power in the whole nation is DEMOCRACY. And the resemblance of our system of government to either of these forms, depends upon the resemblance of a President or Governor to a Monarch;—of an American Senate to an hereditary order;—and of a House of Representatives, to a Legislating nation. Upon this threefold resemblance Mr. Adams has seized, *"to bring the political system of*

* "These are sources of inequality, which are common to every people, and can never be altered by any, *because they are founded in the constitution of nature.* Thus natural Aristocracy among mankind has been dilated on, because it is a fact essential to be considered in the constitution of a government. It is a body of men, which contains the *greatest collection of virtues and abilities in a free government, the brightest ornament and glory of a Nation; and always may be made the greatest blessing of Society,* if it be judiciously managed in the Constitution. But if it is not, it is always the most dangerous;—nay, it may be added, it never fails to be the destruction of the Commonwealth. What shall be done to guard against it? There is but one expedient discovered, to avail society of all the benefits from this body of men, which they are capable of affording, and at the same time, prevent them from undermining, or invading the public liberty;—*and that is, to throw them all, or at least, the most remarkable of them into one assembly together, in the Legislature;* to keep all the executive power entirely out of their hands, as a body:—*to erect a first magistrate over them, invested with the whole executive authority;* to make them dependant on that executive magistrate for all further executive employment; to give that magistrate a negative on the Legislature, by which he may defend himself and the people from all their enterprizes, and to erect on the other side of them an impregnable barrier, in a House of Commons, fairly, fully and adequately representing the People, who shall have power of negating all such attempts at encroachments," &c.—*Adams' Def. p. 116, 17—vol. 1.*

America within the pale of the English system of checks and balances, by following the analysis of antiquity; and in obedience to that authority by modifying our temporary, elective responsible governors into monarchs:—our senates into aristocratical orders:—and our representatives into a nation personally exercising the functions of government.”†*

* * * * *

Mr. Calhoun thus indicates the authority upon which he grounds his theory, and, having for its countenance so much that is matter of history, we shall dwell awhile upon its consideration. He tells us—*vide*, Exposition—that, “the question of the relation which the States and General Government bear to each other, is not one of recent origin. From the commencement of our system, it has divided public sentiment. Even in the Convention, while the Constitution was struggling into existence, there were two parties as to what this relation should be, whose different sentiments constituted no small impediment in forming that instrument. After the General Government went into operation, experience soon proved that the question had not terminated with the labors of the Convention. The great struggle that preceded the political revolution of 1801, which brought Mr. Jefferson into power, turned essentially on it; and the doctrines and arguments on both sides were embodied and ably sustained; on the one, in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, and the report to the Virginia Legislature; and on the other, in the replies of the Legislature of Massachusetts and some of the other States.”

It had been, heretofore, our opinion that the evidence against the authorities here relied on, was so overwhelming, so perfectly impregnable, that no hardihood of disputation would have encouraged the advocates of

* *Quere*: Has not Mr. Calhoun done the same? Has not such a standard been always present to his eye in the formation of his theory?

† John Taylor, of Caroline

this or any other heresy to look in such a quarter for countenance or support. As, however, we have thought idly, and find ourselves, in this particular, sadly mistaken, while all our impressions are contradicted by authority so high—it is a duty once again to go over and reconsider the great body of proof, upon which the argument depends, and of which, our previous consideration brought us to a conclusion, entirely the reverse. From the speech therefore of General Hayne, we shall take the text which that gentleman and others of the creed have relied on, and proceed to its re-examination, though with a serious and irresistible doubt whether our optics will yet sufficiently serve to discover in it the most remote or passing sanction for that strange and extravagant solecism, in terms, at least, which is called *Constitutional Nullification*. Better senses and an understanding of more accommodating and flexible temper than that of which we may boast, may however succeed in an endeavor, which, to our present vision, is beyond all hope.

The resolutions, after premising the true origin and policy of our Government, go on to say—"that in case of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous exercise of other powers not granted by said compact, the States, who are parties thereto, have the right," &c.

We have quoted the very language of the resolution, and what is its plain and common sense signification? Allow that the Government is an agent, who are the principals? They, it seems, have the right to check the agent when going astray, and who ever doubted it? We will not trouble the reader with dwelling upon the obvious import of the quoted resolution, which refers to "the States, who are the parties," and not to any one of them, to determine upon the action of the government, equally an agent of the rest, and of all entire, as of herself.

In addition to the above resolution the General Assembly of Virginia "appealed to the other States, in

the confidence that they would concur with that commonwealth, that the acts aforesaid," (the Alien and Sedition Laws) "are unconstitutional and that the necessary and proper measures would be taken by each for co-operating with Virginia," &c. [*Where is the necessity of "CO-OPERATION" between the States, if ONE State possessed the power to nullify—and so SAFE, PEACEABLE and EFFICIENT a power too?*] "It appears to your committee," (concludes the report,) "to be a plain principle," &c. "that the parties themselves must be the rightful judges in the last resort," &c. [*Does not the very first blush of the affair furnish irrefragable proof? Not ONE, says the report, but ALL, or a REQUISITE NUMBER of the parties.*] "Nullification by these sovereignties," in General Convention: [*Not by ONE sovereignty,*] vide Report.

Considering this point, though of sufficient force in itself, in a comparative point of view, as of little importance to the true merits of the question, we have argued it in the simplest manner. It was our object to take our adversaries upon their own ground; and we have, even there, as we believe, convicted them by their own showing—from the very resolutions upon which they have raised their fabric—of its shadowy instability. If, after reading this protest with the calm composure of men, regarding truth, and disregarding party, any one can believe it to have any other import than, that in the case of a dangerous exercise of powers, not granted, to the General Government, the States, *acting collectively*, may discard an oppressive Government, and substitute another in its stead, we must say of his commentary with BAYES in the CRITIC—"Egad! the interpreter is the harder to be understood of the two."

To dwell upon Mr. Madison's (usually called the Virginia) Resolutions of '98, as a support of the Carolina Doctrine of the Veto, would be entirely unnecessary for two reasons. The case, according to our Nullifiers, must be one of a "deliberate, palpable and dange-

rous violation" of the charter; such as they believe the Tariff of '28 to be. Now Mr. Madison expressly and unequivocally advocates the entire constitutionality of said law. How is this? Can we adopt his opinion in the one case and reject it with disdain in the other? Can any man of common honesty argue so shamelessly round the circle? But our evidence is far from being merely presumptive. It is well known, that Mr. Madison denounces as the revery of moon-struck Politicians, the modern and partial construction of his draft, and disavows the doctrine of the Veto in every shape: that he protests against the perversion of his name and opinions, and regards in "mute astonishment" the new-fangled remedy, which has been artfully misnamed the "Carolina Doctrine." The language, which, in his letter of June, 1830, to the Editor of the North American Review, he holds on this subject is not to be mistaken; and it was only at a period of time, in which "madness ruled the hour" that the clear and able productions, recently, of that distinguished statesman, could be set at naught, and charged upon him as the fruit either of a moral or mental imbecility, and indeed of both—an imputation, sufficiently answered by the history of the country, and the folly of which is too notorious and self evident to need remark or rebuke.

"That the Legislature of Virginia," says the veteran statesman, "could not have intended to sanction such a doctrine (as that of Nullification in the sense in which it is understood by some of the South-Carolina politicians) is to be inferred, he says, "from the debates in the House of Delegates, and from the Address of the two Houses to their constituents, on the subject of the Resolutions. The tenor of the debates discloses *no reference whatever to a constitutional right in an individual State to arrest by force the operation of a law of the United States—Concert among the States for redress against the Alien and Sedition Laws, as acts of usurped power*, was a leading sentiment; and *the attain-*

ment of a concert, the immediate object of the course adopted by the Legislature, which was that of inviting the other States “to *concur* in declaring the acts to be unconstitutional, and to *co-operate* in the necessary and proper measures, in maintaining, unimpaired, the authorities, rights and liberties reserved to the States respectively, and to the people. That by the necessary and proper measures to be *concurrently and co-operatively* taken, were meant measures, *known to the Constitution*, particularly the ordinary control of the people and Legislatures of the States, over the Government of the United States, cannot be doubted.”

He goes on to add—“It is worthy of remark, and explanatory of the *intentions* of the Legislature, “that the words *not law, but, utterly, null, void and of no force and effect*,” which had followed in one of the Resolutions the word “unconstitutional,” were struck out by common consent. Though the words were in fact synonymous with “unconstitutional,” yet, to guard against a misunderstanding of this phrase as more than *declaratory of opinion*, the word “unconstitutional” alone was retained, as not liable to that danger. The Resolutions were Mr. Madison’s and the fair inference is, that he knew something about them. It is to be supposed, that he knew their true meaning, and could put the correct construction upon them; but as the charge of inconsistency or duplicity, or both, to which we have already briefly referred, has been somewhat insisted upon by some of the illustrious obscures of our own day and region, it may be well, particularly as the means are in our power, to rebut the ungracious imputation.

In the session of the Virginia Assembly, following that when the resolves were passed, the responsive resolutions of the other States were referred to a committee, and from this committee Mr. Madison made his famous Report, reaffirming the principles of the resolutions of 1798. Towards the close of this Report,

he is led to inquire into the objections to the seventh resolution, and on this subject he speaks as follows:

“It is lastly to be seen, whether the confidence expressed by the resolution, that the *necessary and proper measures* would be taken by the other States, for co-operating with Virginia in maintaining the rights reserved to the States, or to the people, be in any degree liable to the objections which have been raised against it.

“If it be liable to objection, it must be because either the object or the means are objectionable.

“The object being to maintain what the Constitution has ordained, is in itself a laudable object.

“The means are expressed in the terms, “the necessary and proper measures.” A proper object was to be pursued, by means both necessary and proper.

“To find an objection, then, it must be shown that some meaning was annexed to these general terms, which was not proper; and, for this purpose, either that the means used by the General Assembly were an example of improper means, or that there were no proper means to which the terms could refer.

“In the example given by the State, of declaring the Alien and Sedition Acts to be unconstitutional, and of communicating the declaration to the other States, no trace of improper means has appeared. And if the other States had concurred in making a like declaration, supported too by the numerous applications flowing immediately from the people, it can scarcely be doubted, that these simple remarks would have been as sufficient, as they are unexceptionable.

“It is no less certain, that other means might have been employed, which are strictly within the limits of the Constitution. The Legislatures of the States might have made a direct representation to Congress, with a view, to obtain a rescinding of the two offensive acts; or, they might have represented to their respective Senators in Congress, their wish, that two-thirds thereof would propose an explanatory amendment to the Constitution; or two-thirds of themselves, if such had been their option, might by an application to Congress, have obtained a Convention for the same object.

“These several means, though not equally eligible in themselves, nor probably, to the States, were all constitutionally open for consideration. And if the General Assembly, after declaring the two acts to be unconstitutional,

the first and most obvious proceeding on the subject, did not undertake to point out to the other States, a choice among the farther measures that might become quite necessary and proper, the reserve will not be misconstrued by liberal minds into any culpable imputation.

Here we see what sort of *means* were contemplated.—They were first, *declarations* that the laws were unconstitutional; secondly, *direct representations* from the Legislatures of the States to Congress, to obtain the repeal of the laws; thirdly, *requests to their Senators* in Congress to propose an amendment of the Constitution; fourthly, a concurrence of two thirds of the States to apply to Congress for a Convention to amend the Constitution. These are all the measures which Mr. Madison suggests, and he introduces them by saying, that they are all “within the limits of the Constitution.”

Independent, however, of these resolutions, the “Apostle of Liberty” has been claimed, from the expression of his private opinions, as the corner-stone of the doctrine. We put gentlemen upon their resources and ask them when, and how, and where, Mr. Jefferson supported this doctrine? His letter to Mr. Rowan has been satisfactorily settled, as merely asserting the protecting influence of the Judiciary over the unconstitutional acts of Congress. But is it not enough to show that this truly great man never advocated such a paper-shame—such unmanly and disingenuous subterfuge. We can also conclusively prove, that he *pronounced his unequivocal denial of the existence of such a right*. In December, 1825, not long before his death, Mr. Jefferson was consulted by Governor Giles, to ascertain the best mode of resisting the Congressional encroachments, which were becoming more and more alarming. We shall never forget the firm, direct and determined tone of his response. After deploring the invasions of the General Government, he continues—“and what is our resource for the preservation of the Constitution? Reason and argument? You might as well reason with the marble pillar encircling them. Shall we then stand to our arms, with the hot-headed Georgian.

No, we must have patience and *long endurance* with our brethren, and separate from our companions, only when the sole alternatives left, are a dissolution of the Union, or submission to a government of unlimited power. *Between these evils,*" [where then was this middle ground, Nullification, the efficient, peaceable and constitutional remedy?] "*we must make a choice, there can be no hesitation.*" (Vide Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 421.) Mr. Jefferson here unequivocally asserts, that between disunion and acquiescence there is no middle ground—no universal political remedy—save the old-fashioned method of going to law, and appealing to a jury of our countrymen.

What was the species of opposition to unconstitutional legislation intended by him, can be seen in every page of his works, particularly in his letter of June 1. 1798, to John Taylor, of Caroline, in which he portrays with the force of truth, the value of the Union and the disastrous consequences of its dismemberment.*

"It is true that we are completely under the saddle of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and they ride us very hard, cruelly insulting our feelings, as well as exhausting our strength and subsistence.

"Their natural friends, the three other Eastern States, join them from a sort of family pride, and they have the art to divide certain other parts of the Union. so as to make use of them to govern the whole. This is not new; it is the old practice of despots to use a part of the people to keep the rest in order. And those who have once got an ascendancy and possessed themselves of all the resources of the nation, their revenues and offices, have immense means of retaining their advantage. But, our present situation is not a natural one."

"Be this as it may, in every free and deliberating society, there must, from the nature of man, be opposite parties and violent dissensions and discords, and one of these for the most part, must prevail over the other for a longer or shorter time. Perhaps this party division is necessary to induce each to

*See Jefferson's Correspondence, vol. iii. page 393.

watch and debate to the people, the proceedings of the other. But, if on a temporary superiority of the one party, the other is to resort to a scission of the Union, no general government can ever exist. If to rid themselves of the present rule of Massachusetts and Connecticut, we break the Union, will the evil stop there? Suppose the New-England States alone cut off, will our natures be changed? Are we not men still to the south of that and with all the passions of men? Immediately we shall see a Pennsylvania and a Virginia party arise in the residuary confederacy, and the public mind will be distracted with the same party spirit. What a game, too, will the one party have in their hands by eternally threatening the other, that unless they do so and so, they will join their northern neighbors. If we reduce our Union to Virginia and North Carolina, immediately, the conflict will be established between the representatives of these two States, and they will end by breaking into their simple units. Seeing therefore, that an association of men, who will not quarrel with one another, is a thing which never yet existed, from the greatest confederacy, of nations, down to a town meeting or a vestry; seeing that we must have some body to quarrel with, I had rather keep our New-England associates for that purpose than to see our bickerings transferred to others."

"These, and the extracts which follow, show us, that Mr. Jefferson had, at the time of writing—some little time before the *soi disant* patriots of South-Carolina had discovered the grinding oppression,—already beheld all the evils of the confederacy as well as its benefits, to the Southern States—that he had turned it over in his mind, and come to the conclusion, that it would be better to await events, and take advantage of the change and modification of the many interests which make up the whole country, than, in a fury of unmeasured patriotism, fly to the evils of a new condition of which nothing was known. "A little patience," says the old philosopher, with a temper quite the reverse of the genuine Nullifier in Carolina,—“a little patience, and we shall see the reign of witches pass over, their spells dissolved and the people recovering their true sign, restoring their government to its true principles. It is

true that in the mean time we are suffering deeply in spirit and incurring the horrors of a war, and long oppressions of enormous debt. But who can say what would be the decision, and when and where, they would end, if we keep together as we are."

"If the game runs sometimes against us at home we must have patience till luck turns, and then we will have an opportunity of winning back the principles we have lost. For this is a game where principles are the stake."

But, after all, *was* Mr. Jefferson the author of these celebrated Resolutions? Throughout his posthumous works, the doctrine of the veto, in the Carolina sense of the term, *is not once alluded to*. The Draft of '99 he but once mentions, (Vide Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 428) in a letter, September 5, 1799, to Wilson Carey Nicholas; in which he "*declines preparing any thing,*" and suggests it to Mr. Nicholas, of whose ability he has left ample testimony. The Kentucky Resolutions bear the date of Nov. 24, 1799—their author, known only by surmise and vague conjecture; though we imagine, little doubt can linger upon my mind after this refusal of Mr. Jefferson. The letter is, on many accounts, worthy of citation.

"I had written to Mr. Madison, as I had before informed you, and had stated to him some general ideas for consideration and consultation when we should meet, I thought something essentially necessary to be said, in order to avoid the inference of *acquiescence*; that a *resolution or declaration* should be passed."

In order not to appear to acquiesce, a *resolution or declaration* against the unconstitutionality of the act, was thought as sufficient as he appeared to hold it necessary. He goes on, and his language is worth considering.

"1. Answering the reasonings of such of the States as have entered into the field of *reason*."

The distinction here evidently implied between the field of *reason* and action, calls for no finger point.

"And that of the committee of Congress, taking some notice, too, of those States, who have either not answered at all, or answered without reasoning. 2. Making firm protestation against the precedent and principles."

It was then, a mere protest and embodying of public opinion?

"Expressing in affectionate and conciliatory language our warm attachment to union with our sister States, and to the instrument and principles by which we are united; that we are willing to sacrifice this, every thing, but the rights of self-government in those important points which we have never yielded and in which alone we see liberty, safety and happiness; that not at all disposed to make every measure of error or of wrong, a cause of scission, we are willing to look on with indulgence, and to wait with patience till those passions and delusions shall have passed over, which the Federal Government have artfully excited to cover its own abuse and conceal its designs, fully confident that the *good sense of the American people*, and their attachment to those very rights which we are now vindicating, will, before it shall be too late, rally with us round the true principles of our federal compact."

The "Good sense of the People," then, and the reflux of opinion formed Jefferson's remedy? Are we afraid to confide in it now, or do we believe it less than at that time? And where was the Jeffersonian Nullification then?

"I proposed to Mr. M. to write you, but he observed that you knew his sentiments so perfectly from a former conference, that it was unnecessary. As to the preparing any thing, I must decline it to avoid suspicions (which were pretty strong in some quarters on the late occasion) and because there remains still (after their late loss) a mass of talents in Kentucky, sufficient for every purpose. The only object of the present communication is to procure a concert in the general plan of action, as it is extremely desirable that Virginia and Kentucky should pursue the same track on this occasion. Besides, how could you better while away the road from hence to Kentucky, than in meditating this very subject, and preparing something yourself, than whom nobody will do it better. The loss of your brother and the

visit of the apostle * * * to Kentucky, excite anxiety. We doubt not that his poisons will be effectually counter-worked. Wishing you a pleasant journey and happy return, I am, with great respect and sincere esteem, dear sir, your affectionate friend and servant.

THOMAS JEFFERSON."

We think we have put the advocates of the veto upon their resources as far as authority is concerned; and conclusively shown, that the doctrine rests without the least shadow of support from Madison or Jefferson. Since, however, great names have such an influence in settling the question, we cannot forbear availing ourselves of sanction of a similar character. We select for the present occasion, names, of which eulogy from us would be superfluous—those of Cheves—McDuffie and Patrick Henry.

Mr. Cheves, in his letter to the Columbia meeting, 20th September, 1830, holds the following language:

"On Nullification, another of the specific modes of action which have been suggested, I think a construction has been put, in this State, different from that which Jefferson and Madison, and the Virginia and Kentucky Legislatures intended it should bear. I do not say a less correct one. They, as I suppose, considered it a mere declaration of opinion on the part of the State of the inviolability of the law. Nullification in this sense has already been adopted by this State and a majority of the Southern States."

It is not habitual with us to succumb to the conviction of others, or yield our own opinion to the authority of great names. But were we disposed to do so, we know no one, whose unsupported dictum we would more readily adopt than that of the individual we have just named.

The following is a forcible illustration of Mr. M'Duffie in 1824, in whose masterly essays of that year is

*Mr. Cheves, here referred to, has, more recently than in the paper quoted from in the text, given his opinions at large on the subject of Nullification and its correlatives. See "*Occasional Reviews*," Nos. 1, 2, 3, published in Charleston, by J. S. Burges.

to be found a triumphant refutation of this new and speculative doctrine:

"A man who will contend that our government is a confederacy of independent States, whose *"independent sovereignty was never in any degree renounced,"* and that it may be "controlled or annulled at the will of the several independent States or Sovereignities, can be scarcely regarded as belonging to the present generation." The several independent States control the General Government! This is anarchy itself. Let us see how it will operate. Congress declare war, and appoint officers to recruit soldiers for the defence of the country. Can any State in the Union prevent enlistments, by denouncing penalties against the recruiting officers.

Suppose the attempt to be made, as it actually was, in one of the federal States, during the last war. The officer of the government is arrested and committed to prison, to be tried under a State law, "for recruiting soldiers for the service of the United States," to prosecute "an unrighteous war." Would the General Government be subject to this "control of an independent sovereignty?" Would not the Federal Courts have a clear constitutional right to pronounce the State law unconstitutional, and discharge the prisoner? It is indeed, almost a self evident proposition, that "the State sovereignties" cannot, "in any degree," control the General Government, in the exercise of its powers."—*Vide introduction to speech on Internal Improvement in 1824.*

"In his "One of the People" he holds the following language, which we prefer quoting to any thing we could offer on the same subject:

"What security, then, did the Convention, or in other words, "the People of the United States," provide, to restrain their functionaries from usurping powers not delegated, and from abusing those, with which they are really invested? Was it by the discordant clamors, and lawless resistance of the State rulers, that they intended to "insure domestic tranquility and form a more perfect union?" Was it by the *officious interference* of their inferior agents appointed for no other purposes, than those indicated by the State Constitutions, that they intended to "insure a salutary control over their superior agents?" No—the Constitution will tell you, what is the real security they have provided. It is the rea-

possibility of the officers of the General Government, not to the State authorities, but to themselves, the People. This, and this only is the great conservative principle, which lies at the foundation of all our political institutions, and sustains the great and glorious fabric of our liberty. This great truth ought to be kept in constant and lively remembrance by every American." p. 2.

"As far as I can collect" (says he to the Trio) "any distinct propositions from the medley of unconnected quotations, you have made, on this very important subject, I understand you to affirm, that in expounding the Federal Constitution, we should be *"tied down to the strict letter"* of that instrument; and that the *General Government* "was not made the *exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers to be delegated to itself*, but that, as in all other cases of compact, among parties having *no common judge*, *each party had a right to judge for itself*:—these may be considered the *concentrated essence of all the wild and destructive principles*, that have ever been advanced in relation to the subjects under consideration." p. 13.

"To suppose that the General Government has a constitutional right to exercise certain powers, which must operate upon the people of the States, and yet that the government of each State has the right to fix and determine its own relative powers, and by necessary consequence to limit the powers of the General Government, is to suppose the existence of two contradictory and inconsistent rights. In all governments, there must be some *one* supreme power? in other words, every question that can arise, as to the constitutional extent of the powers of different classes of functionaries, must be susceptible of a legal and peaceable determination, by some tribunal of acknowledged authority, or force must be the inevitable consequence. And where force begins, government ends."

"Patrick Henry, in his last speech against the Constitution, had said, in 1788, (Wirt's Life, p. 297,) "If I shall be in the minority, I shall have those painful sensations, which arise from the conviction of being overpowered in a good cause. Yet I will be a peaceable citizen. My head, my hand, and my heart shall be free to retrieve the loss of liberty, and remove the effects of that system, in a *constitutional way*. I wish not to go to violence; but will wait with hopes, that

the spirit, which predominated in the revolution is not yet gone, nor the cause of those who are attached to the Revolution yet lost. I shall therefore, patiently wait, in expectation of seeing that government changed, so as to be compatible with the safety, liberty, and happiness of the people."

"What Patrick Henry meant by this "constitutional way," is explained in his speech to the people, at the election in 1798; for, although he was then nearly sixty-three, he offered himself as a candidate for the House of Delegates; because he believed the sentiments and conduct of his own Virginia, in relation to the Alien and Sedition Laws, to be unconstitutional and dangerous. He said to the people,

"That the late proceedings of the Virginia Assembly, had filled him with apprehensions and alarm; that they had planted thorns upon his pillow; that they had drawn him from that happy retirement, which it had pleased a bountiful Providence to bestow, and in which he had hoped to pass, in quiet, the remainder of his days; that the State had quitted the sphere in which she had been placed by the Constitution; and in daring to pronounce upon the validity of federal laws, had gone out of her jurisdiction in a manner not warranted by any authority, and in the highest degree alarming to every considerate man; that such opposition, on the part of Virginia, to the acts of the General Government, must beget their enforcement by military power; that this would probably produce civil war; civil war, foreign alliances; and that foreign alliances must necessarily end in subjection to the power called in.' Mr. Henry proceeding in his address to the people, asked, 'whether the county of Charlotte would have authority to dispute an obedience to the laws of Virginia; and he pronounced Virginia to be to the Union, what the county of Charlotte was to her.' Having denied the right of a State to decide upon the constitutionality of federal laws, he added, that perhaps it might be necessary to say something of the merits of the laws in question. His private opinion was, that they were '*good and proper*.' But, whatever might be their merits, it belonged to the people, who held the reins over the head of Congress, and to them alone, to say whether they were acceptable or otherwise to Virginians; and that this must be done by way of petition. That Congress were as much our representatives as the Assembly, and had as good a right to our confidence. He had seen with regret the unlimited

power over the purse and sword consigned to the General Government; but he had been overruled, and it was not necessary to submit to the constitutional exercise of that power. If, said he, I am asked what is to be done when a people feel themselves intolerably oppressed, my answer is ready:—*Overturn the Government.* But do not, I beseech you, carry matters to this length, without provocation. Wait at least until some infringement is made upon your rights, and which cannot otherwise be redressed; for if ever you recur to another change, you may bid adieu forever to representative government. You can never exchange the present Government, but for a monarchy.”—*Wirt's Life of Henry*, p. 393–395.

When the resolutions of Virginia were communicated to the other States, they were disapproved in counter-resolutions, by Delaware, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New-York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Vermont. We mention these States, as being those whose counter-resolutions are appended to the Virginia Report of 1799. *That other States not enumerated did not approve them, we take for granted.* That any State responded to them, besides Kentucky, does not appear from any document within our reach. We believe no State but Kentucky concurred. It is stated particularly “that *South-Carolina took no part in the sentiments and conduct of Virginia in 1798, in reference to the Alien and Sedition Laws.*”

In the discussion of this grave question, we have relied rather upon the authority of others, than upon any arguments, in especial, of our own. Of these, we have made liberal use, as our extracts readily testify. Yet have we by no means exhausted all the points of the controversy. They crowd upon us as we proceed, and the accumulating masses of papers before and around us, warn us strongly of the unadvised density of our own labours. The thousand particulars, by which, the new fangled theory to which our speculations have been given, might readily be overthrown, acquire new force and authority, to our mind, the more we examine into it and them. But we have now neither space nor time for further remark, and will content ourselves with a couple of brief extracts from the masterly com-

mentaries of Chancellor Kent upon American Law. The train of reasoning made use of in these passages appears so admirably adapted to, and so completely subversive of, the notions which the Nullification doctrine embodies, that it would appear to have been expressly designed and written for the appearance of that embryo and half-formed theory of Mr. Calhoun.

“The powers of Congress, as enumerated in the Articles of Confederation, would perhaps have been competent for all the essential purposes of the Union, had they been duly distributed among the departments of a well balanced government, and been carried down, through the medium of a federal, judicial and executive power, to the individual citizens of the Union. The exclusive cognizance of our foreign relations, the rights of war and peace, and the right to make unlimited requisitions of men and money, were confided to Congress, and the exercise of them was binding upon the States. But, in imitation of all the former confederacies of independent states, either in ancient Greece or in modern Europe, the Articles of Confederation carried the decrees of the federal council to the States in their sovereign or collective capacity. This was the great fundamental defect in 1781; it led to its eventual overthrow; and it has proved pernicious or destructive to all other federal governments which adopted the principle. Disobedience to the laws of the Union must either be submitted to by the government to its own disgrace, or those laws must be enforced by arms. The mild influence of the civil magistrate, however strongly it may be felt and obeyed by private individuals, will not be heeded by an organized community, conscious of its strength, and swayed by its passions. The history of the federal governments of Greece, Germany, Switzerland, and Holland, afford melancholy examples of destructive civil war springing from the disobedience of the separate members. I will mention only a single instance to this effect, taken from the generally uninteresting annals of the Swiss Cantons. By one of the articles of the Helvetic Alliance, the Cantons were bound to submit any difference which might arise between them to arbitrators. In the year 1440, a dispute arose between Zurich on the one side, and the Cantons of Schweitz and Glaris on the other, respecting some territorial claims. Zurich refused to submit to a decision against her, and the con-

tending parties took to arms. All Switzerland was of course armed against Zurich, the refractory member. She sought protection from her ancient enemy, the House of Austria, and the controversy was not terminated in favor of the federal decree, until after six years of furious and destructive war.

“Had there been sufficient energy in the government of the United States, under the Articles of Confederation, to have enforced the constitutional requisitions, it might have proved fatal to public liberty; for Congress, as then constituted, was a most unfit and unsafe depository of political power, since all the authority of the nation, in one complicated mass of jurisdiction, was vested in a single body of men. It was, indeed, exceedingly fortunate, as the event has subsequently shown, that the State Legislatures even refused to confer upon Congress the right to levy and collect a general impost, notwithstanding the refusal appeared to be extremely disastrous at the time, and was deeply regretted by the intelligent friends of the Union. Had such a power been granted, the effort to amend the Confederation would probably not have been made, and the people of this country might have been languishing, to this day, the miserable victims of a feeble and incompetent Union.

“Most of the federal constitutions in the world have degenerated or perished in the same way, and by the same means. They are to be classed among the most defective political institutions which have been erected by mankind for their security. The great and incurable defect of former federal governments, such as the Amphyctionic, the Achæan, and Læcian confederacies in ancient Greece; and the Germanic, the Helvetic, the Hanseatic, and the Dutch republics, in modern history, is, that they were sovereignties or sovereigns, and legislations, not for private individuals, but for communities in their political capacity. The only coercion for disobedience was physical force, instead of the decree and the pacific arm of the civil magistrate. The inevitable consequence, in every case in which a member chooses to be disobedient, is either a civil war, or an annihilation of national authority.

A late history of Poland, in one or two of its passages, affords us, in strong confirmation of the views above expressed, a few particulars, the quotation of which we cannot forbear.

“It was in the reign of Casimir that the *liberum veto* (Nullification) or privilege of the deputies to stop all proceedings in the Diet by a simple dissent, first assumed the form of a legal custom. ‘The leaven of superstition and bigotry,’ says Rulhiere, ‘began to ferment and blend itself with all the other vices of the constitution; they then became closely united, and their junction defied all remedy. *It was then that in the bosom of the National Assembly sprung up this singular anarchy, which, under the pretext of making the constitution more firm, has destroyed in Poland all sovereign power.*’ The right of single opposition to general decrees, although always admitted, was for a long time not acted upon. There remained but one step to complete the destructive system, and that was taken in 1652, under the reign of John Casimir. A Polish noble named Sizinski, whom his contemporaries have denounced to the indignation of posterity, having left the Diet at the period allotted for its resolutions, and by his voluntary absence preventing the possibility of any unanimity, the Diet considered that it had lost its power by the desertion of one deputy. A precedent so absurd, but so easily imitated, could not fail to have the most pernicious effects.

“Saxony was Augustus’ most agreeable residence, and as he was obliged to return to Poland during the sessions of the Diets, he was always pleased to see them suspended by the *liberum veto*, and always contrived to effect the rupture himself, if the deputies happened to be themselves unanimous. It is said that on one occasion, the Diet being uncommonly long-lived, not knowing how to force a *veto*, he turned over the Polish laws, and discovered that it was illegal to debate by candle-light; accordingly he ordered his partizans to prolong the debate till night, and to call for candles. They were brought, and immediately the Poles, who ‘strain at a gnat,’ when privilege is concerned, exclaimed against the violation of the laws, and the Diet was dissolved.

“This was almost the invariable termination of the sessions, during the thirty years which this reign lasted. The state of affairs may be readily imagined: all public business was at an end: the chief officers were almost uncontrolled, and no ministers were sent to foreign courts. The *pospolite* neglected all military exercises, and became a mere mass of men, courageous, it is true, but without arms, without discipline, and equally incapable of commanding and obeying.”

THE DOCTRINE OF THE VETO.

[The spirit of the following article, which formed one of the political newspaper essays of Mr. Richardson, is somewhat more popular than that of the long review which he has more particularly given of the doctrine of Mr. Calhoun. It is for this reason, in part, that we have concluded on its re-publication, with the risk of repeating some of those views which are more fully detailed in its predecessor.—Ed.]

Were we to take the doctrine of the veto at the hands of its several advocates, we should find it mere plastic clay in the moulds of the potter—every one frames it into the shape best suited to his taste and temperament. It is continually varying its position, changing its garb, and shifting the source of its operations. Like the Grecian Drama—

modo ponit Romæ—modo Athenis—

and it would be just as rational to take the brick of the fool of Palæphetus as a specimen of the house, as an individual Nullifier as a representative of the party* to which he belongs. One derives the right from the “nature of things”—another from the Declaration of Independence: one from the provisions of the Constitution—another from the law of nature, above all constitutions: one turns to the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions—another to the law of nations: one points to the example of particular States—another pins his votive faith to the sleeve of the Apostle of Liberty.—*Quousque tandem abutere nostra patientia?*

We will briefly submit a few objections to the theory, taking as our text-book the *Exposé* of the distinguished Statesman, whose opinions we discuss more at large in another place. These objections strike us, as fatal to the doctrine. As yet, they are unanswered, and we

believe they are unanswerable: emphatically, *reponse sans replique*.

The doctrine of Nullification is new and speculative, but lately developed, seldom intelligibly stated, and not settled to this day. *Grammatici certant, etc.* How comes this? Does not the fact speak volumes against it? Has it lain in obscurity since the adoption of our Constitution—upwards of forty years,—or is it a new theory? The original objection to the adoption of the charter was, that it subtracted too much power from the States, but this counter check was never even hinted at by way of rejoinder! How shall this be accounted for? We pause for a reply.

By the doctrine, the right is claimed for the State of determining the extent of her jurisdiction, and following up her judgment with acts. This, by the law of nations, puts her in the condition of the absolute independence and undivided sovereignty she possessed previously to entering into the Federal Compact: and, in so doing, she rejects, and is above, the authority of the Constitution. True, this assumption is a *reserved* right, but it is at the same time one that is *inalienable*.

It has been urged, if Congress be the ultimate judge of the powers delegated to itself—rejecting the authority of the Supreme Court—that the will of the majority is substituted for the Constitution, and *State Sovereignty* subverted. But is it not equally evident, if a single *State*—not the *sole* creator, employer, or owner of the Federal Government,—can, at pleasure arrest its laws, that the *Union* is subverted?

Again, if this right be possessed by one State, it must inhere in all, together with the means of enforcing it, without which the mere abstract right would be a non-entity—a word, not a thing—a shadow, not a substance. But by what process could Tennessee nullify the Tariff Acts? She has no sea-port to declare free—no citizens to absolve from Custom House bonds—no smugglers to pronounce patriots. She might, like the

Roman Tribune, pronounce "*Veto*"—*I forbid it.* She might go farther, and add, with a sovereign State's contempt, the rescript of the Emperor—"car tel est notre plaisir;" but the Atlantic States would tell a different tale. They would remain precisely where they are, and the "safe, peaceable, and efficient remedy" would eventuate in "*arrant quackery*," or "*steel diet*."

It is said, that since three-fourths are required to confer upon Congress a *new* power, the same majority is necessary to settle a *disputed* grant of power, and make a law under it valid: that the Constitution was adopted by sovereign parties, and that they have the right to expound it. But the Constitution was accepted unanimously, must it therefore be expounded unanimously? If the method of its ratification decides its construction, this would be the unavoidable concession. Is this the government we live under?

We cheerfully admit, that there may be circumstances of hardship attending the passage of a law of a bare majority, and that the Tariff Acts of 1828 were of that character. It would be hard indeed that a majority of one should definitively settle a question of great vested interest. But would it not be infinitely harder, that the same law should be passed by *no majority at all, but by a minority*? The inconsistency and confusion into which the *minus* principle would lead us, irresistibly recalls the retort of Peter Pindar to the sophistical Paine. The latter was arguing, that since the majority of mankind were fools, the minority, as the collected wisdom of the State, should have supreme command. The wit moved, that it be put to vote,—the company acquiesced in the reasoning, and Paine looked around triumphantly. "Hold" says Pindar, "the majority are fools. I, the intelligent minority, decide just the contrary." So we go!

South-Carolina, in her Legislature assembled, has declared the act a "deliberate, palpable and dangerous usurpation of power," and that she will, with this con-

stitutional conviction, refuse to pay the duties—still remain under the protection of the Government, whose law she annuls---and that the Government has no right to coerce her. Pennsylvania, on the other hand, with a dissenting minority of six votes, declares that the same Tariff is constitutional and politic, and that she will and is bound to pay the duties. Pennsylvania, then, pays the imposts and South-Carolina does not—and yet we live under a just Government and under a Constitution, which expressly provides, that no one State shall receive a preference over another! (Vide Art. IV. Sec. 2.)

Again, the power of the State veto in question is claimed as a *reserved* right. It is a right to force a call of a General Convention---a *right to settle constitutional differences*. Now the *reserved* rights of the States are such as they had *before* the adoption of the Constitution. Had the States, before the adoption of the charter, *any right to settle questions which did not exist?*

The professed object of the veto is to put a stop to *implied* power---to check sweeping assumptions by construction. But, we fearlessly challenge the wildest dreams of Federalism, to produce an *implied power* on the part of the General Government equal to this on the part of South-Carolina. It is one of those things of which we may say---“*credo quia impossibile est*.”

But if this doctrine is odious in theory, in practice it is hideous indeed. The United States House, Senate and President, declare a war against Great Britain; South-Carolina deems it unconstitutional and forthwith proceeds to Nullification. The war is checked—a Convention must be called, and three-fourths decide against us. This will occupy a full year, if not more, and meanwhile the enemy is destroying our merchantmen or perhaps devastating our fields—and the other members of the confederacy cannot constitutionally move an inch in their defence. They must patiently wait, until three-fourths deliberately settle the question before they presume to keep their throats uncut!

We will now proceed to show, that the doctrine of the veto rests without the least shadow of support from the *Federalist*, where we should most of all expect to find it. We might here put the supporters of the remedy in rather an awkward situation. We might recur to our legal and logical right of placing on their shoulders the burthen of proving, that it is sanctioned by this exposition of our government. It is sufficient for us to deny it, and call for the proof. But, we will give them every advantage. The writer of the *Exposition* claims authority for his doctrine from the nature of our government, and the pages of the *Federalist*. The former ground we will examine hereafter, the latter is now before us. We have read this commentary upon our Constitution, calmly and attentively, and we challenge our opponents to point out one passage, which can be tortured by implication or construction into the remotest sanction of their creed. No. IX. discusses the "utility of the Union as a safe-guard against domestic faction and insurrections." The writer (Alexander Hamilton) defines a "confederate republic," ascertains its "extent, modifications and objects," and distinguishes between a "confederacy and a consolidation," but not one word of the veto. No. XV. has for its subject "the defects of the present Confederation, in relation to the principle of legislation for the States in their collective capacities." No. XVI. XVII. XVIII. XIX. and XX. continue the subject, with numerous examples. But the South-Carolina veto is no where to be detected. No. XLV. discusses the "supposed danger from the powers of the Union, to the State Government," No. XLVI. continues the subject and examines the "comparative influence of the Federal and State Governments." These latter Nos. were written by Mr. Madison, a member of the Convention, and principal writer in the *Federalist*. He here speaks of the encroachment of the Federal Government, "its influence over the States"—"plans of resistance to be con-

certed"—combinations against its innovations,"—but the "Carolina doctrine" is not hinted at. These are the only numbers of the *Federalist*, that bear upon the question; in none of them is this new-fangled remedy found to exist. Where then is it to be met with?

Of all the "Hydras and chimæras dire," that ever haunted the distempered imagination of man, this ultra notion of States Rights is the most extravagant, ridiculous and unaccountable. The State forsooth, is to nullify and render invalid a law of Congress—a supreme edict of the land—and wait until it is restored by three-fourths met in Convention. We will wait until doomsday or the millenium! We have already asked by what authority we can force them to call a General Convention? Where is the constitutional power? When was it given to the States? In what part of the instrument is it to be met with? Is it expressed, implied, construed or assumed? Now, take it for granted, that we have the right to try this experiment; suppose the rest of the confederated States refuse to call a Convention? What becomes of us? Is not the State—we put the question boldly and require as direct an answer—is she not in a state of opposition—unconstitutional opposition to the General Government? Is she not a Disunionist—a Seceder---a Revolutionist? If not, what is her attitude?

If the power of annulling a law of Congress is inherent in one State, then is it inherent in all. Now, if each and every State can control a supreme law of the land, then is the General Government the creature, not of all the States collectively, but of each State individually:---so that each may determine for itself whether it transcends its powers, or not. The twenty-four States each construe the law a different way---and yet it must obey twenty-four masters! Can there be a greater absurdity in Government? Or is that any Government at all, which is subject to control from all quarters and bound to succumb to all? If this is not the old

Confederation, when each State did as it pleased, and disregarded Congress, we are at a loss to know in what analogy consists.

But we go even beyond the old Confederation, for even *then*, one State had not the authority it claims *now*; a State not only renders null and void a supreme law of the land within its own jurisdiction, but also throughout the Union:---for this obvious reason, that the goods, which evade the duty by landing in Charleston, will be disseminated throughout the land. This, is the unavoidable result. Even in Great Britain, so cursed with tax-collectors, excisers and gaugers, it cannot be prevented. And, thus, we say, we have not even the old discarded Confederation---we have no Government at all. Now, if this position be sound---and we speak not unadvisedly when we call for an answer to it,---in the one instance, the argument holds, *a fortiori*, in the other. If the assumption, in the former, is an anomaly---in the latter, it is the anomaly of anomalies.

We cannot forbear noticing, in conclusion, the “*sumus fulgorque*” of party excitement, that has pervaded our State, during the discussion of the “Carolina Doctrine.” There is no device in politics we more heartily detest, than an “*ad captandum*” subterfuge—an “*argumentum ad homines*”—to the heated passions of men, rather than to their unbiassed judgment. That these have been resorted to by our opponents we fearlessly assert and will as promptly make good if called upon. Constraint and abuse are the natural parents of resistance, and we have ever found it a pregnant proof that reason is not on the side of those who use it.—Lucian’s satirical fable is doubtless familiar to all: Jupiter and a countryman were walking together, conversing with great freedom and familiarity concerning Heaven and Earth. The countryman listened with attention and acquiescence, while Jupiter strove only to convince him: but happening to hint a doubt, Jupiter turned round and threatened him with his thunder.

“Now,” (said the countryman,) “Jupiter, I know you are wrong. Jupiter is always wrong, when he appeals to his thunder!” This is the course, that has been adopted by our opponents. Foiled in argument—baffled in their attempts to convince—caught in their own toils—implicated in inconsistencies—entangled in the net of sophistry they have been weaving for others—they resort to the summary method of abuse. They denominate their adversaries, who are engaged in the same holy cause of State Sovereignty and its prosperity,—“cowards”—“submissionists,” and “tories.” This is the sum total of their reasoning. We despise their taunts too much to retort them; but we call fearlessly for “deeds not words” as proof—and denounce them if they fail, insane slanderers. We will not have our positions answered by a sneer or a sarcasm. We will not permit sophistry to pass for soundness—declamation for argument—or assertion for proof:—and least of all shall we permit railing and bandying epithets to pass current for sterling, legitimate discussion. You may for a while, fetter the understandings of men—you may cloud them with sophistry and envelope them in mist—but truth—almighty truth—must eventually prevail. There is so intimate a connection between liberty and licentiousness, that it is extremely difficult to distinguish the true limit between them. It is the curse of freedom, that in order to be preserved untainted, it must be continually endangered. True liberty is not to be exempt from all restraint—to go where passion leads or caprice directs. It consists in doing not what is most agreeable, but what is most fit to be done:—in doing every thing which does not injure society, more than it benefits the individual. It consists in being guided by what Cicero calls the perfection of nature—the “*recta ratio*”—in combatting error, prejudice and education with the touchstone of reason and pressing on to that “*altitudo animi*,” which constitutes the true dignity, character and happiness of

intellectual man. We must be as cautious in preserving the bounds and limits of right and wrong, however trifling the deviation—as is the Hollander in arresting the first gentle influx of the stream, which (*“vires acquirit eundo”*) would gradually undermine and sweep away every barrier, which his caution has provided against the encroachments of the boundless ocean. One fatal precedent admitted would be to the existence of moral, legal and political truth, what the single drop of Prussic Acid is to physical vitality;—it would endanger, if not destroy the whole fabric.

It is in government as in the human system; diseases, (the Tariff, Internal Improvement, &c. in politics) that have long inhered to the body—dislocations of long standing—distempers rooted in the system—can be eradicated only by time, caution and perseverance. To apply a desperate remedy is to hazard the life of the patient.

Thomas Paine, the greatest stickler—ancient or modern—for Republicanism, equality and public good; and the most inveterate foe to tyranny, has, in that compound of truth and falsehood—morality and infidelity—the “Age of Reason,” admitted—*“if a law be bad, it is one thing to oppose the practice of it, but it is quite a different thing to expose its errors, to reason on its defects, and to shew cause, why it should be repealed, or why another ought to be substituted in its place. I have always held it an opinion, making it also my practice, that it is better to obey a bad law, making use, at the same time, of every argument to shew its errors and procure its repeal, than to violate it; because the precedent of breaking a bad law, might weaken the force and lead to a discretionary violation of those which are good.”*

THE TARIFF PRINCIPLE.*

The theory of political economy, which the world scarce a century ago supported, has, since that time, undergone an important alteration. Antecedent to the preceding age, the great source of national wealth was differently, and, as it was generally allowed, incorrectly understood. The old writers held Commerce and Manufactures to be the bulwark of national prosperity;—the latter contend that Agriculture is the only sure and permanent element of riches. The former build up their fostered favorite by premiums, restrictions and duties;—the latter leave to individual perseverance and sagacity the road to wealth, unimpeded by the shackles of prohibition. The former decide the legislative body to be the most capable of directing private capital;—the latter take it for granted, that every man is best acquainted with his own interests. As the more intelligent portion of mankind are now pretty generally agreed upon as to what is the proper source of wealth, we shall not dwell upon arguments already familiar; but merely, before we pass to the more immediate object of discussion, observe, that we do not assign to Commerce the preference over wealth, since its operations only tend to transport and more widely dispense the products of the soil; nor to Manufactures as they only employ the territorial produce, and diversify and improve its condition, without increasing its quantity. But to Agriculture would we decree this prerogative, for the principle reason that it supplies the material of all our wants and all our enjoyments, and bestows a sort of gratuitous re-production, the surplus of which, appears to constitute the only real increase of wealth. We shall not attempt to affix the

*This article, written in the fifteenth year of our Author, was delivered before the "Philomathean Society," of the College of Charleston, probably by appointment, as one of its usual evening exercises.

separate degree of utility to these three branches of labour; nor do we believe it necessary to our purpose, that we should do so. They mutually depend upon each other, and the severing of one link, would lead to the inevitable failure of the others. Having thus premised, we will consider the question in two points of view.

Its policy or tendency to increase the prosperity and glory of the union; and its constitutionality or concordance with the spirit of our national bond or compact.

Our first division we will further subdivide into the following heads:

1st. That it imposes a tax upon the many for the benefit of the few.

2d. That it is prejudicial to the interests of the agriculturalist.

3d. That it abridges commerce, and consequently impairs revenue.

4th. That it is directly opposed to the much vaunted principle, protection, in case of war.

Upon a glance at the bill of increased duties, it will be seen, that while a most exorbitant tax is laid upon inferior cloths, the finer pay no additional impost. We would prefer, in the course of our discussion, to avoid the slightest sectional partiality, and confine our remarks to the universal tendency of the law. But who can for a moment, fail in observing the incredible injustice of this clause! While the rich inhabitant escapes altogether this exorbitant increase, the poorer classes, and especially the Southern States, which can never be exempted from buying for their slaves, are marked out to sustain this illegal taxation. The limited benefit, even in the manufacturing section cannot escape the slightest investigation. It is true they have contrived to enlist under their banner the farmer and wool-grower; but we will readily shew, under the most delusive promises. To the former they ensure an increased consumption---as if, in that case, they would do any

thing extraordinary. Do the manufacturers consume more in proportion, than other classes of Americans? Or would their indefinite increase benefit more than the increase of any other body? If so, they would, they must be, giant Patagonians; not as we supposed, meagre spectres, worn down by the confinement of pestilential work shops; and their 100,000 would increase by a tenfold ratio. They also promise to the wool-grower, a wonderful recompense for his share of the burthen. And what is it? To lay an inter-dict upon foreign wool---going directly in the face of facts, which prove that the advantage from such a duty is altogether visionary. The quantity of wool consumed in the most flourishing state of the manufactures was about 42,000,000 lbs. Of this 40,000,000 was American, and the remainder (which, alone, of course the duty affects) is either of the finest sort, from Spain or Italy, or the coarsest from South America: which does not, in the least, compete with the native growth. Whom then is this bill intended to protect? If our allegations be correct, it is for the sole purpose of aggrandizing a few insatiable proprietors, and those immediately employed by them! In 1790, when the duty was only 5 per cent. (and that imposed not for protection, but entirely for revenue,) more than three-fourths of the woollens consumed in America, were manufactured with profit. No duty was demanded—none required. Before the passage of this bill, with 3½ they declare they cannot continue the business, unless an impost, amounting to utter prohibition, is imposed upon the nation, for their advancement. Have the merchants ever demanded the exclusion of foreign ships, or the planters of foreign productions? Have they ever cried to Government to prop up their tottering affairs, from the pockets of their fellow citizens? The manufacturers affirmed they had increased their capital from \$10,000,000 to \$40,000,000. We cannot boast of much information on the subject, but we would ask, does this look like failure?

Can theirs be a losing business, when it is notorious, that under the Tariff of 1816 they realized from 10 to 25 per cent? But if they were on the verge of ruin, does it follow, that Congress is bound to support them? Must the interests of 100,000 men and \$40,000,000 outweigh the interests of the Union? Or, supposing that New-England would be universally enriched, (which is a hope never to be realized,) must this handful of men and money, (which could be easily otherwise employed) crush the Southern States, which, by the preceding Tariff, had been reduced to incredible difficulty.

Thus, if our positions be correct, we have clearly established, that this bill, while it imposes upon the Union a merciless tribute, is calculated to exalt a few capitalists alone, and, placing them upon the ruins of their countrymen, to constitute them the aristocracy of America!

We have dwelt so long upon our first division, that we shall necessarily retrench our subsequent remarks, and consider the three remaining points in connection. We have already adverted to the enormous tax it imposes upon the Union, and especially the Southern planter; and is it not too evident, that it deprives him of the only means of paying that tax? The quantity of cotton consumed in the world is about 1,000,000 bales; of this we produce 900,000. Now, what market do they leave us for this almost our only support? They tell us they will shortly take all our cotton! This is an insult to us as reasonable beings. To tell us that the Northern manufactures, which at present consume (at the outside) 150,000 bales, will shortly consume 900,000, is telling us, what we know to be impossible, and what we cannot believe. But they again desert this absurdity, to.—(unfortunately for us) if possible, plunge into a greater. Great Britain, (say they) “will purchase where she can cheapest; and it would be ridiculous for her to do otherwise!” This, (we would ob-

serve) is one of the dilemmas of a bad cause. For, is it not inconsistent to approve of purchasing cheap, and still declaim against our doing it? But let us examine the result which it involves; for we perfectly agree with the principle.

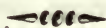
Now, will it be cheaper for Great Britain to buy here, where she sells nothing, or at South America, Egypt, and the East Indies, where they are willing to take British articles in exchange for every article which she would take from us, without that reciprocity? No—and we could multiply facts to prove the miserable fallacy of this belief; did we not conceive we could afford you no information. They likewise tell us, they give us an equivalent! And what (we would ask) is the wretched price they pay us to lie tranquil under a weight to which we are opposed, not less upon principle than policy? It is a duty upon cotton, snuff, tobacco and sugar. Now, this would be eminently praiseworthy, were it not irresistibly ridiculous! To give us a duty upon our great staple! To ensure to us, that no foreign cotton shall enter our ports! They might as well impose a tax upon rice from Great Britain, as to prohibit what no one ever dreamt of bringing, and with which we supply three-fourths of the world. As for the duty on snuff, the benefit, (were it here worth mentioning) is altogether possessed by the North. It will be seen, that the duty upon sugar, was, by the Tariff of 1816 at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per lb. and that $\frac{1}{2}$ cent is the wonderful equivalent, (for the mock duties on the other articles is really laughable,) which they bestow in return for a tax of millions!

There is another assertion which has been repeated with additions in pamphlets, speeches and essays, which (for the most part) form a mere tissue of misrepresentation and error. We allude to that, which, appealing to our national prejudices and feelings, tells us that England “supplies us with every thing and will take none of our productions; and that we should make our-

selves independent in case of a war!" The two first assertions are so shamelessly groundless, that we shall pass them over in silence. That we should be prepared for war we are not at all disposed to deny; but we unequivocally assert, that they incapacitate us in that respect, by depriving us of commerce and consequently of active seamen. They declaim to us of independence, and under the imposing title of the "American System," attempt to win us to submission to their designs; cloaked under the specious pretext of opposing "British cupidity!" But, if they mean by independence, a separation from the world—if to be independent is to be insulated and alone—cut off from civil intercourse, and disdaining reciprocal services, let them preach their doctrine to the wild Indian, beyond the Rocky Mountains—to the Savage, on the sea-shore—the Negro of the Gold-Coast—but not to the enlightened American.

We have merely set down our arguments as they occurred to us, without arranging them in any particular order. We believe the truth of the views we have advanced, and have no doubt of the correctness of our several positions. We now come to our second division—the constitutionality of the bill,—and here we shall be unusually succinct. We do not believe this bill to be in conformity with the spirit of the Constitution, when it authorizes Congress "to lay and collect duties," and to "regulate commerce." Can this bill be for the promotion of commerce, when it paralyzes its efforts, and fetters and tramples upon those who pursue it? Can it be for revenue when it excludes the only inlet of revenue? Can any one be so blinded as not to see, that its results are diametrically opposite to those which it professes? Can the advocates of this system deny, that the right of taxing imposts was for one specific end, and that end revenue? They do not deny it. But aware that their object, if openly avowed, would elicit merited indignation, they shield it under the co-

ver of the law, under a technicality of phrase, which, while it religiously adheres in mere form to the letter, is grossly violative of the very spirit of our Constitution



“THE RIGHT TO FIGHT.”

This phrase, uttered by a modern politician with some considerable *gusto* and gratification, at a public *barbacie*, where such pleasant abstractions are most usually accompanied with a practical illustration of their points and premises, appears, by one class of our contemporaries, to have been deemed quite as oracular, and certainly, to the full as mystical, as those delivered by the Delphic Goddess. The phrase is nice and narrow, and has all the sweetness of the apothegm; unhappily, the import which it bears is not so very obvious. The whole class of disputes concerning the “right to fight”---“the right of conquest”---the “tenure of power” *et id genus omne*, is one upon which moralists and speculative men have wasted much time and toil---“*in longum trahentes controversias*”---and there is none of the class, upon which they have speculated more extensively and to more uncertain issue, than upon that at present before us. And if we err not egregiously, the cause of the protracted disension is stamped upon the face of it. It is obscurely stated, and the question is indistinctly put, and what might be briefly and finally settled, has, by this original obscurity, occasioned unbounded perplexity, and mixed with much learned and metaphysical research, has given rise to a rigmarole of unintelligible jargon, which baffles every brain, save that of the writer. The farther we advance in the field of disputation, the greater opportunity will we have of observing, that half the disputes of men are occasioned by their attention to words rather than to things---that they argue without me-

thod---without a definite and unerring end and aim---and without agreeing in their use and appropriation of terms and technicals. This is the chief—we may say, the only difficulty in the present instance. The term “right” appears to be the source of the ambiguity, and its solution the *sine qua non* of our discussion.

The legal student considers the phrase in a professional sense, and labors in vain to settle its practical import with all the ponderous letters of the law. The divine recurs to the primitive fathers, and consults the authority of the “divine doctors.” The politician, armed with Grotius, Puffendorf, and the host of civilians, toils in difficulties of his own making, and with all the paraphernalia of speculative lore, buries in mystery a question that can be made as evident as the mid-day sun. “If a perplexed reasoner, (says Drummond) puzzle himself and his audience, he never fails to attribute it to the abstruse nature of all speculative subjects.” If a pert rhetorician gets entangled in the maze of his own conceits, he is ever ready to accuse himself of having too much of the very logic which he wants. The impartial examiner recurs to his own reflections---enlarges his view, and, though he may not come to a decisive solution, at least clears the way of obstructions, with which it was previously clogged by misconception and prejudice.

“Right,” (used as a term connected with society) must undoubtedly be derived from some compact expressed or implied; and there is no difficulty in conceiving an agreement between the CONQUERED and the CONQUEROR—the former of submission, the latter of command—*after the completion of the conquest*. But we know of no law of society—we are acquainted with no principle of civilians—we recollect no sanction, human or divine—which authorizes the commencement of subjugation, or permits us, (if we may use the term) to “half-subdue” a nation; which would be necessary before we acquired the “right to rule” or that which gives

the right, viz:—*entire dominion*. At this stage, many have left the question; but this solution is much too summary to be correct. Though speculative moralists deny a right, and though, by their rules, we cannot shew one;—yet when we contemplate the conqueror, our humane ideas are not shocked—our love of justice is not invaded—the world does not perceive his want of right. But, on the contrary, his path is strewn with flowers—his brows are encircled with laurel—his march is attended with the acclamations of admiring crowds, and the homage of the wise and the applause of posterity are the rewards of his daring. Here REASON and FEELING are manifestly at variance—the one attests his merit—the other his guilt. One, consequently, must be in error. If we were the arbiters between these opponents, the election would be quickly made in favor of the latter, as original and always the same; against the former, which is frequently obscured by sophistry, clouded by artifice, and shackled by the demon, either of gain, or (so called) glory!

Whence arises the immeasurable difference between the morality of the heathen poets and philosophers? The former we find pure and undefiled by sophistry—the latter tainted with prejudice—infected with love of gain—deserting the imperishable *to kalon*, for the miserable, transient policy of the *to prepon*. The cause is obvious? In poetry, the offspring of feeling—virtue without dross—flows warm and undefiled from the fountain of the heart. In philosophy, men strive “*non sibi res, sed sese rebus aptare*.” It is its futile boast to dive into the boundless *arcana* of nature, and in its dubious search it adopts opinion upon mere speculation, without reference to facts. Frail reason, then, so obnoxious to error—so seldom the test of truth—“a bubble’s gleam amid the boundless main,” is not the criterion we adopt. We refer to ourselves—“*nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit*,”—and where we find opinion almost universal in her favor, we

hesitate not to admit her decree. If it be true, (and who doubts it?) that social beings are by the will of Heaven, organized into societies—that governments are established for their support—that laws by general compact are necessary—that for the better dispensation of order and justice, the people vest their rights in some individual or individuals—conquest secures this state of things, and thus produces in a degree the benefits of government. Moralists have told us with some plausibility, that “the man who invades our property at the head of 50,000 men, as richly deserves the halter as he who comes singly, “the highway robber”—that the conqueror is but a “robber in disguise,” and on a large scale—and many, though they deny the consequence, unable to confute the reasoning, have inadvertently admitted the premises. But that there exists an essential difference cannot escape the most superficial observation. The robber is considered as a member of the community which he depredates, and, consequently, infringes laws, which are binding upon all. But ordinances made for the welfare of one nation are no criteria to another, as they are reciprocally independent, and no rule can be adopted, save the law of nature. Again, the robber seeks to deprive a community of its property—the invader has no such design. The estate of the subject has never, by conquest been considered the monarch’s. But his aim is to deprive those who rule, of authority, and to substitute himself in their place, in case he can exhibit *undeniable authority*, viz *superior strength*, which is undoubtedly after all, the “RIGHT OF CONQUEST” in question.

“To this complexion it *must* come at last.”

To conclude our subject, let no one claim a “RIGHT TO FIGHT,” unless he can shew a “RIGHT TO CONQUER,” to advance which latter claim, he must exhibit a RIGHT TO BE STRONG;” and the Emperor of Morocco

has wisely and piously embodied the true, natural, and philosophical solution, in his brief rejoinder to the King of Spain's manifesto. As to the towns upon the coast of Africa (says he) which the King of Spain says are his, it becomes his majesty to know, that they belong neither to him, nor to me, but to Almighty God, who will bestow the command of them upon him, *who shall be found, upon trial, best able to maintain it.*

PARTY SPIRIT.

There can subsist in no enlightened community a state of society devoid of that dissention—that diversity of opinion concerning means and ends, denominated party spirit. Nor should we have it otherwise. We are not one of those who look with a ‘holy horror’ upon those temporary bursts of popular violence, which spring from its excess; and if we did, reasoning from abuses is decidedly the least philosophical and satisfactory that can be adopted. Otherwise, would we renounce all government and subordination, because, after every precaution, villany still stalks abroad:—all medicine, because disease sometimes baffles its efforts; and every human enjoyment, because alloyed with pain! It is an evil but a necessary one, and its disadvantages are to be endured in consideration of its benefits. Deprived of it, the universe would bend to the dictates of an autocrat, moral, political, and literary;—whirlpools of false doctrine would arise, all the nobler energies of the mind, whose exercise exalts man above the brute, would be dormant, and the true resources of his nature remain always undeveloped. But it is chiefly in a political light, that the spirit which splits mankind into sects exerts its most beneficial influence. It is this which has shown to every unenlightened people the list of their sufferings—the record of

their rights—which tears aside the cloak of usurpation—which drags the oppressor before the public scrutiny—which develops the power of public opinion, and points to redress in all its controlling influences. It is emphatically the bulwark of the people's rights—the great lever by which they direct their public servants, and assert their right of supervision. It is party spirit, which makes us vigilant to scrutinize the actions of public men, and be ever on the alert to punish infidelity—which “purifies the atmosphere of politics” and dispels the clouds of ministerial artifice and corruption, until the Constitution, like a mighty rock, stands full disclosed to the view of all who dwell within the shade of its protection. Party spirit is the salubrious gale which ventilates the opinions of the people; which awakes the apprehension and arouses all the faculties of the pilot at the helm, keeps him ever alert on duty for fear of public exposure, and keeps the vessel of State safely in her course. When a people is free and its rulers honest—when all parties contend only through the pure motives of patriotism, unmingled with the dross of personal aggrandizement—there is the spirit of party entirely distinct from the spirit of *faction*—there it is, the “jealousy of patriotism,” not the rancor of hatred;—the warmth of enthusiasm, not the virulence of envy;—the ray which purifies the atmosphere of politics, not the poisonous exhalation which corrupts it;—the link which binds us together in emergencies, when the public safety is at stake, not the sword which severs our counsels and distracts our efforts.

There can be little question of these truths; and that cause is essentially a bad one, which fears to meet its opponents in fair debate; those doctrines are corrupt which cannot bear public scrutiny, and that party is a dangerous one, which endeavors to hood-wink the people and keep them in ignorance, and which thrives best in darkness and mystery. Is there no such party

among us? Is there no such perils at hand for our people, and for our country? Are there none blinded by sophistry, and prejudice and perversion? Let the people look to it, and let them answer to, and for, themselves. Let them say if there is no power propelling, while professing to employ their own—no guide in the garb of a follower—no sovereign in the subtle counsellor. Let them take their affairs into their own hands, *while they have yet the power, and before it is too late*. They stand upon the verge of a precipice, and upon their next step hangs the destiny of the State—the security of property—the inviolability of persons—the integrity of the Union—all that they hold dear to themselves or their children. The momentous question is about to be decided—shall we advance onward in our glorious career, or bid “a long farewell to all our greatness!”



THE UNION CONVENTION.

At a moment of terrible popular excitement, when every day brought forth new materials for the conflagration, and the time was full of fearful auguries, a body of men, representing a fair moiety of the virtue, the wealth, and the talent of the State, met at Columbia, with the view to her safety—to save her if possible, from her own sons; who, in the blindness of their desperation, would pull down the sacred edifice of their and her liberty upon their own heads—to rescue her, if still within their scope, from discomfiture and disgrace; and to rid her, peaceably and honorably, from an evil, for the cure of which her most clamorously professing friends, do, indeed, prescribe a remedy; but one, in our opinion, infinitely worse than the original distemper. An incubus was pressing upon her bosom, retarding her growth, and impairing her fruit-

fulness; and with an operation, in one sense perfectly Cæsarian, avowedly for its cure, they would thrust her over the precipice on which she slumbers, to break the dream which renders painful her repose. "*Inveniam aut faciam*," is their watch-word, with the desperate Roman who enslaved his country.

To check this spreading flame, and make our final effort to arrest the strange infatuation which is hurrying us on to our own destruction, without in the slightest degree removing the evil of which we complain; the friends of Union, of peace, of good order, of sober, rational, regulated liberty, assembled at Columbia to reason with their brethren—to hold forth the Olive Branch of reconciliation and brotherly love, to devise a common remedy for a common grievance, and to induce that union of sentiment and action which should spring from an union of interest. To effect this holy end, the tone of mind with which they convened was peculiarly calculated. They met, "more in sorrow than in anger," to mourn over the distracted condition of the country, and provide the cure—to regret the divisions of their fellow citizens, and apply the balm—to condemn the evils we endure, and strike out the remedy. With such patriotic and disinterested views did the late Convention assemble—their acts are before the world, and by them they are willing to be judged. They have tendered to their brethren the hand of reconciliation, of union, of friendly co-operation in the same struggle, and with them it rests to accept it, and restore peace and harmony to our distracted State; or to reject it, and run the hazard of our country's being rent still further by civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Heaven grant the one, and avert the other! But let our opponents, once for all, understand us. We have borne and forborne long, and still do so, with the fond hope, that good sense and good feeling may finally revisit our harrassed community—that the contest

between father and son may at last have an end—that our feelings and our rights would be respected, and our reiterated offers of the right hand of fellowship at length meet with a return. We make this final appeal to their liberality—and, hoping for the best, are yet prepared for the worst. We value this Union---purchased by the blood and sealed by the martyrdom of our sires—at a higher price than our heart's best tides, and it never shall be forcibly wrested from us by any people whomsoever; who, while they *call* themselves our *brethren*, *prove* by their actions to be our most bitter foes!



POSITION OF THE UNION PARTY.

We perceive that one of the mountain, and manly districts of our State, anticipating the progress of the now dominant party, has resolved, at a recent and very large meeting of its voters, not to recognise the act of Nullification, if ventured upon by the State Legislature. If we know any thing of the views and ulterior resolves of the party we represent, there is but one voice upon this point: and as the opposition affect not to be aware of it, they had better, once for all, understand our attitude, and respect it, *before it be too late*. They may perhaps discover, when the era of good feeling, of which they hypocritically prate, has passed away, and a stern assertion of our rights has *wrested* from them that forbearance, which neither good feeling nor decency can elicit, that we do not only *talk* of the value of the Union, but are prepared to prove our devotion to it by *deeds*, as well as *words*; and that, clinging to it as dearer to us than our *lives*, we will peril every thing, rather than see the fair inheritance we have cherished as our richest legacy to our children, wrested from us by any *faction*, though they may assume the

law and the Constitution as a cloak, and though they may be eternally *professing* themselves our *friends*, while they *prove* themselves our *most inveterate foes*.

But another question arises in case of *Nullification by a Convention*—though we think such an event very remote—upon which the Union Party should understand itself, and be fully and explicitly understood by its opponents. In such an event, if we take the doctrine at the hands of its advocates, (and we suppose, they who prescribe should understand their own medicine,) no question of allegiance arises, as the State is only exercising *a reserved right*, or one which is derived from *the nature of the compact*. If this be the case, the allegiance of the citizen to Federal authority *remains unimpaired*, and when issue is made up he must be guided as to the side he espouses, by *his* conception of Federal and State prerogative. If the State does not—and the Nullifiers admit—release him *wholly*, for no authority is competent to do it *in part*—from the allegiance he confessedly owes to the General Government, does she not *compel him*, should she invoke his assistance, *to commit perjury*, or to defend his whole country, against a *part*, however dear the latter may be to him? Is this either *kind, honorable or prudent* in those, who are urging this dreadful doctrine—which has already inflicted a deeper wound upon our community, its feelings, its interests, and its honor, than all the evils past, present or prospective, of the American System and its concomitants? Or will free-men, whose feelings as Carolinians, as patriots, as men, have been so repeatedly and so wantonly betrayed, feel themselves bound, when no allegiance prompts their unhesitating obedience, to join in undermining the fair fabric, reared by the efforts, and cemented by the blood of their fathers, merely to gratify the restlessness, the mortified feelings, the disappointed hopes, and the baffled ambition of men, who have violated every tie of sympathy, every bond of brotherhood, every lien upon their respect?

LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

[The following Letters were written by Mr. Richardson, when on a visit at Washington, and in close attendance upon the Congress, at the termination of the session, in June, 1832. They appeared originally as editorial in the journal which he conducted; and their contents have been long since, matters of history. But, as conveying something of the style and spirit of the writer's powers of conversation, not less than of composition; and as exhibiting the impressions of a young mind, for the first time employed in the contemplation of those high intellects, which light and adorn our country with no moderate lustre, we have ventured here on their republication.—ED.]

WASHINGTON, June 2.

Strolling into the Senate to-day—the House being occupied with private bills, we found Mr. Dickerson hard at Rail Road iron, against the reduction upon which, he was pleading very earnestly, very clumsily, and very uninterestingly. In the course of his remarks, he quoted, as a ground of rejection to the amendment, an extract from Mr. Miller's Tariff speech, in which it is asserted, that the contractors for the iron intended for the Charleston Rail Road would have realized one hundred thousand dollars in the diminished cost of the material, being duty free, by disposing of it for other purposes, had the contemplated road never been carried into operation. From this he drew an argument against the reduction, as inducing speculation, and seemed to convey the charge to the Charleston contractors. Mr. Miller explained his assertion as a mere illustration of the onerous and exorbitant character of the tax, and admitted the estimate to be extravagant. Mr. Hayne concurred with his colleague in correcting the error, which appeared to be one throughout; as Rail Road iron is comparatively valueless for any other purpose, and especially stood

forth to vindicate the originators of the Charleston Rail Road from the suspicion of any intention, or desire to speculate upon the permission to import their iron duty free. An incidental debate followed, in which Messrs. Smith, of Md. Dallas and Dickerson participated, when the hour having expired, the regular order of the day—the Bank question—was taken up. Mr. Benton's several amendments to make each stockholder responsible to the amount of his stock—to compel specie payments at the several offices of Discount, (Branches)---to debar members of Congress and Federal Officers from holding stock, &c. were taken up, and voted down, without debate, by large majorities. Mr. Benton supported his amendments with great zeal and ability, but the majority, confident of their numerical strength, did not think it necessary to respond to his arguments. Mr. Tazewell offered an amendment to the term of the charter, substituting ten, for fifteen years, which he supported with the usual arguments, the danger of withdrawing Congressional control, &c. which was opposed by the Chairman, Mr. Dallas, on the ground that the frequent agitation of so exciting a question, would furnish a temptation to the Bank to use its influence, in the intervals of its term of charter, in controlling the legislation of the country, and that it was advisable to withdraw that inducement, by lengthening its term of incorporation. To this Mr. Tazewell responded with considerable warmth, inveighing against the confession, that the Bank might, and could, exert political sway, and be made an engine to create popular excitement, and control the elections of the people. Mr. Dallas explained, that he only meant, the Bank might be induced to exert any influence it possessed, not that he believed it had ever done so, and that he only wished to remove all temptation. Mr. Hayne followed up Mr. Tazewell's argument against the political influence of the Bank, and spoke at some length with great zeal, and considerable eloquence. He was followed by Mr.

Clay, whose silvery voice, immediately riveted the attention of the House, and who delivered an effective speech in reply to the various speakers who preceded him, without entering deeply into the question of debate. His enunciation is correct, his language elegant, but seldom striking, and, we imagine, he is rather an effective skirmisher in debate than a powerful speaker. Upon an assertion of Mr. Tazewell that the Constitution had ever proved blank paper to an interested majority, and that the restrictive portion of the Bank Charter would share the same fate with the Directors, he was quite lost; and elicited a reply from the old veteran, which shewed there were blows to take, as well as to give, and proved the Senator from the Old Dominion quite an adept in the art of chopping logic. Mr. Webster next occupied the floor, and defended the Bank at considerable length. His manner is chaste and elegant, but cold and unexciting, though energetic. His flow of language is the easiest and finest I have ever known. Mr. Dallas' person and manners are strikingly characteristic of his style of speaking—mild, courteous, and elegant.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 6.

I entered the House to-day just as it had resolved itself into a Committee of the whole on the State of the Union upon the Tariff. Mr. Drayton took the floor, and was listened to throughout with the utmost attention and marked respect. I find, thoroughly to enlist the attention of the House, to be no small feat, and to rivet it throughout to be a much greater. The members generally have a great many letters to write, and a great many papers to read, and only occasionally lift their heads to attend to an indifferent speaker. The silence that prevailed as soon as Col. Drayton opened his remarks, was a certain indication of the high estimation in which his opinion is held, and an evidence that

however little disposed to profit by, they were willing to listen to his emphatic warning. He opened with a chaste exordium—expressing his conviction, feelingly, but without menace, of the interesting and momentous character of the question now submitted to the discretion, good sense and patriotism of the House—of its desolating effects, moral, as well as physical, in the South—of the state of feeling—of alienated feeling—it had engendered—and its intimate connection with the peace and harmony of the Union. He did not intend to discuss the constitutional question, but would content himself with expressing his firm conviction, that the system was utterly at variance with the spirit, if not with the letter, of that Charter. He would not discuss at large, its policy, but he was equally settled in his belief, that it was partial, unjust and oppressive. His object in rising was to indicate the spirit, with which he thought the subject ought to be taken up and disposed of. That if it were made a contest instead of a compromise, no laurels would be won on either side. He was aware he was in a minority upon both points upon which the question had hitherto turned, but the minority was large, and respectable, and intelligent, and *interested*, knowing, because *feeling*, their burthens, and that it was vain to talk of delusions, and imaginary oppressions. He trusted such allusions would neither be made, nor relied on—that a totally different course would be pursued, or he seriously feared for the Constitution—it was formed with a different spirit, it could be preserved only by a different spirit. The system in its present form could not exist, and the United States exist also.

He wished to impress upon the House the necessity of a *middle ground*. He could neither agree with his colleague, (Mr. McDuffie) nor with the friends of the System, and he felt bound to say why he differed from the former. He believed the principle, that the burthen fell upon the consumers of all classes, and upon the

cotton grower only in the capacity of a consumer, to be incontrovertible; that the price of a staple, produced in such large quantities, having such extensive markets, as cotton, was not regulated by local legislation:—it was settled by the quantity, quality and demand—in other words, as every thing else, ultimately by demand and supply. He did not mean to underrate the evil, it was sufficiently great without resorting to exaggeration. As to the position, that the Tariff *cheapened goods*, he required but one proof to convince him of its soundness. When the friends of the system should demand a lower rate of duties in order to *raise* the price—which was manifestly their interest—he would become a convert to the force of the argument. He felt no inclination to destroy the system “at one fell swoop,”—he only desired a gradual reduction to a revenue system. He explained another objection he had to his colleague’s bill, and shewed that it recognised the principle of a protective Tariff. He also dwelt upon the doctrine of the veto, which had been glanced at: and entered into an argument to shew its utter discordance with the letter, spirit, and entire principles of the Federal and State Governments. He concluded with impressing upon the House, the necessity of taking up the subject in a proper spirit—of divesting themselves of all partizanship—and meeting the question as a great national concern.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 8.

Yesterday Mr. White, of Tennessee, occupied the Senate two hours upon the Bank question, without concluding his argument. He brings it to a close to-day, and will, it is said, move that the subject be referred to the Secretary of the Treasury to report upon.—That it has been prematurely pressed upon Congress for the purpose of influencing the Presidential question, there cannot be a rational doubt, and the object of such

a reference would be to defer the question to the next session, which is in fact too soon to decide upon an institution wickling such tremendous power for good or evil, and defeat the manœuvre of an opposition, whose object is not the good of the country, but to fetter, harass and destroy the present administration, and ride into office upon the credulity of the people. That the President has fully made up his mind as to the course he will pursue in the matter, no one can doubt, who knows his character, his unswerving resolution to fulfil his pledges of office, without faltering about consequences. Fortunately, in any event, the malice of his enemies is impotent, and we consider it no slight indication of the soundness, good sense and integrity of the American people, that despite the reckless, unceasing, unprincipled obloquy that has been heaped upon the administration, they still remain faithful to the *President of the People*, and will bear him triumphantly through the storm, which the plotting malice of his enemies has prepared to overwhelm him. We are gratified to be able to assure the friends of Gen. Jackson, that his health and spirits are all they could desire them.

In the House, yesterday, Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, addressed the Committee of the Whole for three hours upon the tariff. He especially pitted himself against Mr. McDuffie, whose ultra notions, he luminously analyzed, and we thought, sometimes, conclusively refuted,—though the general and really strong features of the question, and some of Mr. McDuffie's original and powerful illustrations, he either failed fairly and fully to meet, or studiously avoided. He is the strong-horse of the manufacturers, and is evidently a man of nervous, well disciplined mind, and a practical debater. Mr. McDuffie, unfortunately, sometimes afforded him room for cavil, but otherwise his apology for the system was trite and glaringly unsatisfactory, and made a striking contrast to the overwhelming mass of objections

adduced by that gentleman. In this speech he made no addition to the principles and illustrations he used in his reply to Mr. McDuffie, in 1830. nor did he appear to as much advantage as we had been led to expect from the perusal of his remarks on that occasion.—When he concluded, Mr. Mitchell, of S. C. took the floor, and addressed the Committee for two hours, in a speech of uncommon brilliancy and power. He opened with a chaste exordium, pointing out the absolute necessity of a compromise between the two parties,—that it was imperatively demanded by the state of the nation, and that whatever were the obstacles that interposed—and pride of opinion, and sectional interest both militated against it—they ought, and must be satisfied. He compared the situation of the House to that of a session he had witnessed during the last war, and drew a vivid sketch of the state of the country at that period—its extreme poverty and embarrassment, &c. He delineated with great felicity the disputes and divisions occasioned by the proposition and adjustment of internal taxes—the discordant interests created, and the difficulty in effecting a harmonious compromise. The members from the interior opposed the tax on whiskey, as injurious to their constituents, while the members from the cities and sea-board as strenuously objected to the stamp tax on the same ground of sectional interest. That the distracted state of the country loudly called for compromise, and that, amid all those contending interests, the call was heard and obeyed. He said, he doubted not that the same, perhaps greater, difficulties, prevailed now, but that the same, if not greater, necessity for compromise existed, and he invoked the patriotism of the House to be equal to the sacrifice. He said that he had observed a spirit of conciliation and compromise every where but on this floor, and that the opposite disposition had never been so apparent to him as it was now evidenced by the amendment of the gentleman from Pennsylvania, Mr.

Stewart. He then instituted a comparison between the amendment in question and the clause in the bill for which it is substituted, and by entering into details, and analysing and examining the bearing of both, proved that the former was palpably the more oppressive of the two. He sketched the origin and progress of this amendment, traced its history back to its origin in the Hartford Convention, by which it was rejected, subsequently to Mr. Mallary, by whom it was proposed as an amendment of the act of 1828, and then a second time rejected! And this proposition, he went on to say, which was first conceived and broached by the famous, or rather infamous Hartford Convention, and was rejected in 1828 by both Committee and House, as too ultra, exorbitant and oppressive, was *now* seriously proposed as a measure of *conciliation and compromise!* He then referred to the other amendments that had been submitted to the Committee, examined their provisions at some length, and proved, that they exorbitantly increased the duties they pretended to diminish. He observed that all the promises of relief held out by the bill, were couched in language sufficiently intelligible, but the burthens were so wrapped up and concealed by the details of manufacturing and commercial phrases and jargon, as to be often inscrutable.

He next took up the chief bill, (Mr. Adams') and dwelt upon its principles and provisions at considerable length, and with great acuteness and ability. He said, that desirous as he was of a compromise, and, if he knew himself, it was the first wish of his heart, he could not recognize the principle upon which it was founded. That the bill proposed the laying of a revenue beyond the necessary governmental expenditure, which he conceived to be the limit of constitutional taxation, and that this feature alone was enough forever to deprive it of his support. He said, its leading principle was the broad ground assumed by Alexander Hamilton in his report on manufactures, that the power

of Congress to tax was plenary and indefinite, as also their power to appropriate the proceeds of taxation to any object within the scope of the terms, the "common defence and general welfare." He said, that this doctrine had received the marked reprobation of the people by their decided censure of the Federalists in 1800, expressly on this ground—that the overthrow of this party was attributable solely to the abhorrence of the people to this sweeping doctrine, for they were otherwise able, and influential.—some of them revolutionary patriots—many of them members of the Convention that framed the Constitution—and all sustained by the sanction of Gen. Washington:—that, notwithstanding all these circumstances in their favor, the people decreed their political death for this one offence. Having established this point, he went on to show, that the people had never subsequently received this principle into favor—that it was recognised in none of the various Tariff bills, beyond the single exception of the payment of the national debt. By way of illustration, he referred to the acts of 1816, 1824, and 1828, and also—in further confirmation of his position, and to prove the sense of the people—to the late Free Trade and Tariff Conventions, and to the President's Message. He also referred to several resolutions which had been laid before Congress, to Mr. Clay's among others, which seemed to sanction his opinion, by providing for the diminution of the revenue, while it sustained the principle of protection.

He commented on various other resolutions, to prove that public opinion was decided, and settled that point. After settling this standard of taxation, as the only constitutional one, Mr. M. proceeded to enquire how the taxes, under such a *regime*, should be assessed; contending, that there was but one method—which combined all the requisites of a Republican scheme of taxation—simplicity, equality, and justice,—which was the similar rate of *ad valorem* duties on all articles

whatever. He proceeded to institute a comparison between the simplicity and obvious working of this scheme, and the intricate nature and difficult adjustment of *minimum* duties. After some further remarks to prove, that the power to tax was confined to raising the necessary revenue, and not to extend to protection, he drew a parallel between the state of the manufacturing interest in '83, when the true "American System," free trade prevailed, and in 1807, when the embargo and non-intercourse law laid the foundation of the restrictive policy, and proved by argument clear and illustration conclusive, that their condition was decidedly more flourishing during the former period. He stated, that Mr. Gallatin in 1810, by the direction of Congress, investigated the state of the manufacturing interests, and found its capital one hundred and twenty-seven millions, since which time, bolstered up, fostered, and extravagantly petted as it had been, it had increased only one hundred and twenty-three millions. He said, it could be established, from the manufacturers' own showing, that the system had not worked to their advantage—that the Tariff of 1816 was repealed by them as inefficient—that that of 1824 had not proved beneficial, and that that of 1828 was censured by their own leaders, Niles, Carey and others. He said, that the only leading politician on that side, who had claimed any especial benefit as resulting from the system, was Mr. Clay; who after drawing a brilliant sketch of the prosperous state of the Union, an unprecedented progress of immense resources, and gratifying prospects; had summed up by attributing this state of affairs solely to the Tariff! Mr. Mitchell said, he was not altogether satisfied of the correctness of the picture the gentleman had drawn—that there were dark, as well as bright, points in the canvass—there were shadows which obscured the brilliancy of the picture—blots, which mar the beauty of its colouring, and irregularities, which destroy the harmony of its

proportions. He would not stop to illustrate his meaning, by reference to particular sections of the country, but he could not but be irresistibly reminded, by the gentleman's propensity to collect every happy result in our widely extended Union, and attribute it indiscriminately to the "bill of abominations," of an anecdote he had met with in French History. When Marshal Turenne was at the zenith of his fame, it happened on some state occasion, when the Monarch and his nobles had assembled to do him honor, that the dancing master of his youth was perched in the gallery, viewing the pageant, though ignorant of the name of the individual, who was the occasion of it. A bystander at his request, having explained the occasion of the *fete*, and recounted the civil and military services of the distinguished guest, was not a little astonished to hear the following summary and very *satisfactory* solution of his greatness at the hands of the delighted *maitre de danse*. Sare, he is all you say—he is one very great man, but how could he be odare dan *un grand homme*, when he had de supreme felicity—de ecstatic beatitude, and de sublunary bliss, to receive instruction in the sublime art *de gavotte* from myself!! *Quousque tandem Catalina, abutere patientia nostra?*

* * * * *

After the adjournment of the House we strolled into the Senate, and found Mr. White in the middle of his very able argument against re-chartering the United States Bank. His arguments covered every ground *pro* and *con*, exhibited great familiarity with details, and research of a very thorough and extensive character. Mr. White had evidently prepared himself with considerable pains, and embodied a mass of information, which proved his labor had not been thrown away. He did not hesitate to intimate, that the immovable vote which would be given by the Senate would not be *final*, that the President would give them an opportunity of reconsidering their decision, and that the friends

of the administration did not fear the result among the people. When he concluded, Mr. Benton took the floor, and opened with some very caustic remarks upon the species of *dumb* legislation, which had been adopted by the *omnipotent* majority. His rebuke was piquant in the extreme, and though creating an universal smile, seemed to have no other effect upon the aforesaid omnipotent majority, who, wedded to their darling, and obstinately inaccessible to conviction, forthwith proceeded to vote down every motion to adjourn, in order to force the question forthwith. Mr. Benton, upon the failure of the motion for adjournment, proceeded briefly to recapitulate most of his leading objections to the charter in its present form, and to advocate his proposed substitute, found in several smaller institutions, with more limited charters, in different parts of the Union. He had not taken his seat, when a motion to that effect having prevailed, the Senate adjourned at half past five.

June 20, 1832. \

The Hon. Charles C. Johnston, a member from Virginia, who by some casualty was drowned in the dock, at Alexandria, was yesterday committed to the place of his final repose. The funeral ceremony was in the highest degree solemn and impressive. The service was read in the Hall of Representatives by the Chaplain, after which the procession, to the number of a hundred carriages, moved to the National Cemetery, a lonely spot, about two miles east of the Capitol, where the remains of such members as die at the seat of Government are deposited. Their places are distinguished by common monuments—a small freestone pillar, based on a pedestal, and surmounted with a conical top—of a plain, but neat, appearance. Here are about twenty members deposited; among them Hon. John Gaillard.

and Maj. Gen. Jacob Brown, of South-Carolina. The monuments of George Clinton, and Elbridge Gerry are the most conspicuous, being elegant pyramids of turned freestone, supporting marble vases, and the former ornamented with a bust of the deceased.

The House to-day was hard at the Tariff, still in committee. No decisive vote was taken, but the amendments were generally favorable to the South. The subject will probably get into the House the day after to-morrow, when our fate will be quickly ascertained.

In the Senate, at the usual hour, the special order of the day—the Public Lands—was taken up, after some skirmishing upon a motion to go into Executive business, which appeared considerably to ruffle the Kentucky Orator, who was prepared to hold forth, and the expectation of hearing whom, had filled the gallery and colonnade to overflowing with ladies and citizens. He spoke for four hours in, we were told, his most effective manner; and certainly displayed a great deal of ingenuity, united to unrivalled elegance of delivery. His views were, with a little embellishment of style, and occasional facetiæ, substantially the same as those of his report; and we thought were generally sound, except upon the question of territorial sovereignty; which he argued loosely, and to which he attached little importance, or was conscious of weakness. We have not time to give an outline of his argument, which will no doubt soon appear in print. We observed Messrs. King and Benton taking notes, and the former has the floor for to-morrow. He is an able speaker, acquainted with the subject, and an animated discussion is looked for.

SKETCHES OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS.*

In a speech delivered during the discussion of the Tariff last session, by the Hon. Richard Henry Wilde, of Georgia, the speaker steps aside from the heated atmosphere of politics and the dull detail of statistical items, to refresh himself in recalling associations less embittered by partizan feelings, and pays a classical tribute to departed and contemporary worth. He has arrived, in his sketch of the rise and progress of the restrictive system, to its critical state at the commencement of the fourteenth Congress, the chief characters

*We publish at the request of its respected author, the following extract of a letter, addressed to us, and regret, that his forbearance towards our own opinions, forbids our giving the entire communication. We cannot but desire a continuance of his favors, though they should only serve still more to reveal points of difference between us; and being conscious ourselves of no "*amabilis insania*," and absolving our friend from the "*mentis gratissimus error*" of weak minds, we should rather be inclined to hope, that by a closer communion *ultraism* on both sides, might be cured—little excrescences and irregularities worn away—and the general surfaces of opinion brought nearer together.

"I have read, with pleasure, your strictures on the most distinguished Orators of this country. I believe no deliberative assembly in the world ever possessed a higher rank as regards all the requisites of the finished Orator and Statesman, than the Congress of the United States. You may, indeed, find more of the graces of elocution, and perhaps, more persuasive power in some of the productions of Greece and Rome. But these great exhibitions of genius are of rare occurrence, and scarcely any of them contain any great lessons of instruction. They add little, if any thing, to the stock of human knowledge. They remind us of the Orator, but not of the Statesman. They conduct us to no important principles of legislation. Almost all of them are the efforts of the advocate. Individual, not rational wrongs gave them birth. On the contrary, every question that has greatly agitated our National Council and interested the people, has involved in the discussion of it, some of the most difficult and important principles of human governments.

"We have seen these great and ultimate questions of liberty, freely and familiarly discussed, in our Legislative Halls, for the first time in the world. That which, in other countries, is considered solely the province of the philosopher, is here the business of the statesman. In other countries, the abstract principles of political right have always appeared dry, repulsive, and unprofitable, while they are studied and discussed as the foundation of national prosperity. We refer to them, every important act of legislation. Hence it has happened, that the eloquence of the U. States is characterized by a calm and argumentative style. Some of our orators frequently become metaphysical. But it is the metaphysics of liberty itself. Of this character I would instance the speech of Judge Rowan on Foot's Resolutions. Such reasoning

of which he has selected to exhibit his skill as a limner of intellectual features. The portraits are graphic, and evince the hand of an artist, though occasionally rather too poetically colored to convey a very distinct and definite impression; and sometimes too

ought to be familiar to us. He that does not relish and understand these arguments, is not fit to legislate for freemen. The speeches of Mr. McDuffie, I apprehend, have never been surpassed for clearness of style, and irresistible reasons. Those who deny his conclusions, are compelled to deny science itself. He illustrates his principles with more perspicuity, with a greater variety and power of determination, than can be found in the best writers on political economy. He understands, and can command, the beauties of elocution. But he never discovers the Orator until he has finished his argument. I have mentioned these instances to illustrate my idea of the characteristic feature of American eloquence. I readily admit, that there are many admirable specimens of commanding and persuasive eloquence in the debates of the British Parliament. But I maintain, that if we seek for instruction in the nature of governments, or the great maxims of human legislation, the speeches in the Parliament of Great Britain would be our last study, and those in the Congress of the United States our first. This character of our deliberative eloquence has undoubtedly resulted from the peculiar nature of our confederacy. Allow me to dwell upon this subject a little. The principles of liberty are not only the foundation of our government, but our whole political fabric receives a shock whenever those principles are lost sight of. Hence in every act of misgovernment the legislator is compelled to see his error whether he will correct it or not. An issue is immediately made up between him and those who suffer from his partial and oppressive laws. A contest ensues in the course of which those principles are again brought into action. Again the whole political machine moves on in harmony, for those principles constitute its wheels. In other governments, many superficial expedients of tyranny are resorted to, to keep up a motion in the body politic. For thorough reform generally causes delay, and sometimes occasions a painful reaction. But their rulers always delight in an easy and rapid motion. Even in this country, those cheap and ready expedients are sometimes persisted in, until a wheel is broken, or so completely obstructed, that the whole system feels the shock from the centre to the extremes. In this cause much suffering is occasioned, and liberty greatly endangered. For our rulers are reluctant to make thorough repairs. They protest against the delay. They tell us, if we compel them to stop in their swift career, we shall make the government "a rope of sand." We, however, urge the necessity of some delay for the sake of freedom. We tell them they must reinstate the original wheels upon which our government first began to move, for that by their present contrivance the vehicle is crushing us to death. We inform them, moreover, that these wheels are the several States of our Confederacy. But they reply: "It is presumption in the States to give themselves so conspicuous a place. It is true, they wheeled us successfully through the Revolution: But then the *People*, not the *States*, formed a new Government—the only wheel of which is a *majority* in Congress. And as for your being crushed by this wheel, we tell you, it is all a delusion. Is not this government prosperous? Do we not ride delightfully? Ten millions annually for the American System!! *Io triumphe! Flectere si quævis curruque rotas de loro secunda.*"

much colored or inflamed, as may be, by prejudice, to be implicitly followed. It is not that we charge upon Mr. Wilde the absence of discriminate praise or censure. They would equally suppose what cannot exist, and by that means defeat the object of criticism which is to balance excellencies against defects, and sum up the account. Examples of perfect excellence—supposing for a moment their existence—are insipid in their delineation and useless in their influence. They are *unapproachable*, and—when all example is most efficacious, in inviting to imitation—lost to the world. But we rather think Mr. Wilde's poetical prejudices have somewhat warped his judgment, and in meting out his praise, he is a little afraid of committing himself in favor of an opponent.

We have said, that some of Mr. Wilde's portraits, though striking and characteristic, did not appear to us just or *fully* so. We would instance Mr. Clay, towards the character of whose *heart*, we think, he has been too forbearing, while to that of his *head*, he has been scarcely just. We trust we may say, without derilection of our political opinions, that Mr. Clay is by no means what Nature intended him to be, and is much more distinguished for what he *might* have been, than what he *is*—as Cicero said of a contemporary "*non enim—res laudanda, sed spes.*" Impressions of character are derived from a thousand trivial sources, which cannot afterwards be collected, and the facts, upon which our opinion is founded, have vanished from memory, and it would be impossible to recall them, as the image in the mirror, when the object has disappeared. Perhaps our political pupilage has prevented our imbibing prejudices or well founded objections, which immediate contact and heated campaigns may have engendered, and thence we may be able to form a more impartial, if not more correct estimate. We must confess that our opportunity of making up the opinion we advance has been but slight, and our ver-

dict should perhaps be received with many graces of allowance. In debate, as in every thing else, Mr. Clay is bold, fearless and enterprising, underrating all difficulties, or relying securely upon his ability to surmount them. In the skirmish of controversy he is powerful, and we take him rather to be an effective debater, than an able speaker—fruitful in expedients, shrewd in his views of management manœuvre, and vigilant and untiring in their execution. Nature seems expressly to have intended him for the sphere he fills—a crowded scene, where the bickerings of party and the *melee* of personal conflict elicit all his energies to wield them to his own advantage—where sympathies are to be enlisted, prejudices aroused, and local interests called into play, and where a master spirit is wanted to urge the lukewarm, the timid and the conscientious, and repress the vivacious and precipitate—alternately to excite and allay the “tempestuous torrent, and, as it were, the whirlwind” of human passion. Mr. Clay is calculated to wield an almost magical influence over a deliberative body, but the fascination of his manner has not latterly, we suspect, been aided by application to his legislative duties. He has in preference devoted himself to the calculations of his prospects and their improvement, and, we think, has been influenced by “the last infirmity of noble minds,” to the prostration of his intellect, as well as of his hopes.

Toward Mr. Webster too, Mr. Wilde though he has been just, is not fully so. Mortifying as it may be to a Southern man, we cannot but feel, that he is far ahead of his coadjutors in either House of Congress. Two parts of the noble eulogium pronounced by Paterculus* upon Cicero may be justly applied to him; in the third particular we conceive him to be generally, if not entirely, deficient; and the highest praise we can award to him—and it is high though more appropriate to the

*“*Omnia animo vidit, ingenio amplexus est, eloquentia illuminavit.*”

Philosopher than the Orator—is that by Cicero of Plato—“*dum lego assentio.*” His command of language is the finest we have ever heard, flowing in one powerful and unbroken current, never betraying him into a moment’s hesitation, or hurrying him upon an inelegant expression. His style is neat, pointed, and nervous, his gestures few, unstudied and not inelegant; and his voice loud, sonorous, and well modulated. In the skirmish of debate we imagine he does not excel, either from inability to bandy the *badinage*, which constitutes its sprightliness and efficiency, or disdaining to shoot at so low a target; to relinquish the buskin, and become candle-snuffer; to descend from his war-horse, and become scout and forager. His character has been repeatedly drawn, and always with tolerable correctness. On ordinary occasions, he is plain and simple, and his style scarcely rises above the level of colloquial ease;—while at the same time, he pours out masses of thought that overwhelm by their force, if they do not dazzle by their beauty. Mr. Webster has paid little attention to the Rhetorician; he is impressive, but lacks grace; he is energetic, but deficient in fire—his elocution is correct, but wants fluency and ease; but these slight blemishes are amply compensated by a strong, original vein of good sense—masses of facts and reflections, which he brings to bear with prodigious force upon the subject matter—a clearness of conception and expression which is seldom seen—and an occasional dry sarcastic vein of humor, which, from its rarity and unexpected occurrence, is peculiarly poignant and effective. In his extemporaneous efforts, and these are by far the most frequent, he does not seem desirous to make a display or figure as an Orator, but moves steadily forward, piling argument upon argument, and heaping thought upon thought, *subjecto Pelio Ossam*, until he reaches the conclusion he has proposed, and has convinced, as he believes, the minds of those he is addressing. This, however, is done with so little appar-

ent feeling—with such coolness and temperance of manner that the hearer, though perhaps convinced, is not always delighted. He has indeed heard much to fill his mind, but nothing that was calculated to tickle his ear, or charm his fancy. But though Mr. Webster be generally, and upon extemporaneous occasions, cold and inanimate, he is unquestionably capable, in premeditated efforts, of powerful bursts of eloquence; but these belong rather to the writer, than to the orator—and he is thus enabled to unite the correctness of composition to the charms of elocution and the impressiveness of action. On such occasions, when thoroughly roused, his sarcasm is excessively keen, and his satire biting, and an unusual earnestness of his manner gives a much greater air of sincerity and force to what he says, than on ordinary occasions. There is, certainly, “more of judgment than imagination in Mr. Webster. He has been so long used to the exercise of the former, that he deems the employment of the latter unnecessary, if it ever existed to a sufficient extent to render it a useful auxiliary—nor is the memory a very prominent faculty of his mind, for though it may serve him in that particular vocation to which he is called, it seems to fail him, when he desires its aid to illustrate or embellish, by a happy quotation from the poet, historian, or orator.” His mind is certainly naturally logical, though, we are inclined to believe impaired by the sophistry of the bar, and he is often tempted to “make the worse appear the better reason” by powerful but specious analogies. From being a great constitutional lawyer, his political polar star, the federal creed of Mr. Hamilton, and the “sweeping doctrine” of Mr. Adams—precludes him. He is said to be a much greater jurist, and founder of law than legislation, and it is chiefly in the Supreme Court, that he puts forth all his strength, and brings all his various knowledge and power of illustration to bear upon the point in hand.

The following are some of Mr. Wilde's sketches.

They are brief, but comprehensive—picturesque, but highly graphic. The speaker is tracing the history of the American System, and arrives at that stage of its progress when it was submitted to the fourteenth Congress, when peace had just been ratified with Great Britain, when the war duties were no longer called for, when a new revenue system was to be organized, and the question, how our infant Manufactories were to be treated, was about to be discussed. “It was under such circumstances,” says he that the fourteenth Congress assembled. At that time I had the honor to be a member of this House. It was an honor then. What it is now, I shall not say. It is what the twenty-second Congress have been pleased to make it. I have neither time, nor strength, nor ability, to speak of the legislators of that day, as they deserve; nor is this the fit occasion. Yet the coldest or most careless nature cannot recur to such associates without some touch of generous feeling, which, in quicker spirits, would kindle into high and almost holy enthusiasm.”

WILLIAM LOWNDES, *of South Carolina*.—“Pre-eminent; yet not more proudly than humbly pre-eminent, among them, was a gentleman from South-Carolina, now no more; the purest, the calmest, the most philosophical of our country’s modern statesmen. One, no less remarkable for gentleness of manners, and kindness of heart, than for that passionless, unclouded intellect, which rendered him deserving of the praise—if ever man deserved it—of merely standing by, and letting reason argue for him. The true patriot, incapable of all selfish ambition, who shunned office and distinction, yet served his country faithfully, because he loved her. He, I mean who consecrated, by his example, the noble precept, so entirely his own, that the first station in the republic was neither to be sought after nor declined—a sentiment so just and so happily expressed, that it continues to be repeated, because it cannot be improved.”

WILLIAM PINKNEY, *of Maryland*.—“There was also, a gentleman from Maryland, whose ashes now slumber in your cemetery. It is not long since I stood by his tomb, and recalled him, as he was then, in all the pride and power of his

genius. Among the first of his countrymen and contemporaries, as a jurist and statesman, first as an orator, he was, if not truly eloquent, the prince of rhetoricians. Nor did the soundness of his logic suffer any thing by a comparison with the richness and classical purity of the language in which he copiously poured forth those figurative illustrations of his argument, which enforce while they adorned it. But let others pronounce his eulogy. I must not. I feel as if his mighty spirit still haunted the scene of his triumphs, and when I dared to wrong them, indignantly rebuked me."

"These names have become historical. There were others, of whom it is more difficult to speak, because yet within the reach of praise or envy. For one who was, or aspired to be, a politician, it would be prudent, perhaps wise, to avoid all mention of these men. Their acts, their words, their thoughts, their very looks, have become subjects of controversy. But he whose ambition is of a higher or a lower order, has no need of such reserve. Talent is of no party exclusively; nor is justice."

JOHN RANDOLPH, *of Roanoke*.—"Among them, but not of them, in the fearful and solitary sublimity of genius, stood a gentleman from Virginia—whom it were superfluous to designate. Whose speeches were universally read. Whose satire was universally feared? Upon whose accents did this habitually listless and unlistening House hang, so frequently with wrapt attention? Whose fame was identified with that body for so long a period? Who was a more dexterous debater? a riper scholar? better versed in the politics of our own country? or deeper read in the history of others? Above all, who was more thoroughly imbued with the idiom of the English language; more completely master of its strength and beauty, and delicacy? or more capable of breathing thoughts of flame in words of magic and tones of silver?"

JOHN C. CALHOUN, *of South-Carolina*.—"There was also a son of South Carolina, still in the republic, then, undoubtedly, the most influential member of this House. With a genius eminently metaphysical, he applied to politics his habits of analysis, abstraction, and condensation, and thus gave to the problems of government something of that grandeur which the higher mathematics have borrowed from astronomy. The wings of his mind were rapid, but capacious, and there were times when light which flashed from them as they passed, glanced like a mirror in the sun, only to dazzle

the beholder. Engrossed with his subject—careless of his words—his loftiest flights of eloquence were sometimes followed by colloquial or provincial barbarisms. But, though often incorrect, he was always fascinating. Language with him was merely the scaffolding of thought—employed to raise a dome, which, like Angelo's, he suspended in the heavens."

HENRY CLAY, *of Kentucky*.—"It is equally impossible to forget, or to omit, a gentleman from Kentucky, whom party has since made the fruitful topic of unmeasured panegyric and detraction. Of sanguine temperament, and impetuous character, his declamation was impassioned, his retorts acrimonious. Deficient in refinement rather than in strength, his style was less elegant and correct than animated and impressive. But it swept away your feelings with it like a mountain torrent, and the force of the stream left you little leisure to remark upon its clearness. His estimate of human nature was, probably, not very high. It may be that his past associations had not tended to exalt it. Unhappily, it is, perhaps, more likely to have been lowered than raised by his subsequent experience. Yet then, and even since, except when that imprudence, so natural to genius, prevailed over his better judgment, he had, generally, the good sense, or good taste, to adopt a lofty tone of sentiment, whether he spoke of measures or of men, of friend or adversary. On many occasions he was noble and captivating. One, I can never forget. It was the fine burst of indignant eloquence with which he replied to the taunting question "what have we gained by the last war?"

DANIEL WEBSTER, *of Massachusetts*.—"Nor may I pass over in silence a representative from New-Hampshire, who has almost obliterated all memory of that distinction, by the superior fame he has attained as a Senator from Massachusetts. Though then but in the bud of his political life, and hardly conscious, perhaps, of his own extraordinary powers, he gave promise of the greatness he has since achieved. The same vigor of thought; the same force of expression; the short sentences; the calm, cold, collected manner; the air of solemn dignity, and deep sepulchral unimpassioned voice; all have been developed only, not changed, even to the intense bitterness of his frigid irony. The piercing coldness of his sarcasms was indeed peculiar to him; they

seemed to be emanations from the spirit of icy ocean.—Nothing could be at once so novel and so powerful—it was frozen mercury becoming as caustic as red hot iron.”

BARBOUR, GASTON, FORSYTH.—“I might enumerate among the ornaments of that body a venerable patriot from Massachusetts, honored with the friendship, of Washington; conspicuous gentlemen from Pennsylvania, Messrs. Sergeant and Hopkinson; two eminent Virginians, Messrs. Barbour and Sheffy; a highly gifted son of North-Carolina, Mr. Gaston, and a gentleman from Louisiana, strongly marked in his character and in his phraseology, as his speeches and his letters from Paris will bear witness, Mr. Robertson. I might, perhaps, and I ought to add a distinguished fellow-citizen, townsman and personal friend of my own, to whom nature has been prodigal of all her bounties, and who for grace of manner, felicity of style, sweetness and flexibility of voice, well chosen arguments, and courteous yet scornful retort, has left behind him in this house no superior and few equals. This much must have been said by any but a false chronicler. More I might have added with perfect truth. But I will not be suspected of partiality; besides there would be arrogance in supposing there is any one in this country to whom he is not already advantageously known, save those who have never heard and never will learn of me.”



CODIFICATION OF THE COMMON LAW.

A late number of the *Southern Review* puts forth an article upon the Codification of the Common Law, evidently from the pen of the writer, whose essays have contributed so essentially to give tone and character to the work, but which does not exhibit the close and cogent logic, which usually characterizes him.* At any rate, it has not impaired our previous impressions in favor of a code: nor, as we conceive, weakened the reasons upon which they were founded.

What is one of the great boasts of the Common Law?

*Hugh S. Legare, Esq.

That it is unwritten—that it stretcheth, in the words of my Lord Coke, “whereunto the memory of man extendeth not”—that it has been handed down by immemorial tradition, and is involved in obscurity. Now tradition is useful to unravel what is complex, illustrate what is obscure, or revive what is obsolete, but it necessarily implies *uncertainty*. Truth is immutable and simple—justice is no sooner sought after than found. If the rule be obvious, the application will be easy and expeditious. But this is an abstract view, and of remote bearing. Can the rule be so simplified: We believe it can.

We are disposed to believe, that all are willing to substitute method for confusion—clearness for obscurity: and that when the advocates of reform urge an universal acquaintance with the Law, and consequent death of litigation, as the end of their labors, they have awakened idle fears in the profession. We believe the world will never become lawyers, and that lawsuits will never cease, as long as property remains, about which to contend. No human sagacity can guard against two constructions of the most perspicuous statute, and the whole mass of law, when reduced to a code, would, in the words of Mr. Jefferson, “from the imperfection of language, and its incompetence to express distinctly every shade of idea, become a subject of dispute, until settled by repeated adjudications.”

The advocates of reform appear to us, also, to have overshot their object, and injured their cause, when they denounce the whole body of Common Law as a system of absurdity, complicated technicals, and insidious fraud,—thus alarming the fears of the community with horror of innovation through the “charm of words”—and tearing off the venerable drapery which sanctifies ancient institutions. Such unsparing anathemas—even if true—always recoil. Our intimacy with the common law is but slight, yet our admiration of its rules and maxims is sufficiently strong to create a desire

to see it free from unmeaning forms—divested of diffuseness—and adapted to the high degree of improvement, which the nineteenth century is so rapidly effecting. But the question recurs, is it practicable—is it expedient? These are the only points really under discussion, for all appear duly sensible of the disorderly and imperfect state of our laws, and the “mode and measure of redress” form the entire difficulty.

The practical maxim of modern philosophy is progressive improvement—*Ca Ira!*—“what man has done, man may do again.” The Common Law was once *written*.* why may it not be so again? But as this work was not, strictly speaking, a code, but in some sort an original, we will not insist upon it, but pass to others of unequivocal character, where success has been perfect.

The first code, of which we have information, is the law of the twelve tables, which though deficient and incomplete in many respects, was of great and extensive utility. The second is that of Julius Cæsar, by *Offidius*. The third, that called the “Perpetual Edict,” under *Salvius Julian*, comprising all the codes complete and incomplete, that preceded it. These were followed by the labors (not recognized in the courts) of *Hermogenes* and *Papirius*. The code of *Theodosius* succeeded, on a new plan, and prevailed extensively in both divisions of the Empire. After the lapse of several centuries, when the mass of enactments was immense, and the confusion almost inextricable, *Justinian* undertook the office of cleansing the Augea of the law. *Trebonian*, aided by sixteen brother Juriconsults, reduced *twenty-one hundred treatises to fifty books*. A work of incredible time, toil, and difficulty, but which paid for all the labor consumed, by ultimate and entire success. After the completion of this great work, need we despair of effecting a less extensive scheme, with the infinitely superior array of talent, erudition,

**Alfred's Domes Book*—Vide *Cooper's Justinian*.

and philosophic jurisprudence, which South-Carolina can bring to the task? We will pass by the code of Napoleon, with which he desired to be buried, so conscious was he that when his wreaths of conquest had faded, it would form an evergreen garland to his memory. We will not dwell upon the code of Louisiana, which distinguishes her penal statutes from those of the rest of the Union. We omit all mention of the Digest of Edward the Confessor, the Epitomes of San Marino, the Code Frederique of Prussia, and other compilations, which more or less resemble codes. We adduce that, with which we are most familiar, which is universally recognized—which has been completely successful—and which appears to us to settle the question of practicability.

But the sceptic or the sciolist might still rejoin *cui bono?* If disputes can never end, as long as there is anything to dispute about, why, though it may be practicable, should we have a code? We are ready with our response. We answer, with Milton, "order is Heaven's first law." A code would substitute harmony for chaos—regularity for confusion—order for disorder.

It will reduce the necessary professional works to one fourth their present bulk.

It will give to Law the elements, divisions, forms, and arrangements of Science.

Principles will be established to guide future legislators, and prevent incongruous additions, which make our legislative enactments resemble the patchwork of a Harlequin's jacket.

An ancient tyrant, in the refinement of his cruelty, had his laws written in so small a character, and hung up so high, that the people could not read them. Do we not improve upon Roman barbarity, when we refuse to make that, which is the rule of conduct to all, intelligible to all?

Mr. Hammond, in his introductory remarks upon the law of forgery, well observes:—

“The advantages of a consolidation are, *first*, that it brings under one point of view that which now lies scattered over the face of many volumes; *secondly*, it ascertains the reciprocal influence which a variety of statutes, each applicable to the same subject, have upon each other, a knowledge which, under the present state of things, it is a matter of the greatest difficulty, nay, often of impossibility, for the most comprehensive mind to attain. *Thirdly*, it detects and reconciles those contradictions, and inconsistencies, so constantly observed when a number of statutes have been applied from time to time to the same subject. *Fourthly*, by reducing the law to a greater certainty, it diminishes litigation, and by exhibiting a clear, distinct, and connected view of that law, it enables us to observe, and observing to supply those particulars in which it is deficient.”

We believe the accomplishment of this great work will confer lasting reputation upon the Legislature that shall achieve it: and we may pledge and predict the gratitude of the people to the administration, under which it is effectually recommended and brought about. By three successive Chief Magistrates (Bennett, Wilson and Manning*) it has been strenuously pressed; and we trust the individual, who at present presides over

*Governor Manning, in his Message of 1823, holds the following language:—

“It is believed that the time is either at hand, or that it has already arrived, when the advances of improving society, and the accumulated wisdom and knowledge of man will give a resistless call for such a digest, code, or whatever else it may please others to denominate it, as will bring laws into such a form, that contradictions, fictions and many unnecessary and unintelligible technicalities, may be superceded by rules of written reason and plain common sense, that they may be more easily understood and be more happily adapted, to the essentially varied condition of human society at the present day.

“Many of the laws now in force, as well in this country as in England, owe their birth to ages, when the human mind was yet in the dark, and which proceeding in their operation, with successive modifications through semi-barbarous ages and through the lights of half-expanded reason, have come down to the present age, with all their unsuitableness and incumbrances about them, burying truth and desirable legal certainty in darkness and doubt, and entangling principles, and the spirit of laws in endless intricacy.

“If this book-making age continues long to throw off on the world, count-

the Commonwealth, will not be insensible to its importance. The French nation at this moment revere the memory of Buonaparte more, as the father of his immortal Code, than as the conqueror of Austerlitz and Lodi: and he deserved it of them.* In claiming the title of the modern Justinian, he did not, like his prototype, issue a commission to his Jurists, and claim the credit of their labors. He presided at its formation—examined its provisions—offered amendments—suggested additions—explained principles, and thoroughly discussed the whole code. He desired to be buried with the manuscript in his hand, as the most enduring monument of his fame. He knew that the chaplet on the brow of the victor continues verdant, only while refreshed with blood:—that the civic wreath ever outlives the war-stained laurels of conquest.



NEGRO SLAVERY.

The late disturbances among our colored population in the two neighboring States, and the excited state of public feeling in our own, ought to turn the earnest attention of every Carolinian to our peculiar institutions, and to the torrent of opinion, which, by misrepresentation and ignorance, is setting with a mighty current against our proper interests. Whether our northern brethren will continue to suffer their misguided fanatics to scatter their poison among us—to stir up trea-

less multitudes of volumes, all human knowledge generally, as well as all human laws particularly, will have necessarily, to be reduced more to their essences.

“All the elements of moral and natural justice are to be found in books of law; but they are diffused through a thousand gloomy and unmanageable volumes. There is a light but it is hid in darkness.”

[*That Napoleon *deserved* his memorials in French recollection and gratitude, rather for this great labor than for his and their military achievements, may not suffer question; but that such is the case, as asserted sweepingly in the text, may well be doubted.—ED.]

sow, and excite false hopes and expectations in the hitherto tranquil bosoms of our serviles—we do not know. It is beyond the efficient interposition of Congress—and if they understood either our feelings, or their own interest, they will themselves promptly and effectually interpose. Let a law be enacted making it felony, and subject to the jurisdiction of the Courts of the State in which the poison is disseminated—against which the fire brand is first levelled. The remedy, for obvious reasons, would be complete, nor can our northern brethren do less. We demand it as a matter of right—we demand it in consideration of our peculiar institutions—we demand it for the security of our lives and property—we demand it in the spirit of the Constitution. In vain has that instrument provided for the inviolability of property, if ours is to be perpetually depreciated—nay jeopardized—by the insidious plots of these authorized miscreants—these legalized traitors. But on this point, which is worthy of serious consideration, we will speak more at large hereafter.

We fear that the radical cause of the evil of which we complain, and of the misapprehension of our brethren at the North, is partly to be found in our own sensitiveness. We receive their objections with bitter revilings, nor do we ever deign any answers save the most unqualified contempt and abhorrence. This course augurs badly for us. It implies consciousness of a weak cause, and an unwillingness to undergo scrutiny. To the sickly, unmeaning, meddling interference of a few prostituted presses of the North, it is unavailing to respond. These holy fathers are bent upon a pious crusade, and nothing but the strong arm of the law can restrain their enthusiasm. But there is a class of our countrymen, who honestly and consciously differ from us, without inundating us with their *jeremiads*, and who, without claiming a supervisory jurisdiction over our local institutions, yet deem our situation “anti-Republican—uncalled for—and disreputable, to a Na-

tion professing to be free." Our cause can lose nothing by the most rigid scrutiny. With such, let us dispassionately commune, and we think, we can make out a sufficiently strong case in our favor to satisfy any, save moon-struck theorists and girlish philanthropists. It is difficult, however, to restrain our feelings of indignation, when we read the insulting language of some of our most enlightened adversaries in those very States, which reaped all the benefits which accrued from the traffic—which entailed upon us the evil—and now preach with uplifted hands against the practice they were the first to introduce. They have appropriated all the benefit they could derive from their own slaves—they have cleared their forests—their soil does not require them—becoming burthensome, they have released themselves from motives of interest, and now pointing to the negro-freeman of the North, tell us "to go and do likewise." Let us see what they *have* done.

The emancipated Negro of the non-slaveholding States, though equal by legal right, is borne down by the weight of public opinion. At the South, the law controls him—he cherishes no idea of equality—he does not expect what he cannot receive, and is naturally content. At the North, the law in vain endeavours to support him against popular prejudice, and with all the galling consciousness of possessing rights, which society will not acknowledge, he sinks into a bondage doubly bitter, because illegal and unmerited. We have personally witnessed some of the reckless disregard of law—the contemptuous violence—the unequivocal oppression undergone by the Negro-freeman of the North. His dwelling has been torn down—his field devastated—his property destroyed—himself turned out to the elements—and the law, from unconquerable prejudice, affords him no redress. And by whom? Not by the "haughty aristocrat,"—not by the "relentless slave driver of the South"—but by the very men who taunt us with anti-republicanism and cruel-

ty—and who so loudly proclaim their *equality and mercy*.

But the list of our revilers is not yet complete. A late European journal reiterates the stale stuff that formerly disgraced the pages of the Quarterly, and bids us make “no more fair speeches in favor of liberty, while a slave contaminates our soil.” We have no idea of polluting our columns with an answer to the reckless slanders of this scribbler: but avail ourselves of the opportunity of placing the question in its proper light. As far as the charge is confined to our country, we would enquire of this candid and sagacious writer, whose soils are Jamaica and Barbadoes? Whose wants and luxury do they supply? Whose is the island of Tobago, and for whom are its sugar and rum destined? * But let us take up the gauntlet thrown down—let us meet the taunts of our revilers—let us strip them of their mock-pathetic, and exhibit facts in their naked reality. “That slavery” (says he, in the usual rhodomontade of the Quarterly) “should exist among men, who profess to know the value of liberty, and to understand its principles, is the consummation of hypocrisy and guilt.” How stands the ac-

*Upon this point the New Monthly Magazine holds the following liberal and enlightened language:—

“The worst thing urged against America is her negro slavery—a theme, no doubt, for the general philanthropist, but not for the Englishman as a ground of unqualified national vanity. Slaves cannot breathe in England! Yes, but they can breathe in the English West Indies, and breathe heavier groans (it is said) than in America. And we profit by this slavery, and we pay taxes to maintain it. The negro, however, is free the moment he reaches our shores! And could he reach them at his pleasure, we might then boast that we took the chains from his limbs, and bound them round his heart. But he cannot come over to us. An English soldier would help to kill him, if he asserted his liberty; and the main power that coerces him is English. Now, the plea which our Colonists allege for possessing slaves is necessity, and we either admit or reject this plea. If we absolve the West Indian, we cannot condemn the American. If we denounce them both as tyrants, it is clear that, of the two, we are most nearly and practically concerned with our fellow subjects of the West Indies. If we can justify or palliate their slavery, let us make allowance for that of America, and if we cannot justify it, then, before we preach the emancipation of slaves to another empire, we should first make efforts to accomplish that emancipation in our own.”

count between this country and Great Britain? Did she not introduce the evil among us, when we were colonies, and subject to her control, against our vehement and repeated remonstrances? Did we not enact laws for their manumission, which she refused to sanction? Does she not now encourage their bondage in the West Indies? Shall she reproach us for a burthen which she entailed upon us, and of which we cannot rid ourselves? Can the seduced be brought to the level of the seducer? But the writer says, that "without equal rights there can be no liberty." Does Great Britain—does any nation—allow to children, to women, or to idiots, equal rights of legislation? And is not the negro as incapable of exercising the functions of Government, as the child or the female? How, then, does his exclusion, the result of his mental imbecility, destroy our claim to liberty? What would become of the boasted freedom of Greece and Rome, to which mankind have so long paid adoration? Does it not—if equal privileges be the test—crumble into dust? But, says the writer, in the height of his enthusiasm, "no sooner does a slave set his foot upon British soil," &c. We would enquire of this Apostle of British Liberty, whether it was not decided, as late as 6 W. & M. (1 Id. Raymond, 137) that property in a negro might be holden, and action of trover brought—*because negroes are heathens?* Does he, also, forget the well-known case of the boy Somerset, in which Lord Mansfield decided "*that the contract for the sale of a slave is good in England?*" But we need not recur to old enormities. Let Great Britain look nearer home.—Until within a few months, she held in ignominious bondage, deprived of social and religious rites—not men inferior to her in intellect—not the ignorant African incapable of rational liberty—not men alien by habit, degrading associations and different complexion—but a generous people, abounding in all the qualities that exalt human nature—the recollections that endear,

and the services that plead irresistibly to a nation's gratitude. It is exceeding the bounds of our enquiry to recur to former severities, and rake up the ashes of atrocities, which are now known, only to be abhorred. The slave treatment, which a few years since was esteemed eminently lenient, would now be regarded in a great degree rigorous: one, who is familiar with the past, and observant of the present, cannot fail in noticing the evident amelioration of their condition. Let us impartially compare him with the serf of the Russian nobleman, or the laborious manufacturer of England. The former is sold with the land he cultivates, and though in an equal degree with the American slave, deprived of civil rights, is compelled at the nod of his superior, to leave his home and family and plunge into all the horrors of war:—and in case of refusal there is no reprieve. The manufacturer, when competition is excessive, and swarms of half-starved wretches render labor comparatively valueless, toils fifteen hours daily for a pittance that deserves not the name of livelihood. The debates in Parliament speak volumes on this point. If such be the fact, and that it is, we appeal to the speeches of Brougham, Courtenay and Peel, the equality of the negro as regards the comforts of life, can hardly be doubted. He is free, as well from besetting present, as the harrassing forbodings of, future want; nor does he, as the English laborer, (to use the admission of the Quarterly on another occasion) "toil with the prospect of pauperism, and the work-house, the last stage of woe on his passage to the grave."

But we leave this point as of minor importance, to meet this question upon its broad basis: as a question coming, not from a people more deeply implicated than ourselves, but from the God of Nature who endowed us with equal rights. No one more than ourselves condemns slavery in the abstract—of all trades that have disgraced human nature, this was the worst. In others, however infamous, there were traits of something

like humanity, but in this, there was a total absence of them. It was a scene of uniform, unadulterated, unsophisticated wickedness. But whilst we condemn the ill-starred policy which burthened us with slavery, let us not be misunderstood. It is a common, we might almost say, universal, fault, with moralists, to consider actions only in their general effects, without reference to particular cases. They lay down a general principle, and making a sweeping anathema, include in the scope of malediction, equally, the wilfully depraved, and those whom impracticability ties down to its sufferance. None but the visionary theorist can fail in observing, that this is equally opposed to human nature, and the merest common sense. Justice cannot be obtained immediately, but must await the award of time. Great reformatations have never been effected in a day, but have been gradually brought about by the revolution of ages. Men on this subject declaim in vain. High sounding epithets and polished phrases may charm the ear, but cannot convince the understanding. That system, which best provides for the safety of the majority, can never be considered unjust, if the term be not a new abstraction, disconnected with human affairs. Men always require some preparation for their future situation, and must be gradually moulded to their destiny. Else the novelty of their new state will introduce anarchy and confusion. The slaves through long disuse to equal participation of rights, with the white population, would be unfitted to enjoy, and use with moderation the blessings of liberty. If turned loose they would over-run the country—an idle, encumbering mass---like the wretched Lazarini of Italy—incapable of obtaining subsistence, and unwilling to embrace their ancient servitude. To expel them from the U. States, would be literally to devote them to all the tortures of a lingering death by famine. A manumitted slave (despite the opinion and fervent aspiration of visionary and heated moralists) can never become

the recognised equal of his *quondam* sovereign. You may suspend over his head the shield of liberty—you may tear off his manacles and hail him by the epithet "Freeman;" but ("can the leopard change its spots, or the Ethiopian his skin?") you cannot make him a white man. The memory of his former situation—his late degraded state—his disgusting appearance, and grovelling habits—his ignorance, and the indelible stamp of divine wrath sealed upon his forehead—create an impassable barrier to his amalgamation with the whites. The space we have already occupied, precludes the introduction of the remarks we intended to have made upon the Colonization Society, the proposition recently laid before Congress, and the Resolutions of the Virginia Legislature. Meanwhile, we would, in conclusion, enquire what, after all, is the crime of the South? That we live in a land that cannot be cultivated by white laborers—that our fathers discovered this and were supplied up to the act of prohibition with Africans by British and Northern slave traders—that they bequeathed to us an evil of which we cannot rid ourselves—and that all we can do, is to perform the duties of the station in which our lot is cast, in the best manner we can.



TURKISH CIVILIZATION.

The Sublime Porte appears to be deviating from the uniform policy of every preceding "head of the faithful," and seems determined to produce a substantial and thorough revolution in the modes of acting and thinking of his subjects by introducing European improvements of a civil, as well as military character. Two newspapers have been established at Constantinople, one in the Turkish the other in the French language. His error appears to be that of our "whole

system" men—a hot-house experiment of forcing upon a people habits of living and employment for which they are not yet prepared. His course should be to aim at a steady, but silent approximation—to force nothing—to excite no dread of innovation—to arouse no long cherished prejudices—to tamper with no rooted prepossessions—lest he should excite a tempest he may not be able to weather. He has already "raised a storm" among the Mufti—but has not yet "reaped the whirlwind," being a favorite with his subjects, and having acquired, by his prompt and energetic measures, an influence over their minds, and an independence of their prejudices, never before enjoyed by any Soldan. The bowstring perhaps would have been the reward of less determined measures, and in playing for so high a stake as his *Crown*—natural and artificial—Mahmoud probably relies much upon his knowledge of the temperament of his singular people. If, however, he is not immolated upon the altar of his patriotic temerity, it will singularly belie the Turkish character and practice, and form an exception to the fate of all anterior reformers of barbarous or half civilized people. •

MORAL ESSAYS.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

To understand the features which distinguish man as a rational being, and consequently, the laws by which his nature is governed, is indispensable in forming correct ideas of the tendency and guidance of his actions.

If the end and aim of education, be (as it has been defined,) to bring all our faculties to the greatest perfection of which they are susceptible—to investigate the powers we are called upon to improve, is of preliminary and momentous importance. Among the moderns (especially at a later date, and even in the present enlightened age,) the science of metaphysics appears to me, to have experienced a neglect, unmerited and injurious to the welfare of society. To it, has been erroneously attributed the thralldom and debasement of the human mind, the contraction of our powers, and the gloomy horrors of a confined and moody religion.*

Every philosophical writer has but too sadly experienced the truth, that where one will understand and appreciate his labors, many will despise his efforts, more pervert his principles, and thousands, incapable of understanding, will misrepresent his reasoning.†

*Or, as some more sagacious have assured us—the study of the mind is the chief promoter of infidelity!

†“Truth, (says Locke)—scarce ever yet carried it by vote any where at its first appearance; new opinions are always suspected, and are usually opposed without any further reason, but because they are not already common.” The conclusion of this paragraph is so beautiful that we cannot forbear transcribing it, though not immediately applicable to the point in hand. “But truth (continues this writer) like gold, is not the less so for being newly brought out of the mine. It is trial and examination must give it price, and not any antique fashion,” &c.

But of the numerous body of those who sneer at the word "philosophy" and overrun the world with what they absurdly term "practical principles," many, I am fully persuaded, would, on the slightest investigation, retract their anathema, and readily admit that knowledge of self, is especially worthy the attention of the politician and moralist.* The chief source of error to man, is the hasty admission of plausible principles; and one, of which the prevention is easy and evident; the removal difficult and obscure.

"If a perplexed reasoner, (says Drummond—Acad. Ques. Intr.) puzzle himself and his audience, we are always sure to hear his subtilty reproved or lamented; and he, upon his part, seldom fails to ascribe the confusion of his ideas to the abstruse nature of all speculative doctrines. If a pert rhetorician gets entangled in his own sophistries he is ever ready to accuse himself of having too much of that very logic which he wants."

It is thus that the noblest and purest of knowledge is termed subtle and deceiving—useless and mischievous. That the disputes of the learned on these points are crowded with unnecessary prolixity, and in a great degree, concerning terms, I am willing to admit; and I have often (in the few hours I have spent upon the pages of these disputants) had occasion to regret, that a few perspicuous and authenticated definitions had never been agreed upon as the basis of their investigation.†

*"Merely speculative, philosophical principles have seldom had any sensible effect upon the conduct of educated men, yet they MAY do much harm, in practice. When, for instance, they are promulged in times of trouble and excitement, and are preached to the men in a popular and plausible style, as in the first French Revolution—they shook all the institutions of society to their foundation. So in the case of an individual—if his taste be perverted, if his temper be bad—if his natural propensities be base and grovelling—a theory of morals, which is at all jesuitical, may lead to the worst crimes." So. Rev. No. XIV. Art. 1, *Jeremy Bentham and the Utilitarians*.

†Though it may render us obnoxious to the charge of pedantry (in its strict and original meaning,) we will offer in support of our opinion, the brief and comprehensive (though trite) saying of Seneca, "*Philosophia non in verbis sed in rebus est.*"

But disregarding the prolixity of the dull, the cavils of the ignorant, and the presumption of the sciolist, it is of infinitely greater importance to depend upon our own perceptions and experience—to narrowly scan the infant mind—the first dawn of intellect—to examine the gradual developement of the ideas and passions—to trace the influence of association—the expansion of the character; and he who with untiring perseverance, with patient minuteness, studies (without heat, without prejudice to support) the evident workings of nature which burst forth in every breast, better deserves the name “philosopher” and the gratitude of posterity, than the most subtle metaphysician who in his closet plans paradoxes to bewilder and sophistry to deceive, and contends for victory and not for truth. But, leaving this merited opprobrium to those who have involved in obscurity, knowledge that should be known by all—who have clouded in mist, what should shine as the mid-day luminary; the study of ourselves and the genuine philosophy of the soul is worthy of the keenest and most attentive consideration. If we turn to the pages of those disputants, who have filled the world with their discussions, so far from acquiring the first principles we desire, we shall lose ourselves in metaphysical subtilities, and in place of perspicuous and practical knowledge shall be overwhelmed by uncertainty, hypothesis and conjecture. But have we no power in ourselves to solve our difficulties? Have we no power by perception, examination and strict attention to what passes within our view, to dispel our doubts, and bring our discussions to an issue? Fortunately, my own opinions on this head are confirmed by illustrious intellects, and I gladly avail myself of superior argument. We take it for granted, (says the venerable Reid, whom we cite from memory,) that by attentive reflection, a man may gain clear and certain knowledge of the operations of his own mind. The action of men are effects; their sentiments, their passions and their affections are the

causes. But from the opinions of men, also may we gain light into the human mind, for they are the effects of their intellectual powers. Even the prejudices and errors of mankind must have some similar source; and their elucidation will no less tend to augment this species of knowledge. (Essays, as quoted by Miss Hamilton on Education.)

The science of mental philosophy in its broadest sense, may be distributed into a three-fold division. 1st. Nature and attributes of our spiritual being. 2d. Our relation to each other. And, 3d. Nature and attributes of the Creator. With this view of our subject we shall proceed to state some of the advantages to be derived from its pursuit; and which readily suggest themselves under the heads above specified. The pleasure we experience in the examination of our internal nature possesses one distinctive superiority over the gratification arising from the study of other sciences. In any situation of life however obscure in circumstances, however otherwise unfavorable—we always possess the requisites for successful researches into our own minds. No costly apparatus—no tedious preparation is required;—the object of our contemplation is ever before us—the means of investigation are ever in our power. One of the chief advantages resulting from his science appears to me to be the cultivation of the powers which it necessarily produces, and the enquiring philosophic spirit it engenders. The comprehensive instruction given in its pursuit is that our observations of mental phenomena be careful and exact, our discrimination accurate, and our generalization particularly cautious and deliberate. As a discipline of the reasoning powers it may fairly claim superiority over every other branch of knowledge. In this study ultimate success must depend upon the degree of assiduity and acuteness with which we search into what passes in our own minds—and logical closeness of argument is indispensable to ensure an unerring result to our speculations. This science

is of incalculable importance in our investigations, by enabling us to determine the extent of our capacity, the causes which operate in perverting it from truth, and, consequently, the means by which we may combat our propensity to error. Knowledge of our powers is of incalculable utility in determining the pursuits proper to be undertaken in which success may be expected, and those to be avoided in which success is hopeless. "When we know our own strength, (says Locke,) we shall the better know what to undertake with hopes of success, and when we have well surveyed the powers of our own minds, and made some estimate what we may expect from them, we shall not be inclined either to sit still, and not set our thoughts on work at all, in despair of knowing any thing; or on the other side, question every thing, and disclaim all knowledge, because some things are not to be understood. It is of great use to know the length of our line, though we cannot with it fathom all the depths of the ocean."—(Locke, Intro.) Knowledge of the limits of human intellect has been supposed to induce doubts upon every subject—even those dearest to our future hopes;—in short it has been asserted to be the monster of universal skepticism. Just the contrary. So far from favoring infidelity, knowledge of ourselves is the most efficacious antidote against it, by dispersing the mists of ignorance and humbling our natural arrogance. Philosophy teaches not only to doubt as the first step to improvement, but also to believe, as the only way to accumulate knowledge, on the same principles of evidence. There are few propensities which produce more misery to our fellow men, and entail more repentance upon ourselves, than the spirit of intolerance with which we regard human error. I know no better remedy for this vice than a correct knowledge of ourselves, our frailties, and helplessness. There are two kinds of hypocrisy—one which deceives the world, the other which blinds us to our failing. The one has in

an especial degree occupied the efforts of the philosopher—the other, I conceive, equally, (if not more) worthy his attention. Without an intimate acquaintance with the human character, with the passions which agitate it, and the different degrees of influence they exercise over its workings, abortive will be every effort to amuse, soften, interest, or exalt it—which are the chief objects of the department of Belles Lettres. “All polite learning” (says Hume) “are nothing but pictures of human life in various attitudes and situations, and inspire us with different sentiments, of praise or blame, admiration or ridicule, according to the qualities of the objects they set before us. An artist must be better qualified to succeed in this undertaking, who, besides a delicate taste and quick apprehension, possesses an accurate knowledge of the internal fabric, the operations of the understanding, and the various species of sentiment which discriminate nature and vice.”

The entire art (Science) of Criticism depends upon a knowledge of human nature, and the various ways in which it is affected. We judge of the sublime images of poetry, by the power they possess in exhibiting, terrifying or amazing the mind. We decide upon the perspicuous, and impressive arrangement of argument, by the degree of conviction which the different links of proof produce in us as they are severally developed. And we estimate the power of the orator in proportion, as he influences the will by artfully appealing to our selfish feelings, or selecting proper circumstances and opportunity to enlist in his cause our more generous feelings.

But laying aside the advantages, resulting from this study, (which we have faintly sketched) the mind itself is eminently worthy our investigation. “Since it is the understanding, (says Locke,) which sets man above the rest of sensible beings, and gives him all the advantages and dominion, which he has over them, it is

certainly even for its nobleness, worth our labor to inquire into.”—B. I. Ch. 1.

Shall we explore all creation, and leave the mind unexamined? Shall we penetrate every recess of earth, and remain in ignorance of the very faculties that exalt us above the brute? When we look abroad through the field of nature, we perceive other animals quickly arrive at their utmost perfection—their pleasures are few,—they live a contracted and ephemeral existence and their being is forgotten as the path of an arrow through the yielding air. But man was born for nobler purposes;—his stature is erect and turned to heaven—his face is irradiated with the stamp of the Creator, and his mind bears the indelible impress of the immortal signet. Such is his celestial formation, that, from his own heart alone can his happiness proceed. The momentary gratification of the sensualist, the boasted felicity of the voluptuary, and the wild delirium of passion die on the altar so lately erected. Repletion brings satiety—the pleasures of sense gradually lose their vividness and yield to the influence of reason and of time. But the longings of the mind are vast and immortal; its course is ever onward, untired, insatiate.—The operations of the body are limited in power, and duration,—but to those of the mind, no where has nature pronounced the malediction—“thus far shalt thou advance and no farther.” It is the intellectual eye that is never satisfied with seeing, the intellectual ear that is never satisfied with hearing.

As subservient to the great cause of education, the science of mind appears to me particularly to demand our attention. The elementary powers of the human mind are sensation, memory and association; the first enables us to receive, the second to retain, the last to exert and arrange ideas. To understand the extension and power of these faculties, is of the first importance; that we may correct them when deficient, and in an especial manner attend to the developement of each.

“An infant, (says Miss Edgeworth) when examining an object with its little hands and lips, is as usefully employed as the fondest parent could desire.” *Oracle*. Than this period of life, there is perhaps none more important, certainly, none more neglected. The whole train of mental operation is connected by a most sensitive chain, and the vibration of one link materially effects the entire machine. If the first perceptions, which pave the way for future investigation, are exercised and confirmed, we ensure an acuteness in the subsequent developement of the faculties, which is truly astonishing. But if they are checked, or suffered to labor unassisted, a great deal must be acquired with difficulty in after time, which by proper attention might have flowed (as it were) spontaneously. Though it is a melancholy fact, (proved by the experience of almost every one,) that great intellect is not always attended with corresponding morality, yet, we assert, that though morality and religion may animate the most illiterate, those nicer feelings of rectitude—that election which decides after impartial investigation, is only to be acquired by the great expansion of the mind. Instruction in the languages and sciences is of comparatively little importance if we are inattentive to the habits acquired; for, if the affections are vitiated, we shall merely give arms to mad men, who will not fail to apply them to the most disgraceful purposes. Moral and intellectual education should go hand in hand, and mutually regulate, restrain and encourage, the natural affections; and direct, invigorate and enlighten the intellectual powers. It is a wise and beneficent regulation of providence, that felicity is made to depend rather upon the direction of our dispositions, than the improvement of the mind: but (no one will be inclined to deny) the proper discipline of the intellect, greatly contributes to our happiness, both in our private situation, and our relation to the mass of mankind. The pleasures of imagination (says the acute Hartley) are the next remote

from sensible ones. and have in their proper place and degree, a great efficacy in improving and perfecting our natures. They are to men in the early part of their adult age, what playthings are to children: they teach them a love for regularity, exactness, truth, simplicity; they lead them to the knowledge of many important truths, relating to themselves, the external world, and its author. They habituate to invent and reason by analogy, and induction; and when the social, moral and religious affections begin to be generated in man, we may make a much greater progress towards the perfection of our natures by having a due stock, and no more than a due stock, of knowledge in natural and artificial things, of a relish for natural and artificial beauty." But laying aside the facilities which education affords to virtue, in enabling us to retain, recall, to examine and appreciate the truths of benevolence:—laying aside (in that view) the evident and material connection of the heart and the head (a topic that has occupied some of the best pages of Hartley, of Hamilton and of Edgeworth,) we shall proceed to examine in what degree the advancement of morals contributes to the advancement of learning. "Some people (says Miss Edgeworth) have a notion, that the understanding and the heart, are not to be cultivated at the same time: but the very reverse of this is perhaps true; neither can they be brought to any perfection, unless they are cultivated together." *Prac. Educa: Ch. 10.*

If the passions war against reason, vain is every effort to direct the latter:—but if they converge to one point, the result will be of the happiest character. To enlist them, the disposition on the side of the understanding should be an object of primary importance. "A sense of our ignorance, (says Addison) is the first step to knowledge." The youthful mind is generally elated with a trifling success; and, I believe, there are few who cannot recollect some period during the early opening of the mind, when their opinion of their pow-

ers was of a very exalted nature. When the mind is reduced to a humility of its capacity, it is brought to a tone unshackled by prejudice or arrogance, and fitted to receive, retain and appropriate the lessons of truth. Vanity is perhaps the most universal quality in the youthful mind.

Love of praise is a feature which runs through the whole species; and it should be an especial care to infuse into untainted youth, an early bent of this propensity towards objects of undying interest. As it is undoubtedly the excess of nobler qualities and ambition, which, when running into a proper channel, constitutes no small portion of our happiness; to give it a general bias, is of infinitely greater importance than mankind generally imagine. The influence of vanity, however useful, when properly restrained, should be watched with attention. Diffidence is the most effectual promotive of mental improvement, and, under vanity, there is always a considerable share. But if praise becomes necessary to exertion, stimulus must be heaped upon stimulus, and at last failing, habit will preclude all efforts without increased incentive. The growth of moral and mental enjoyments are connected by an intimate link. Every right disposition should be cherished (if for no other reason) as contributing essentially to the advancement of knowledge; and every sally of vice repressed at its first appearance. Every religious and reverential feeling will materially tend to exalt our conceptions, stimulate our efforts and enlighten our minds; and the more the heart is cultivated and the principles improved, the more will our intellect dilate, and our ideas expand.

That the minds of men are as different as their persons—that there is in one an inborn inclination of character, which education in vain strives to implant in another, we are as fully persuaded as moral certainty can render us. The opinion that our nature possesses no innate diversity, but is moulded into any form by

the power of instruction, can, I think, be incontestably proved to be erroneous. We undoubtedly see in many men a peculiar bent of mind in which they display powers of a superior order. "Such are the accidents" (says Dr. Johnson, commenting upon the effect, which Cowley states, the perusal of Spenser's "Fairy Queen" had upon his mind at an early age in making him (in his own words) "irretrievably a Poet,") which, sometimes forgotten and sometimes remembered, produce the particular designation of mind, and propensity for some science or employment, which is commonly called genius. The true genius is a mind of large general powers," etc.—Vide, Life of Cowley.

We have ever thought the species of argumentation, termed by logicians "argumentum ad verecundiam" available only by the uncandid disputant, and have not, accordingly, hesitated to dissent from the authority cited above. We would inquire if Cowley had never perused books upon mathematics, moral philosophy, or metaphysics, and why a "mind of large general powers" did not seize upon one of those sciences as its field of action? Or, if his eager grasp of poetry (to the neglect of numerous distinct employments which readily suggested themselves) comports with the idea of accidental adoption.

"The growth of a predominant passion, is often slow, and its origin obscure; but in length of time by a constant reiteration of impulse and bias, in consequence of some peculiar association of ideas incessantly obtruded upon the mind, and exciting pleasure or pain, it becomes habitual and subsides into a settled temperament, and seemingly innate disposition of mind."

We cheerfully admit every point in the above extract, but dissent *in toto* to its application in the present instance. We will simply ask the question, if two individuals could be placed in precisely the same situation from the moment of birth; if they could be exposed to the same train of events—if their minds

could receive the same impressions—in short, if the series of circumstances to which they were subject, and their education were in every respect similar:—can we for a moment suppose that these individuals, upon arriving at manhood, would exhibit no diversity in the affections or intellect? I can never convince myself that they would not.

But though education can never bestow those nicer feelings and that peculiar bent and power of mind which is denominated Genius, it can nevertheless call out and increase its energies, and by exercise enliven and strengthen the natural powers. It can render that aptitude more fixed and vigorous, and direct its vigor aright, which might otherwise, unaided, have wasted its strength in ineffectual efforts. We have adverted to the necessity of inducing the mind to exertion by the easy steps of attraction; but we condemn its continuance as calculated to check the vigorous growth of the intellect and implant a supineness which will require never-ending stimuli. The ascent of Parnassus, the road to knowledge, the “*iter ad astra*” is unquestionably of laborious mastery; but that stern spirit which kindles at new difficulties, and resolves their domination, must be acquired. To struggle through first hardships, some inducement is necessary, unconnected with the love of learning, but, unless the keenness of intellectual hunger be inculcated, the mind will shrink from greater labors, where the gifts of the pursuit are the only reward. The gradual, but never-ending developement of the intellect can alone insure proportionate increase; and the mind which intuitively perceives truths, to master which the more obtuse require considerable reflection, and which hurries on, ever on the road to new associations, should as undoubtedly be checked in its rapid but imperfect career, as the less vivacious should be excited to exertion. The intellect may be expanded to an inconceivable extent, and I am fully persuaded, such is its elastic power,

that the most ordinary mind, by continual and well-directed efforts can rise to what is generally considered the "ne plus ultra" of talent and success. When I regard the splendor of ancient literature;—when I turn to their orators, so pre-eminent in precision, in argument, and the overwhelming tide of eloquence;—to their poets—whose harmony, perspicuity and grandeur the modern world has in vain toiled to rival;—to their philosophers and historians—a powerful host! the reflection irresistibly intrudes itself, that their great perseverance is the principal source of their immeasurable superiority.



THE MORAL SENSE.*

The note given below, and which has seduced us into a long and rather discursive train of meditation, is borrowed from an article in one of the late numbers of the North American Review, devoted to what is styled a "Defence of Poetry." The Essay of which we speak would seem to have been intended; by the writer, to answer the cavils of those, who have objec-

*"But still the main current of education runs in the wide and not well defined channel of immediate and practical utility. The main point is, how to make the greatest progress in worldly prosperity,—how to advance most rapidly in the career of gain. This, perhaps, is necessarily the case to a certain extent in a country, where every man is taught to rely upon his own fortune and estate. But it ought not to be exclusively so. We ought not, in the pursuit of wealth and worldly honor, to forget those embellishments of the mind and the heart, which sweeten social intercourse and improve the condition of society. And yet, in the language of Dr. Paley. "many of us are brought up with this world set before us and nothing else. Whatever promotes this world's prosperity is praised; whatever hurts and obstructs this world's prosperity is blamed; and there all praise and censure end. We see mankind about us in motion and action, but all these motions and actions directed to worldly objects. We hear their conversation but it is all the same way. And this is what we see and hear from the first. The views, which are continually placed before our eyes, regard this life alone and its interests. Can it then be wondered at, that an early worldly-mindedness is bred in our hearts so strong, as to shut out heavenly mindedness entirely!" And this, though not in so many words, yet in fact and in its practical tendency, is the popular doctrine of utility.

ted to Poetry, that it gives wrong views, and excites false expectations of life—peoples the mind with shadows and illusions—and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. It also bears upon the old selfish system of Hobbs and Rochefaucault, that all the desires of the human mind are reducible to self-love, or desire of private happiness—the aggregate forming public well being—and that from this source—which forms the basis and essential feature of the new school of utilitarians—spring all the actions of moral agents. Upon the former bearing of the extract we will hereafter submit some strictures, and meanwhile, will confine ourselves to moral tendency.

The main pillar of the system (Le duc de Rochefaucault) has, in his various works, so wrapped it up in confusion, sophistry and a complex tissue of argument as in a great degree to baffle investigation: for to oppose his many and minute illustrations would be a task

“Now, under correction be it said, we are much led astray by this word utility. There is hardly a word in our language whose meaning is so vague, and so often misunderstood and misapplied. We too often limit its application to those acquisitions and pursuits, which are of immediate and visible profit to ourselves and the community; regarding as comparatively or utterly useless to many others, which, though more remote in their effects and more imperceptible in their operation, are, notwithstanding, higher in their aim, wider in their influence, more certain in their results, and more intimately connected with the common weal. We are too apt to think that nothing can be useful, but what is done with a noise, at noonday, and at the corners of the streets; as if action and utility were synonymous, and it were not as useless to act without thinking, as it is to think without acting. But the truth is, the word utility has a wider signification than this. It embraces in its proper definition whatever contributes to our happiness; and thus includes many of those arts and sciences, many of those secret studies and solitary avocations, which are generally regarded either as useless, or as absolutely injurious to society. Not he alone does service to the State, whose wisdom guides her councils at home, nor he whose voice asserts her dignity abroad. A thousand little rills, springing up in the retired walks of life, go to swell the rushing tide of national glory and prosperity; and whoever in the solitude of his chamber, and by even a single effort of his mind, has added to the intellectual pre-eminence of his country, has not lived in vain, nor to himself alone. Does not the pen of the historian perpetuate the fame of the hero and the statesman? Does not their names live in the song of the bard? Do not the pencil and the chisel touch the soul while they delight the eye? Does not the spirit of the patriot and the sage, looking from the painted canvass, or eloquent from the marble lip, fill our hearts with veneration for all that is great in intellect, and godlike in virtue?”

of inconceivable time, toil and difficulty. We shall merely advert to the general theory, against which there can be offered but little argument, though our knowledge of what passes in our own mind, leaves no room for hesitation. They ascribe to us motives, which enter not an honest heart. Men are virtuous by an involuntary impulse, and an idea of ultimate advantage enters not their imagination. We need, in refutation of so degrading a doctrine, merely to appeal to our own feelings; and I am assured, every one possesses in his own breast delightful refutation of its plausible sophistry. I appeal to the experience, and inquire, if, in the holy duties of filial affection the offices of friendship, or the instantaneous impulse of pity, such unfeeling calculations of the plus minus of benefit to self, has any place in our thoughts? * Whence arises the principle of self denial exhibited in the infant mind? In vain we refer to reason, and the prospect of good consequences. The contracted views of childhood can see no advantage beyond the present. In vain habit is called to our aid; an action flowing from succession, can never account for the first of the series. Failing to determine these as its sources, we are forced to attribute it to a peculiar faculty and the inscrutable ways of Providence. We find the following quoted, (Rees' Encyclo. Art. Philosophy) from Godwin's Political Justice: "It is not our business in the direction of our benevolent exertion, to consider the relation in which the individual stands to us; but in that in which he stands in society. Nor is he my parent, relative, friend, or benefactor, but as he is a worthy or worthless member of society." The above resembles the licen-

*This system which philosophically considered is unworthy attention, and which we have been induced to touch upon only from the danger incident to its adoption, has been so ably refuted in all its bearings by Dr. Hutcherson ("Illustrations of the Moral Sense,") that we are almost ashamed to advance any thing of our own, but might well content ourselves with extracts from his treatise, aware, that, independant of our own consciousness to determine our conviction, we would imperceptibly borrow all our notions from his work.

tious system of the splenetic Mandeville (whom we receive at the hands of others, having no further acquaintance with the tenets) who demonstrates all virtue "the political offspring which flattery begets upon pride." Such sweeping denunciations against human nature, founded on a few scattered instances, and extended into a system, and applied to the whole species, though they may mislead the superficial observer, are so readily refuted by the highest appeal to conscience and our own emotions, that we deem it unnecessary to enter into any consideration of it, further than to recommend, as an efficient solution of these apparent discrepancies, a candid appeal to the unerring monitor of the human heart.

In morals there must be some rule adapted to capacities of the smallest calibre; while in the hair-drawn discussions of casuists, it is difficult, even to be well-informed, to divest the subject of the subtilty, and the perplexing and extraneous dross with which they envelope it. Accordance to reason is emphatically election, decision or choice;—and how either of these can (contrary to human propensity) become rules of conduct, without a sorrow which dissuades from, and a joy which prompts, their continual exercise, I confess myself unable to determine. We must ultimately, for our criterion of moral approbation, refer to the constitution of our moral nature.

Why am I virtuous in pursuing a certain line of conduct? Because (say the advocates for utility) it is consistent with reason and the fitness of things.

Why am I obliged to obey the fitness of things or pay respect to the dictate of reason? Because (they rejoin) it is proper, useful, etc. But no impartial observer can fail in perceiving that as the final rule of action, the true and unavoidable answer is—"I am prompted to do so by my nature, and the inscrutable provisions of the Creator." We may shuffle off the question,—we may retire step by step, and evade it,

with a semblance of reasoning, but retreat as we may, it recurs with accelerated force, nor can we dismiss it by any worse tautology. It is futile to inquire how we are thus constituted by nature:—every unsophisticated and not irretrievably debased mind is conscious of this feeling; the reason we refer, as beyond our contracted vision, to the great author of things, who has made us moral beings in his bounteous distribution of the sources of happiness.

But our opponents may further rejoice, that, though, thus far they yield, they still attribute the feeling (which every heart unsteeled by sophistry and unseared by vice must unhesitatingly admit) to other and distinct causes.

To this we reply that the sensation is peculiar—it is one which all must distinguish as distinct from the feelings of pleasure or pain excited by other causes.

But on this point we will be silent, as we can place elucidation in abler hands.

Is this emotion “the same with taste which is a perception of the accordance of parts of a complex object, and of the feelings of pleasure arising from the combined effect? Is there nothing more indicated by it than the calm satisfaction which arises from the consideration of speculative truth? Does the delight which arises in my mind at the recollection of a fellow creature, who has been raised by my aid from want and misery to competence and comfort, excite no feelings more vivid, than what I experienced, when I first learned that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal? Or do I, in such a case, when the feelings of self-respect are most ardent in my mind, reflect how important it is to society to have an useful, well fed, athletic citizen, in the place of one who was before poor, wretched and worthless?

Or, is the precious incense which the heavenly monitor applies to my heart, to be brought for a moment into a vile, degrading comparison with the aston-

ishing power of a water-mill or a steam engine. If then, neither taste nor reason, nor the perceptions of utility be sufficient to account for feelings of moral approbation, it remains that it must be considered as a peculiar emotion, and an ultimate fact in human nature.”—*Lecture on the Moral Sense.*

That the moral emotion is excited on some occasions more than others, has been advanced to prove the futility of our system;—the language of a perspicuous writer, (Brown, vol. iii. page 22.) furnishes us with a satisfactory refutation. “In the first place, it must be admitted, that there are moments in which the mind is wholly incapable of perceiving moral differences—that is to say, in which the emotions that constitute the feeling of these moral differences do not arise. Such are all the movements of a very potent passion. When the impetuosity of the passion is abated, indeed, we perceive that we have done what we now look upon with horror, but when our passions were most violent, we were truly blinded by it, or at least saw what it permitted us to see. The moral emotion has not arisen, because the whole soul was occupied by a different species of feeling. The moral distinctions, however, or general tendency of actions to excite this emotion, are not on this account less certain;—or we must say, that the truths of arithmetic, and all other truths are uncertain, since the mind, in a state of passion, would be equally incapable of distinguishing these. He who has lived for years in the hope of revenge, and who has at length laid his foe at his feet, may, indeed, while he pulls out the dagger from the heart that is quivering beneath it, be incapable of feeling the crime which he has committed: but would he at that moment be abler to tell the square of four or cube of two? All his mind, at that moment, is one wild state of agitation, which allows nothing to be felt but the agitation itself.” It has been urged against our system, that there are no duties which have been universally esteemed obliga-

tory, and the violation of which has not at some period been sanctioned by general consent. In support of their assertion, they adduce the example of savage nations who in many cases destroy their parents in their old age. Admitting this fact we reply that it is readily accounted for by their different views of utility, and by no means supposes an absence of the moral sense. In savage countries, the majority of the inhabitants depending for subsistence upon the precarious produce of the chase, and the hunter's life requiring long and perilous excursions, they humanely cut off the aged and infirm, who are unable to undergo the fatigue, and if left behind must perish—a prey to hunger, or to the beasts of the forest. To show how much nations are attached to their customs, Herodotus relates, that Darius, the Persian, having assembled the Greeks who were under his command, demanded of them what money they would require to eat the dead bodies of their parents as the Indians did; and it being answered, that it was not possible they could ever abandon themselves to so great an inhumanity: the King, in the presence of the same Greeks, demanded of some Indians, what money they would take to burn the dead bodies of their parents, as the Greeks did. The Indians, expressing the utmost horror, entreated the King to impose upon them any thing less dreadful and unjust: to a similar purport would the Hottentot reply to one who expostulated with him upon the peculiar opinions of his nation.*

*“Cast your eyes” (says Rousseau,) “over all the nations of the world, and all the histories of nations:—amid so many inhuman and absurd superstitions—amid that prodigious diversity of manners and characters—you will find every where the same distinctions of moral good and evil. The paganism of the ancient world produced indeed abominable gods, who, on earth, would have been shunned or punished as monsters, and who offered as a picture of supreme happiness, only crimes to commit and passions to satiate. But vice armed with this sacred authority descended in vain from the eternal abode; she found in the hearts of men a moral instinct to repel her.”

“The holy voice of nature, stronger than that of the gods, made itself heard, and respected, and obeyed on earth, and seemed to banish as it were to the confinement of heaven, guilt and the guilty.”—*Rousseau*.

But, independent of this apparent discrepancy among uncivilized tribes, the same position has been urged in all states of society, and the morality of a deviation from truth, has been particularly insisted upon. As this point has been made of consequence to the grand bearing of the question, we will briefly consider it. Veracity is the conformity of our words and actions to what we profess and believe to be true. The benefits accruing to society from the observance of this virtue, and the evils succeeding its violation are so extensive, that it is by no means surprising that a high rank has been assigned to it in the scale of morality. That the practice of lying is an utter dereliction of moral duty—that it is cowardice to man and impiety to heaven—that it destroys confidence and undermines society—that its path is marked with desolation, tearing asunder friendship and benevolence—those sacred links that bind mankind together, are truths as evident as the mid-day sun. They are universally understood—universally conceded. Thus far our opponents and ourselves in every respect coincide. But they tell us that every rule admits of exceptions—they condemn it as a practice, but insist that some deviations are indispensable. Why, they might as well tell us that they condemn murder, but can see no objection to occasional assassination! That robbery excites indignation, but that some robbers are necessary to the well-being of society! The weakness of such reasoning is so glaring that demonstration is hardly requisite. But, lest it be said that we decide without investigation, we will consider one moment these excepted cases to which our adversaries so earnestly cling. We will explore these loopholes of retreat, and examine if one of them be legal places of refuge. The exceptions are not many and may be quickly despatched.

Can I tell a lie for my amusement? No inconvenience results—all are aware of the deception—no one is imposed on. But, on the contrary, if I am permitted on

any trifling occasions—is it not ingrafted in the nature of man—that the propensity will increase, until like Virgil's goddess of fame, (*viresque acquirit cundo.*" etc.) it embraces every thing small or momentous—human or divine? It is superfluous to dwell upon the other instances commonly advocated. The plain and direct rule (says that inflexible moralist Dr. Johnson) is to do our duty, and leave the consequences to him who controls them, but by no means to step aside from the plain path of right, in search of what may be, in our frail estimation, expedient. It will be admitted, equally by those who believe, and those who discredit a moral susceptibility, that there is a propensity to utter truth, when no motive to the contrary interferes, and to believe what is told us, when we have no strong ground for suspicion. Every one is conscious of an effort to smother nature in telling a falsehood, and (as few boast utter exemption from this vice) we all can appreciate the difficulty to be undergone in its perpetration.

We are far from denying that the Moral Sense may by neglect become clamorous, and by habitual disregard and a continued course of abandoned villainy, be even totally eradicated.

We believe the fact. We are forced unwillingly to admit, that such is the depravity of human nature, that men may so smother this feeling, this invaluable boon, which heaven intended as our guide, through the labyrinths of scepticism and vice,—that its warning voice may be hushed, and resign the obdurate breast to the unbounded riot of sensuality.

“If the voice of conscience from within, and the call of religion from above, if the acclamations of all whose opinion in society is worth consulting, if the thought of happiness to be acquired be dear to you, if the expectation of painful and inevitable retribution both here and hereafter be dreadful to you—defer not for a day, not an hour, your resolution to be virtuous.” Essay on Moral Sense. “Man (Brown, vol. iii. p. 139) is truly

man, as he yields to this divine influence. He cannot resist it, but by flying as it were from his own bosom, and laying aside the general feeling of humanity, by which very act he must have already inflicted on himself the severest of punishments, even though he were to avoid whatever is usually accounted punishment."

In conclusion, we have examined the system of Morals on the other side of the question, if not fully, at least as far as we have gone, impartially. If we have mistaken their reasoning, given too little weight to their arguments, or misrepresented their doctrines, we can only plead in our defence, that we can see with no other organs than our own; and with a sincere readiness to be enlightened, we say to our opponents, "*si quid noviste rectius istis Candidus imperti; si non his utere meam;*" here though we must affirm, that after an unbiassed consideration, our conviction of the truth of our system remains yet unshaken, and "*nisi machinis validioribus impulsa, in æternum durabit.*"

Such are our opinions on this subject, on which we have thought long and intensely—such is the result of our calm and impartial examination. Such do we believe to be the only true conclusion, which is calculated to reconcile human nature to itself, and which, we trust, will be acceded to by all, who carefully examine the structure of their own minds. The voice of nature is our only sure guide. And, it is that, which, distinct from the tottering, unnatural and incompatible deductions of sophistry, is calculated to correct, enlarge and exalt our ideas of the Deity, and which constitutes the only certain basis of belief.

“Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,

“One pure, unchanged and universal light.”

ON THE IMAGINATION.

—————"Indistinct,
 In vulgar bosoms, and unnoticed lie,—
 These stores of secret wealth. But some there are
 Conscious of Nature and the rule, which man
 O'er Nature holds;—some, who within themselves
 Retiring from the trivial scenes of chance
 And momentary passion,—can at will
 Call up these fair exemplars—scan the secret laws
 Which bind them to each other, and convey
 By signs, or sounds, or colors, to the sense,
 Their latent charms."—AKENSIDE.

The human mind, is not unlike the law of gravity—it is forever operative and active. It rests by action, and would seem to realize that much desired engine, the ideal of material attributes, the faculty of perpetual motion. It is an insatiate appetite, which enlarges and acquires new vigour from its repasts. It is forever on the search, and wandering in pursuit of new conquests, and seeming to despise the very means which it has employed for their attainment. These are some of its characteristics; but there are yet others. When we look abroad into the fields and forests of Nature, we perceive other animals quickly arrive at their utmost perfection;—their pleasures are few—they live a contracted and ephemeral existence, and their being is forgotten, even as the path of an arrow, through the yielding air. But *man* was born for far nobler purposes,—his stature is erect, and turned to heaven,* his face is irradiated with the stamp of the Creator, and his mind bears the indelible impress of the immortal signet. Such is his celestial formation, that from his own heart alone can his happiness proceed. The momentary gratification of the sensualist, the boasted felicity of the

**Prona cum aspectant animalia cœtera terram,
 Os Homini sublime dedit, cœlumq: tueri
 Jussit.*—*Ovid.*

voluptuary, and the wild delirium of passion, die on the altar so lately erected;—reflection brings satiety: the pleasures of sense gradually lose their vividness, and yield to the influence of reason and of time. But the longings of the mind are vast and immortal;—its course is ever progressive, untired, insatiate. The operations of the body are limited in power and duration, but in those of the mind, no where has nature pronounced the decree, which is, indeed, a malediction, “thus far shall thou advance, and no farther.” It is the intellectual ear that is never satisfied with hearing. The happiness of man has been the great object of his Creator; he has engrafted in him a portion of his own nature, and bestowed on him faculties capable of indefinite expansion. The unbounded *Theatre of Nature* is before him; the air, the earth, the sky, spread illimitable treasures before him, and invite his attention. If we glance at the earliest ages of society, we shall find, that man, by nature independent, exercising licentious liberty, prone not only to protect his own, but to encroach upon that of others, was bound in the social compact of mutual dependence, by the first exercise of knowledge;—and that only is the tie, which knits society together, and prevents it from falling into its original chaos. As the mind expands, the manners and morals improve. Religious awe is strengthened, and firmness and consistency of character established and invigorated. The blandishments of vice resign their power—the rancour of intolerance is softened, the universal might of prejudice disarmed, and the mind reduced to a serenity and tone of patient reflection, eminently calculated to harmonize its powers and disperse the lingering shadows of error.

To trace a mighty river to its source, has ever been considered a sublime and interesting employment. To ascend the narrowing stream from its mouth, whence it pours its united power into the unfathomable ocean, to the spot, where it bubbles in insignificance, and scarce-

ly attracts attention, is a work of noble and salutary interest. Infinitely greater is the task, to march against the current of civilization, to trace knowledge in her progress, and explore the first dawn of her benign predominance. In the infancy of society, the wild animal howled over the vast wildernesses of nature, and the solitary forest was trodden only by the savage beast or the more merciless cannibal. Forced by the stern call of necessity, man's first aim was to sustain existence, and the spontaneous offspring of the earth and the precarious product of the chase called forth all his efforts. Chained down by his passions, his aims all centered in one great focus—sensual gratification. Knowing no argument but arms, power was his only rule of right, and with some few of the nobler feelings of our nature, he possessed all the vices of unrestrained, uneducated barbarism.

But obeying the impulse of the mind, which is ever progressive, he spurned his former ignorance, and eagerly embraced the gifts of agriculture, who now proffered her assistance. The lurking thicket and the war-clad plain, were resigned for the field and the vineyard—and the uncertain encampment for the permanent domicile. The bar and the battle-axe were converted into the harrow and plough-share.—and the peaceful oxen usurped the place and pageantry of the glittering war-horse. The arts soon began to engraft themselves upon the expanding intellect, and the multifarious branches of collateral science, urged on the general emancipation and development of mind.

That the minds of men are as different as their persons;—that there is in one an inborn inclination of character, which education in vain strives to implant in another,—we are as fully persuaded as moral certainty can render us. The opinion, that our nature possesses no innate diversity, but is moulded into any form by the power of instruction—can, we think, be incontestably proven to be erroneous. We undoubtedly see in many

men a peculiar bent of mind, in which they display power of a superior order. Such are the accidents (says Dr. Johnson, commenting upon the effect which, Cowley states the perusal of Spencer's "Fairy Queene" had upon his mind at an early age, in making him in his own language, "irretrievably a poet") which, sometimes forgotten and sometimes remembered, produce the particular designation of mind and propensity for some science or employment, which is commonly called genius. The *true* genius is a mind of large *general* powers, etc.* We have ever thought the species of argumentation, termed by logicians, "*argumentum ad verecundiam*," available only to the uncandid disputant, and have not, accordingly, hesitated to dissent from the high authority above. We would enquire if Cowley had never perused books upon mathematics—moral philosophy, or metaphysics—and why a "mind of large *general* powers," did not seize upon one of these sciences, as its field of action? Or, if his eager grasp of poetry, (to the neglect and exclusion of numerous distinct employments, which readily suggested themselves) comports with the idea of accidental adoption? "The growth of a predominant passion is often slow and its origin obscure:—but in length of time by a constant reiteration of impulse and bias, in consequence of some peculiar association of ideas incessantly obtruded upon the mind, and exciting pleasure or pain, it becomes habitual and subsides into a settled temperament and seemingly innate disposition of mind." We cheerfully admit every point in the above extract, but dissent, in toto, to its application in the present instance. We will simply ask the question, if two individuals could be placed in precisely the same situations from the moment of birth—if they could be exposed to the same train of events,—if their minds could receive the same impression—in short, if the series of circumstances to which they are subject, and their education in the most

*Life of Cowley.

extensive sense of the term could be in every respect similar: can we for a moment suppose, that these individuals, upon arriving at manhood, would exhibit no diversity in the affections or intellect? We can never persuade ourselves that they would not. *Philosophy* has shown in the works of the Creator, a dissimilarity which attracts at once our wonder and admiration.—In the subordinate class of inanimate being, there can be found no two objects, which in every respect coincide; and in the human mind the same diversity is visible. There are some, who have been more indulged by nature than others;—who have received that dangerous gift of genius—whose minds are alive to the slightest indignity as an indelible stain—whose souls are never tranquil, but always either in a state of rapture or supreme misery—who are at one time adored for their discoveries,—at another, despised for their errors: who now mount with almost super-human energy to some hitherto unreached eminence, and then sink in the sullenness of despair—who find life a scene of misery, because their more sensitive frames cannot bear its buffetings. Who—should they be (as most often happens) of a poetical temperament,—would fain retire from the busy haunts of men to some desolate shore:—there to view nature in her loftiest mood:—to gaze at the pointed crag towering aloft to Heaven:—to see the Eagle soaring in all the pride of majesty:—to listen to the screaming sea gull and the shrill moan of the bittern. Then, when the evening shades advance, to admire the lengthening shadows of the mountains, and view their giant forms sink in the surrounding darkness. Then to sit and gaze, with all the rapture of refined imagination, on the pale moon, ruling the lesser lights—and select some bright star as the guardian of his life. To watch the waters—to listen to the beating of the surge, and view the white, sparkling foam on its top:—to see the tempest arise—to hear the winds suddenly free from their caves, howling over the

vast expanse:—to watch the glare of the vivid lightning—and listen to the loud artillery of Heaven:—to view the elements in their grandeur and the Creator in his might: who—tired of the world, its mazes, its deceits and its troubles, would resign it for the dreariest spot on the face of the wide globe. Such are some of the feelings, which characterize genius, when united with a mind, yet untainted with vice, or whose enthusiasm has not yet been chilled by the too uncertain lights of fortune. But his dream is but as the sunshine of an April day, and the blasts of misfortune assail him, with a poignancy which being doubly felt, is doubly hard to be borne. The opposite of this character (one confirmed by the most superficial experience) to whom nature has been less lavish,—though he has not his brilliancy, still possesses his warmth. He may not own that delicacy of taste, but then misfortunes affect him less. He may not enjoy that fire and animation, but his vigor is unimpaired and constantly increasing. His fancy may not be as brilliant, but he has unyielding fortitude, stern industry, and indefatigable exertion. He may not rise to such a height, but he is more permanent. He may not as often surpass expectation, but he seldomer falls below it. He may not enjoy those feelings of rapture—but he is destitute of the calm which succeeds them. His light may not be as dazzling—but it is more invigorating. His discoveries may not be as brilliant, but in the even tenor of his life, he diffuses as he feels, a wholesome degree of moderate joy around him.

Of the sources of man's deterioration or improvement, the imagination is a faculty peculiarly capable of bestowing on him infinite pleasure, or of provoking in him infinite misery.

It can exalt him to the greatest felicity of which he is susceptible, and lower him to the meanest degradation, to which his nature is liable. When properly restrained and directed, decorating every scene with

verdure and strewing luxuriant flowers over the barren wilderness of nature; when indulged to excess, plunging into melancholy, phrenzy, and disquietude. "It is this faculty,* which, unchecked by reflection, produces so many mental alienations and disorders, making weak brains, when powerfully impressed, conceive that their bodies are metamorphosed into various animals, that they are possessed by demons, that they are under the infernal dominion of witchcraft," etc. Two of the sorest maladies, to which the imagination is subject, are the opposite disorders of fickleness and dependency. The former induces a recklessness and contempt of others, which, if indulged in, infallibly superinduce a vacuity of mind and pursuit, and consequent tendency to error. The vagrant fancy spurns the restraints of sober order, and finally, unless the pruning knife of reason be applied, includes in the scope of its mockery and contempt every thing sacred and divine.

But if the imagination possessed with levity, is thus obnoxious to error and disagreeable in its effect:—much greater is the perversion and suffering of that mind, which melancholy corrodes.

The harrassing dreams of superstition, the enervating assaults of reverse, and the phrenzy of religious enthusiasm, all unitedly attack their victim,—and the bustling scenes of active life, the buffetings of the world, and the cravings of necessity alone, can effect his cure. It is an incontestible fact that our life, our occupation, our eminence, in short our whole felicity, essentially depends upon the direction of our thoughts. "As far therefore, as our thoughts are in our power, (and that they are so in a great measure, cannot be doubted,) it is of the utmost importance that they flow in a course subservient to valuable purposes. The human mind is a vast, ample theatre, upon which every thing in human life is acted, good or bad, great or trifling, laudable or base."† When the mind is resigned

*Says Voltaire—V. Philosophical Dictionary. †Reid—Essay IV.

to the influence of fancy, it loses command of its own associations—its efforts tend to the same region of reflection, and in time these creations acquire all the power of settled habits. Distempered ravings are taken for reality, and the mind, weakened by want of the manly pursuits of life, fancies itself in situations diametrically opposite to truth, and wanders into wilder extravagancies, than those of the astronomer,* who imagined himself the regulator of the seasons. A particular train of thought engrosses the mind to the exclusion of others, and it recurs to the delightful picture, (the offspring of hope,) or the gloomy foreboding (the effect of morbid sensibility,) whenever the stern voice of truth reminds of earth, its realities and cares. What was at first indulged in as a recreation, becomes a settled habit, and the dreams of a disordered fancy (in pectore ægro nascuntur domini,) bind us, incapable of resistance, in abject and habitual submission. The “soft enthusiast,” whose imagination, unchecked by judgment, wanders in one continual scene of intellectual democracy requires daily greater excitement and ultimately deadens his capacity by continual and misdirected efforts. Accustomed to contemplate the high wrought scenes of sensibility, he is incapable of mingling in the pursuits of active virtue, incapacitated for the calm enjoyment of life, and with feelings too much excited by a fastidious refinement, to relish aught but the height of bliss, or excess of virtue, which summit of felicity is attainable only for a moment, disgust is the inevitable consequence, and guilt treads in the footsteps of disquiet. That ideal perfection of virtue springs from a mind of morbid sensibility, and with a glorious, though impracticable, theory, he often deserts those plain dictates of honesty, which grosser and less sensitive spirits have universally adhered to. Such are the miseries of an unchecked imagination. But on the contrary, the pleasures of a vigorous and well

*Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*.

directed fancy are at least equal in their effects. "How happy" (says the venerable Reid) "is that mind in which the light of real knowledge dispels the phantoms of superstition; in which the belief and reverence of a perfect, all-governing mind, casts out all fear of doing wrong; in which serenity and cheerfulness, innocence, humanity and candor guard the imagination against every unhallowed intruder, and invite more amiable and worthy thoughts to dwell."

* * * * *

"The man"—says the same author," whose mind is occupied by these quests must be wise: he must be good, and must be happy." The mind cannot be always busy, but must sometimes relax itself from the labor of reflection. The thirst of knowledge cannot always subsist without satiety or weariness, and there is no more bountiful provision, for the recovery of the ardor of enquiry, than the tendency of the mind to fly from the pursuits of life, to combine the discordant sources of happiness, and solace itself in the boundless lot of fancied felicity.

There are few pleasures, unconnected with labor, in which men can indulge without making inroads upon virtue. Few can be at the same time unoccupied and innocent. To extend the sphere of our uncontaminated enjoyments, and ensure a relaxation, which, while it unbends the mind, detracts nothing from the heart, there is perhaps, no surer method than to cultivate the pure wanderings of the fancy. The mind awakens to a new existence, and scenes, before noticed (if at all) with indifference, are gilded by its influence with all the varying hues of beauty, and disclose unnumbered charms, before invisible.*

*But not to the intellect alone do the allies of Imagination afford relief;—but, such is the intimate connection of matter and mind, that whatever affects the one, produces a corresponding influence over the other; and Sir Francis Bacon has ranked them among the most efficient promoters of health.—*Vide Essay on Health.*

“The high born soul
 Disdains to rest her heaven aspiring wing,
 Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
 And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
 Thro’ fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
 Rides on the vollied lightning thro’ the heavens,
 Or yoked with whirl-winds and the northern blast,
 Sweeps the long tract of day.”—AKENSIDE.

To stand amid the works of the wonderful architect as their admiring interpreter:—to look around, not with the unconscious gaze of mere animal sensation:—but to comprehend in their qualities and uses, the thing we behold; the air—the sun-shine—the lightning—the storm—to see all things rising in their order and moving in their harmony:—to stand, as did the first man, call by their names “all things that” pass before us,—is to take one of the noblest and happiest positions on earth, and fittest too for the Lord of this lower creation.

There is no heart so seared by wordly pursuits—no understanding so uncultivated—no bosom so steeled by the grovelling things of earth, as to be incapable, at certain moments, “short though they be, and far between” of enjoying that divine emotion, which steals the soul from the unworthy anxieties of the world and makes it “hold converse with the gods.”

We cannot forbear, at times, to turn with a sickening feeling from the cheerless pursuits of bustling life and the heartless, all-absorbing interest of gain, to refresh the eye with the never-fading verdure of a golden age, and drink the living waters that gush from the fountain of inspiration—perennial Helicon—the sacred retreat of the Muses! The poet is the pioneer of improvement. Before science is advanced and civilization diffused, the productions of the bard are complete—requiring not the aid of learning to paint scenes familiar to his childhood, the characters with whom he had acted, and events in which himself has borne a part. Thus he is the first to offer the fruits of his

genius, and foremost in the career of those arts, destined to polish his uncivilized countrymen. Unaided, at an early age, by learning, the situation of the poet more than compensates this defect. The herald of events passing before him, or of tradition, equally believed—not recalling the sentiments and manners of a remote and obscure age, he requires not the admonition of the critic, to reflect upon the ideas and expressions suited to his characters. The language of feeling flows spontaneously from the movements of his own heart and he has no occasion to copy. Imitation misleads not his judgment, nor fetters his imagination. He delivers sentiments dictated by nature for he has no other preceptor. His sentiments flow as if from inspiration, not invention:—no effort is visible, but he appears hurried on by the moral impulse of instinct. Such is the simple, yet lofty lay of the early bard, enjoying licence denied to the poet of after times.

“Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poetæ;”—the aim of the poet is pleasure and profit united. The former the ostensible and immediate—the latter the indirect, though ultimate, object of his efforts. A poet in name, but a philosopher in effect, pursuing the same end by different means, he veils what would have, otherwise, been harsh and displeasing, in the enticing form and feature of amusement. The one appeals to reason alone, the other more forcibly addresses the judgment, aided by the influence of the passions. The former boldly commences the attack upon the principles—the latter, by a circuitous and skilful delay, first preposses the heart. The one, with the stern voice of truth alone, forces conviction; the other disdains not the assistance of harmonious measure, captivating imagery, and all the tinsel and imagery of fable. The philosopher, bound down to fact, pursues his course in a circumscribed and preordained path:—the poet, with “charter wide as the wild wind” ranges uncontrolled over the expanse of Nature. Fiction (says the father

of criticism) teaches morality, not by dull and sententious maxims—not by reciting historically what Aristides achieved or suffered—but by the unbounded aid of allegory and imitation, more surely effects its purposes. To *poetry* we turn as a relief from jarring interests—the selfish coldness and the heartless caprice of the world. In it we expect the fairest examples of virtue and the noblest deeds of heroism, to cherish loftiness of purpose, and elevate to a kindred magnanimity. We seek it to exalt, not degrade, the dignity of our nature,—to incite to emulation by exhibiting the virtues, not urge to vice, by unrolling the dark scroll of the iniquities of our species. It is the office of the bard, to wean us from our disgust of life—to reconcile us to our fellows—to exalt and reinstate fallen mortality—to fill us with higher hopes and aspirations and call up the master passions of the soul in all their majesty.

Amid all the buffetings of the world and the cold blights of niggard fortune, there is a portion of the human mind (*divinæ particula mentis*) which can call up its own resources;—and, with misfortunes howling around it, can disperse the shadows of besetting care, and create an elysium, equalled only by that, which succeeds the clammy touch of indiscriminating death.

There are moments of hallowed beatitude, when the soul, abstracted from the wants and woes, which pin it down to earth, can wander from the enjoyment of lower pleasures, and mount, with the energy of the kingly eagle, where nought is over it but the clear blue sky, and the light, fleecy clouds which sweep along the horizon. There are moments, in which, though “short and far between,” it shakes off its greater incumbrances, and forgetting awhile the dull reality of life, lives but to ætherial inspirations—it meets the long lost loved ones of childhood,—when it partakes of a nobler nature, and commingles with purer and holier aspirations of an ideal existence.

—————“Thus at length
 Endowed with all that nature can bestow,
 The child of fancy oft in silence bends
 O'er those mixed treasures of his pregnant breast
 With conscious pride.—AKENSIDE, B. III.

There is a creative energy which revels in all the beauty of the landscape—which transforms the “idle desert” of Arabia into the fertile valleys of Languedoc—where the brook winds its murmuring course o'er its pebbly bed, and the rushing torrent thunders impetuous bearing every thing before it; the sunny dell is alive with its humming multitude, and the cloud-capped summit of the frosted mountain frowns in majestic grandeur. At such moments the soul wanders to the blue vault of Heaven, and silently offers up the ejaculation of Akenside:—

—————“Not content
 With every food of life to nourish man
 By kind illusions of the wandering sense,
 Thou mak'st all Nature beauty to his eye,
 Or music to his ear!”



PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

Not to draw too much of our mood and its philosophy, wise or unwise, from the Psalmist—still less to indulge in those stale truisms which make up the burden of complaint in most essays—we are hourly compelled, nevertheless, as an unavoidable result of our experience, to muse upon the vicissitudes, the uncertainties, or, rather, we should say, the too serious *certainities* of life. “Man that is born of woman,” &c. This is the pitch note of all moral meditation, and we say to ourselves, a thousand times a day, with something of the gloomy fatality of Mohammed,—“it is decreed”—sorrow, complaint, misgiving, pain and many regrets,

fill and disfigure each page in the life of man. And if his difficulties be neither oppressive nor positive, the *negative pregnant*, as the lawyers barbarously phrase it, is at hand, and something is always wanting to the completion of his happiness. There is always some step untaken, and which he cannot take, towards his attainment of that vision of promises, that proposed elevation, from which he may look down, with untroubled spirit, upon those clouds and that tempest, with which he may once have struggled, but from the assaults of which, he has made his escape. The ideal is unattainable, and he feels it---the illusion is still such, and not for him, until, the "coming of that perfect day." He learns that 'all is vanity,' and gives up the pursuit. In doing so he either becomes happier or less happy---he certainly does not remain where he was.

But though idle to look and hope for perfect felicity as a condition of the human lot, it is something worse than idle, to yield up to the despondency which comes with this conviction. Though unalloyed bliss belonged not to the angels, it does not follow that unalloyed misery, or misery in any degree, must, unless we so will it, be the destiny of man! We believe---who does not?---that we were intended by the Creator for happiness, as well here as hereafter---in degree, at least, if not unqualifiedly. There can be little doubt that the means of such an acquisition are chiefly in our own hands: still less should there exist a doubt as to the propriety of employing them.

Youth is the season for luxuriant hopes,---triumphant anticipations, and all that gay company of warm desires, and fruitful and flower-invested fancies. These are blighted, baffled, set at nought, and defrauded of their promise, less by the decree---the stern and stubborn fate, than themselves,---than ourselves. Were our views directed aright---did we send our hopes on the proper path, and check their frequent extravagancies, would this be the case? Would our life be

the long lesson of regret, of madness, of misery, that we sometimes find it---that we, almost invariably make it? No---it would not. The *Creator* has been too much the *Creature* of the *Creature*: has been too mindful of man to leave us in doubt as to the fitting answer.

In youth we are too prone to couple our ideas of happiness with dreams of glory, ambition, and the great name,---the attainment of which, we at the same time entirely forget, depends quite as much upon the disposition of our neighbors as upon the doings of ourselves. Apart from this fact, the desire itself is that of the boy-bauble---the gold and the glitter---and---but why speak at all of this strong panting for the breath---the uproar and huzza of the populace!

The ambitious man is the merest slave---and does his drudgery under the lash of a most tyrannical anxiety. Now scourged and now caressed, his existence is always divided, and he alternates between the two extremes of pampering promises, and the deepest prostration. He rises, it is true---but then he falls, as certainly. He wins the fruit perhaps, for which he has been all his life climbing busily, heedless of the thorny branches, which tear and torment him; and like those of the Dead Sea, they turn to ashes on his lips.

Wealth is the key to happiness, in the imaginings of another, and, perhaps, a much larger class. The *auri sacra fumes*, is the true jewel,---the *sine qua non* in the search after the imperial mistress, whose cheeks are flowers of perennial bloom. They overlook another text or more, which the sacred volume furnishes. That melancholy morality---

“Man wants but little here below,
“Nor wants that little long,”

is entirely disregarded---and they go on laying up the grain in mountain masses, unconscious that the worm is all the while making fearful havoc in the granary.

There is another place, in which treasures are to be laid, where, it is said, the worm comes not, and, through the security of which, thieves never break. The instability and insecurity of earthly possessions, is, however, a lesson of human wisdom---common, dull matter-of-fact, daily experience, and needs not holy writ for its enforcement. The same experience would speak of content, if men would hear; but this personage has too little in her appearance that is attractive:---

“She comes too meanly dressed to win our smile,
And calls herself Content; an humble name!—
Our flame is transport, and content our scorn.”

It is not merely the privilege---it is the distinguishing characteristic of man, to look forward into futurity, and consider his actions, in relation,---not only to their immediate, but to their remote consequences. If, therefore, we desire to retain the rights of the rational creature, we must use them in reference to this survey; and take due note of its teachings. This will have a wonderful effect, in taking off the thousand scales which obscure and impair the mental vision. We shall then, possibly, be able to ascertain the genuine from the deceptive, happiness---the substance from the shadow---the chaste from the impure. It sometimes occurs, in matters of reason, as in those of sense, that, what to the superficial examination would seem wise and valuable, a closer inspection makes out to be vain and worthless. To the eye some fruit wear the most delicious semblance, which are sour to the taste; and, in the pursuit of happiness, many have learned with Cowper, to exclaim---

“I have sought thee in splendor and dress
In the regions of pleasure and taste;
I have sought thee and seem'd to possess,
But have found thee a vision at last.”

“Defend me, therefore,” says the same amiable moralist, “from reveries so airy. From the toil of dropping

buckets into empty wells; and growing old in drawing nothing up." Well might he pray in this manner, and yet not touch the subject. Because he was unsuccessful---because he sought for water where water was none---because he was disappointed in his search for flowers in a desert,—we are not to infer the utter and final departure of happiness from the earth. It is not because she is unattainable, that she has not been found; but she is so liable to be mistaken for her neighbours, or rather, they for her, that no one need wonder that thousands perish in the wilderness lamenting that she is as far off as ever. We scarcely concur with the Poet of the 'Task,' who thus gives up the *task*—

"No longer I follow a sound—
No longer a dream I pursue;
Oh, Happiness, not to be found,
Unattainable treasure, adieu!"



THE SAME SUBJECT.

—————"Quod petis hic est,
—————animus si te non deficit æquus."—HORACE.

'There is no subject in Ethics in the investigation of which the efforts of the Philanthropist have been more unceasing, and the instructions of the Philosopher more unwearied, (and less regarded) than the constituent principle of Happiness. There are few authors, however inconsistent it may be with the main design of their works, who can refrain from finding some corner in which they may express sentiments concerning this universal desideratum; and, amid this vast variety of opinion, it may appear superfluous, for one to whom Nature has exercised so little of her wonted liberality, to lift up his voice in the general uproar. But if we estimate the importance of an object by the magnitude of its results, every candid mind will perceive the right,

may obligation, that our "being's end and aim," be thoroughly considered by every rank of intellect. We no sooner arrive at the enjoyment of our senses, and feel ourselves susceptible of pleasure and of pain, than we eagerly strive after felicity in one or other of its different, and totally incompatible forms.

Few, if any, can arrive at that "*altitudo animi*," that calm, unruffled state of mind, which was the peculiar, though not less empty, boast of the Stoics. The human heart can never be rendered inaccessible to the approach of misery. Philosophy in vain plunges it into the stream of wisdom: there will always remain some part (like the vulnerable heel of Achilles) obnoxious to the shafts of disappointment. The disposition of man can never be entirely divested of the prejudices and peculiarities of his nature, or rendered superior to the little troubles and inconveniences of life, and, of consequence, he can never partake of entire sublunary beatitude. But tho' unalloyed bliss belongs not to angels, it would not prove that misery was intended for man; and the desire of attaining it should be infinitely strengthened by the hitherto unexplored, but (to me,) not less evident, truth, that he who is happy on earth, will be happy in heaven. Man as I before intimated, cannot enjoy uninterrupted tranquility, nor be entirely exempt from those crosses and calamities which are the common lot of every one: "*Nemo sine vitiis nascitur. optimus ille est qui minimis urgetur.*" He must counteract those obliquities of temper, and oppose those innate seeds of vice, which must either flourish or die. In the pursuit of happiness there is no error more universal, more injurious or more deceiving than delay. Notwithstanding the instruction of Philosophers, the injunction of reason and the command of Heaven, the spirit of procrastination prevails to a greater or less extent in every human breast. Few live so as to give themselves reasonable satisfaction, but all intend to reform at some future period. The gay votaries of fashion who use

life as a holiday, which they have only to enjoy, indulge a distant thought of using time for some valuable end. The sensualist, absorbed in the gratification of his passions, has likewise some vague idea of living as a rational being. The robber, too, in his moments of retirement, feels some slight sense of hitherto neglected virtue, and entertains some remote thought of reformation. But it is in their moments of reflection only, and the slight impression passes away as the breeze, which leaves no trace on the bosom of the deep. They continue delaying their schemes of reformation, and indulging their propensities, until *in pectore ægro nascuntur domini*—their passions play the tyrant in their breasts, from long habit they become incurable, and the wretched victims sink into the most disgraceful inactivity. “He (says Martial) who has not courage to live well to-day, will be less qualified to do so to-morrow.” “Next day the fatal precedent will plead,” and day after day, and year after year, the same destructive course will be pursued. But how easily might this evil be avoided? How many hours of sad contrition might man escape by checking his passions before they acquire strength. All acknowledge the truth of this maxim, *“venienti occurete morbo;”* they are ready, nay it is impossible to prevent them, to guard against the approach of disease, poverty, or any thing that may lessen their pleasure in life; but how few look to their future welfare; how few regard this transitory scene, or cast a thought beyond their present state! Follow but the injunction *“obsta principiis”* and you will be free from every dangerous crime. Unaided by the authority of Scripture, who can doubt that as “one spark can fire a city,” so will one vice inflame a thousand? As self evident as, that every thing must have a beginning, is the fact that if the foundation is overthrown the superstructure can never advance.

No one is so ignorant as not to know what is right, but all require frequent admonition, else, disused to the

voice of virtue, we forget an obligation which we all universally acknowledge. We wander from the right path, and are influenced by the voice of the multitude. Our pleasures are bounded by the present, we look not forward to futurity, and appear to forget that we are to battle an "eternal night."

Nothing is more destructive to real and solid content, than the visionary creations of enthusiastic childhood. The wild sketches of youth may for a while amuse, but cannot satisfy. In the fairy moments of imagination we look forward with rapture upon a gilded landscape. We regale our eyes with the most beautiful flowers, heedless of the thorns which lurk beneath them. We cherish luxuriant hopes, which are inevitably blasted by dull reality. But were our views directed aright, we should not be thus obnoxious to disappointment. We often connect with our ideas of happiness, the gay but empty tinsel of the car of fame. We remember not that transient is the vision of terrestrial greatness; the "*palma nobilis*," etc. fires our enthusiastic spirits, and we eagerly strive after the "whistling of a name." Wealth, too, finds its thousand votaries, who, the dictates of Reason, of Nature, and of God to the contrary notwithstanding, place their whole enjoyment in this "*summum bonum*" of society. Disregarding the wants of their fellow mortals, heedless of the rewards of futurity, absorbed in love of riches, they live in continual apprehension, and are unable to enjoy that of which they are in constant dread of being deprived.—But far, the greater portion of mankind are acknowledged proselytes of pleasure. Pleasures, of one sort or other—all having the name, few the essentials. All highly valued, and all, more or less worthless, to all—a truth of early realization. Thus in the pursuit of happiness, many, allured by the fanciful delights of worldly pleasures are forced in their bitter moments to exclaim "It is all barren!" We see many apparently happy, whose countenances glisten with pretended joy, but

could we penetrate their hearts we would see nought but blighted hopes, corroding care and undermining solicitude. What then constitutes felicity? The longer we reflect the firmer will be our conviction that "virtue is man's highest interest." What are the pleasures of the sensualist! The momentary gratification of a bestial appetite and a never dying flame consuming his body. He drowns reflection for a while, but substitutes a thorn which forever rankles in his bosom. He banishes remembrance of his folly in oblivious wine, but gains for his ultimate portion disease, anxiety and universal scorn. And what is the boasted felicity of the unprincipled voluptuary?

The seducer of innocence, the cries of the injured haunt forever his imagination. The summit of enjoyment scarcely attained, happiness dies on the altar so lately erected. Reflection brings satiety, and, after the wild delirium of passion past, nought remains but the gloomy truth that misplaced confidence and undeserved affection have fallen irrevocably beneath his ruffian grasp. What is the result of malice, revenge and envy? Do they not invariably produce similar feelings against those who cherish them, and disquiet, despair and the distrust of all? The fears of the impious attend them through life; the dread of just retribution, the consciousness of crime, and the horror of death embitters all their enjoyment. Gloomy, unfeeling and morose they know not the tranquil joys of life, but drag out a miserable existence in continual apprehension. And on the contrary, what are the bright glories of religion? cleansing the moral atmosphere, they open the mind to the pleasures of nature, of benevolence and of cheerfulness. At peace with the world, and looking with serenity upon the inevitable grave, they exult in anticipated felicity; and sure of ultimate enjoyment in the delights of paradise, life glides on like the clear current of a limpid stream, with not a clog to ruffle its surface, or stain to disfigure its purity. It is not then

because happiness is unattainable, that so many are unhappy. To enjoy life we must wish for those pleasures only, which result from the exercise of reason and virtue. "Non omnia possumus omnes;" all cannot be distinguished professional or mechanical characters, but all may be good and happy. Let not the cavils of the sceptical—the scorn of the vitiated, or the despair of the miserable transport us from our real interest, and convince us that man was born for misery. Felicity is well worth the search, and whoever unhesitatingly directs his efforts aright will surely find it; be the issue what it may he will have the satisfaction of failing when to succeed was impossible. But there is no danger of failure. Within ourselves is placed the power and upon us it depends to employ it. It is peculiar to no clime, it is indigenous to no people.

It may be found in cities abounding in men;—it may be found in the icy regions of Kamschatka, and in the scorching heats of Lybia; in the fertile vallies of Languedoc, and the "idle desert" of Arabia.



JEREMY BENTHAM AND THE UTILITARIANS.

A leading article in one of the late numbers of the Southern Review, is devoted to a strict consideration of the heartless system of that great modern reformer, Jeremy Bentham; the author of which takes ground in this survey, from which the followers of Rochefoucault, Godwin and Mandeville, will find it difficult to dislodge him. By a thorough acquaintance with the human heart and irresistible appeals to the deep-buried springs of feeling, he proves, beyond a rational doubt, that moral approbation is part of our natural constitution, and that we can with no more truth deny its existence, than that of the laws by which the revolution of the earth is

governed. We can as easily doubt the operation of contrary tendencies, centripetal and centrifugal, in the solar system, as that innate law, which attaches our approbation to virtue, and withdraws it from vice.

We would willingly give an analysis of this beautiful essay—which should be in every student's hand—but must be contented for the present with a mere reference—vide pages 286–290–293–296—where the tottering and incongruous fabric of utility is shaken to its foundation. To the masterly illustrations of our reviewer we will add our own general opinion, forming a skeleton view of the subject, not, perhaps, inconsistent with his deductions.

Philosophy is the knowledge of ourselves, and the great maxim of Solon constitutes its strict and proper boundary. That it may, in a lax and general sense be defined, the basis of all science, and, indeed, of every thing in which reason takes part, is too well understood here to be insisted upon; but its first essential and ultimate end and aim is the distinction between moral good and evil—the doctrine of the human heart. It teaches man to investigate, understand and improve his faculties—to be guided by, what Cicero calls the perfection of nature, the *recta ratio*—to combat error, prejudice and education with the touchstone of reason, and in every manner extend the sphere of our intellectual enjoyments. It leads him to scrutinize the peculiarities, motives and propensities of his nature; to apply to each its separate guide, foil and restraint, and press on in the undeviating path of rectitude to that “*altitudo animi*,” which constitutes the true dignity, character and happiness of intellectual man.

We have often thought that most of the disputes which agitate the world were occasioned merely by a diversity of opinion as regards terms, and that men often arrive at different conclusions because of this misunderstanding. In those sciences which are founded upon universally accepted truths, and which exclude

fallacious sophistry, and bewildering transcendentalisms, we perceive but inconsiderable dispute; and we are inclined to believe that it would not a little conduce to solve difficulties, dispel ambiguities, and bring our discussions to an issue, if, in place of an endless and perplexing logomachy, we were to substitute a few perspicuous and authenticated definitions as the basis of our investigation. "And lastly" (says Bacon,) "let us consider the false appearances that are imposed upon us by words, which are framed and applied according to the conceit and capacities of the vulgar sort; and although we think we govern our words and prescribe it well—" *Loquendum ut vulgus, sentiendum ut sapientes*;" yet certain it is that words, as a Tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest, and mightily entangle and pervert the judgment. So it is almost necessary in all controversies and disputations to imitate the wisdom of the mathematicians in setting down in the very beginning, the definitions of our words and terms, that others may know how we accept and understand them, and whether they concur with us or no. For it cometh to pass for want of this, that we are sure to end where we ought to have begun, which is in questions and differences about words." If further corroboration of our opinion be required, we can give it from (if possible,) still more illustrious authority. I "am apt to imagine" (says Locke,) "that, were the imperfections of language, as the instrument of knowledge, more thoroughly weighed, a great many of the controversies that make such a noise in the world, would of themselves cease; and the way to knowledge, and perhaps peace too, lie a great deal opener than it does." Men disputing upon points misconceived through ambiguity of terms, or perhaps (in fact) diametrically opposite, will inevitably arrive at different conclusions;—but direct them to the same end—concentrate their efforts in a single focus—direct their powers exclusively to one and the same conclusion, and leave them no sub-

terfuge in terms—without any advocate but truth—and the long-sought for goal will inevitably be gained on one hand, and conceded on the other. **THE MORAL SENSE** accordingly, has been defined, the approbation or blame awarded to us, by our hearts, as an action accords with, or deviates from the line of rectitude previously determined by the aid of reason. To this definition then, we shall strictly confine our strictures, as being the idea we have conceived of the point in question, and which alone we purpose to establish. That the mind does regard certain actions with approbation and others with abhorrence, we have met with none sufficiently hardy to deny; but the feeling is ascribed to causes alien to the original constitution of our nature, and upon this point hangs the whole dispute.

In the investigation following, we purpose to establish the following positions:

That an approbation of right, and detestation of wrong, are totally distinct from reason (as their source;) and, consequently, that the moral sense cannot spring from education, habit, utility—or any term, whatsoever, that may be used to denote those that are commonly called the intellectual affections.

That the love of virtue does not take its source in selfishness, or a view to our immediate or remote advantage.

That it is a principle implanted in man from his primeval formation, and can never be eradicated but by the most abandoned course of villainy.

Man, though the lowest link in the chain of intelligent being, presumes to arrogate to himself knowledge possessed by Deity alone, and to shape his obedience to the dictates of divine will by his own feeble notions of expediency. Reason has been triumphantly pronounced as the arbiter of our moral sentiments and the sole cause of the approbation which certain actions produce in the mind. That reason aids our moral sentiments by enabling us to discover the relation of

things, and the probable consequences of our actions, and thus indirectly influences our feelings, we are by no means inclined to deny. But it only presents objects of love and hatred to a principle of love and hatred previously implanted in our system. To illustrate our proposition by a simile (which we have somewhere seen;) like a telescope, it shows us what was too distant to come within the sphere of our vision; but it does not alter vision itself. The best telescope could give no aid to the blind. If utility be the measure of virtue, it must be clearly and unerringly developed in the eyes of the agent and of him who approves the action in another. Can this be the case? Can we see through the consequence of our deeds? If the ultimate tendency of an action, through all its various windings to its final effect, be not necessary; and if it be asserted that a firm conviction of expediency on the part of the individual, constitutes a safe and sufficient criterion, it needs no eagle ken to discern—it requires no prophet's inspiration to foresee—it is the plain dictate of common sense,—that the rules of right will be as various and discordant, as the form and features of those who adopt them. Even philosophers, earnest in their pursuit after truth, have differed in the tendency and consequent propriety of certain deviations from the strict line of rectitude. And can we suppose that the mass of mankind, immersed in their pleasures, will hesitate to avail themselves of this appeal to erring reason, and (imperceptibly controlled by their passions) persuade themselves of the perfect propriety of a course diametrically opposed to nature and utility! Will an action performed with a view to utility by one man, be viewed with approbation by another? Are not the notions of mankind as various as their persons? Thus every one will create morality for himself, and the end of the scene, will be its almost entire abolition from society. Does the mother, who hazards death to save her sickly infant from the venom of the serpent, contemplate for a

moment, before or during the act, the probable advantage to accrue to society by the preservation of her child?

“Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus,
Ridetque si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat.”—HORACE.

“The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors;
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search,
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.”—AD. CATO.

Do we in the generous enthusiasm, with which we regard a noble action, check the pleasing sympathy to inquire if some collateral evil may not ensue? If utility be the occasion of our applause, would not the harmonious operations of our nature (distinct from their beneficent author) be dignified with the epithet virtuous?—Would we not feel the same towards the daily revolution of the sun, as we do to the disinterested devotion of the immortal Hampden, the intrepid resistance of our revolutionists, or the dying faith of the tortured martyr? Who ever compared the emotions arising from the contemplation of the benefits of the press, with those excited by the character of a Cato, an Addison, a Melancthon, a Fenelon, or a Washington? “A benevolent man and a steam engine, may be both instrumental to the happiness of society; and the quantity of happiness produced by the unconscious machine may be greater, perhaps, than that produced by the living agent; but there is no imaginary increase or diminution of the utility of the one and of the other that can make the feelings with which we view them shadow into each other or correspond in any point of the scale.” (Brown, vol. iii.) If our opponent rejoin (as unsophisticated feeling prompts) that it is to *utility* in the actions of *moral agents*, alone to which appro-

bation is annexed, they concede the points—they admit that mere usefulness is insufficient to win our applause and esteem, and that there must be united a capacity (or propensity) peculiar to voluntary moral beings.

An individual, prompted by his passions to pursue a certain line of conduct, makes reason the arbiter, and finds it inconsistent with an established moral rule.—If he check his propensity and obey reason, and there is no internal reward—no approbation of the “*mens sibi conscia recti*”—where are we to find an inducement sufficiently strong to overcome on another occasion the impetuosity of his desires, and persuade him to a conformity to acknowledged obligation? There must be some controlling voice, when we obey, and some warning monitor, when we deviate from the observance of known duty. Otherwise has man been cast upon the world by his Creator, prone to error—the sport of adventitious circumstances, guided by his appetites, and with no stamp of divine impress, no signet of providence to warn his erring nature from vice, and counteract the seeds of depravity, which all possess, and which must either flourish or die? We trust, that we have sufficiently shaken the tottering, incongruous fabric of utility, to convince every candid mind of its utter rottenness. We will, ere we dismiss this division of our subject, offer one illustration further (derived from the able professor of Metaphysics in South-Carolina College) which will, we trust, carry instantaneous conviction to every wavering mind. If reason be the true source of the moral emotion—if its strength be derived from reflection—if utility be its monitor, let us apply the theory, and nature will indignantly respond in our favor. A benefactor from whom we draw every thing—even existence, itself, is in urgent want of our assistance to sustain life: beside him, struggling in the jaws of death, is a much more important individual. If reason is to adjust the scale and declare the issue—the

benefactor, the father, is declared the more insignificant member; the other, to whom we owe nothing, (save the universal milk of human kindness,) is the more useful citizen; and thus utility commands us to desert the expiring parent and fly to the rescue of the stranger? But does passive nature obey the mandate? Is the mind vacant to the unfeeling calculation? Or does she not spurn the narrow counsel, and obey the authority of a mightier dictate?

“Were all men” (says a beautiful writer, commenting, we think, too mildly on the consequences of this system) “to measure their actions by utility, that variety of sentiments and passions, which at present renders human society so interesting; and like a happy combination of notes in music produces an enchanting harmony, must be reduced to the dull monotony of one tranquil sentiment. Every man, it is true, would meet his neighbor, with the mild aspect of calm Philosophy, and with the placid smile of perfect benevolence; but no eye must be seen sparkling with rapture, or melting with tenderness; no tongue must utter words of kindness which have not first been exactly measured in the scale of universal benevolence.” Reason and feeling, then, are manifestly at variance. If we be the arbiter between these opponents, the election will be quickly made in favor of the latter, as original and always the same against the former, which is frequently clouded by artifice, obscured by sophistry, and shackled by the demon, lucre. Whence arises the immeasurable difference between the morality of the ancient poets and philosophers? The former we find pure and undefiled by sophistry; the latter tainted with prejudice, infected with love of gain—deserting the imperishable *to Kalon*, for the miserable, transient policy of the *to prepon*. The cause is obvious; in poetry, the offspring of feeling—virtue flows warm and undefiled from the fountain of the heart; in philosophy men strive, “non sibi res, sed sese rebus aptare.” It is its futile boast to

dive into the boundless arcana of nature, and in its dubious search, it adopts opinions upon mere speculation, without reference to facts. Frail reason then, so obnoxious to error, so seldom the test of truth—"a bubble's gleam amid the boundless main," is not the criterion we adopt. We refer to ourselves, and where we find opinion universal in favor of nature we hesitate not to admit her decree.

LITERARY AND CRITICAL.

CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

“—Res antiquæ laudis et artis

“Ingredior sanctos ausus recludere fontes.”

VIRGIL, *Geor.* 2 v. 174.

There has been no period of the world—so far as our Histories have made us familiar with its existence,—so earnest in its exertions, so untiring in its efforts, so various in its objects, and so confident of success in their pursuit, as the Nineteenth Century. Ours; is truly. an extraordinary era. It looks back upon, and asserts proudly its superiority over the past. It strains its vision through the dim vista of the future, and is compelled to predict, that it too, will in turn, be surpassed. Proud in its strength, it is still discriminating in its exultation—conscious of its acquirements, it is not ignorant of the mighty vast yet to be acquired, and hitherto entirely unexplored. Never has the voice of reformation been so clear, so strong, so encouraging—never the spirit of enterprise and enquiry, so alive and active. Every stride taken by our age is one of improvement—of enlightened views—of diffusive intelligence. Knowledge—whether Moral, Political or Literary—is not now confined to one or a few favored nations.—Science, no longer shut up in the monastery, has uncowed her head, and waking from her “slumber of ages” has gone abroad on the mighty wing of her own energies, conquering and to conquer. Truth is awake, busy in unscaling the vision of human nature, and freeing its limbs from the shackles of antiquated institutions.

Hence, aided by the unfettered intercourse which prevails, arises the reciprocal influence, which nations exert upon one another. No incident of moderate interest can occur in the most insulated hamlet, without finding its way, with a rapidity almost incredible even now, into every portion of Christendom. Example provokes imitation and rival achievement incites to adventure and emulation—superior happiness or prosperity, occasions invigorated and close inquiry, which is not allowed to cease, while the object of desire is unattained. In all this we trace the progress of that mightiest of agencies known to our condition—the sleepless intellect—the soaring mind. The empire of reason has been extended from the contracted boundary of a Goshen, to the widest extent of human civilization.—The *aristocracy* of talent is gradually expanding into a *republic*—no longer swayed by an autocrat, but guided and governed by a band of legislators, equally interested with those for whom they provide, in its just government.

Such are the favorable aspects, which at a first glance the age puts on to the eye. These features, however, have their irregularities and defects; and we are constrained, while lauding the enterprise of our era, and condemning that dissonant and senseless outcry against innovation so frequent in the mouths of those wedded to old errors—to regret that extravagance has mingled with endeavour, and a senseless and sounding declamation, concerning and in behalf of an unreal and indefinable optimism, has silenced, in some respects, the arguments and exhortations of sober and calculating truth. While admitting with Locke, that “we are born with faculties capable of almost any thing”—that our minds are susceptible of incredible expansion, and possess an elastic power equal to heights, hitherto unattempted, we must still insist that there is much that we may not know, and difficulties that may not be overcome.—There are limits to the most excursive intellect, and

utterly vain, therefore, is all the cant and declamation which we hear, about progressive and endless improvement and future perfectibility. The world exists, not for the past or for the future, but for the present; and he who seeks that life may be made available, nor utterly consumed and wasted in profitless speculations, should legislate and think for the living, misled by no dreaming fancies of ideal infallibility. We should not thus dwell upon this misplaced exertion—and, did they not impair the proper labours of others, should leave these dreamers to the quiet of their own Utopia. Not satisfied, however, with working to the injury, alike, of the present and the future, these Philosophers of a golden age yet to come, have mingled with their fancies, denunciations as bitter as unfounded, of the achievements of the past. Not content with the assumed privilege of erecting a fanciful system for after times, they must raze and overthrow all the fine structures left us by preceding ages. To this propensity of our day—this overweening spirit of reformation—is to be attributed the ungracious effort, so frequently of late made, to depreciate and diminish the value of those arts, and that literature, left us by our great progenitors and benefactors—the ancients. Our faith is high, however, and remains unshaken; and, though reluctantly, we oppose the irreverent and rash spirit of the age, with the hope that the cause we espouse, be not identified with the feebleness or deficiency of the advocate.

When an eminent jurist of the day assumes the task of decrying the ancients, making the notable discovery that Homer is superficial, Virgil a plagiarist, Demosthenes a brawler, and Cicero only a spurious rhetorician—though backed by the carping of Zoilus, and the witty absurdities of Mons. Perrault,—he proves himself too far behind the time, by a couple of thousand years. The capacities of such writers, stamped by the almost universal applause of the world, rest upon a foundation too firm to be very readily over-

thrown by such assailants. The public taste has long since passed the sentence which after ages have all delighted to confirm and sanction; and he who would boldly undertake a change on this matter, must first enter upon the somewhat difficult labor of remodelling, not sciences, nor arts, nor language, but human nature itself.*

The study of what is left us of ancient lore—large and yet limited as it is,—has been, and always must be esteemed an essential part of modern education, and the acquisition of its stores, the ultimatum of successful mental inquiry. Nor has the value of the pursuit, or the accomplishment of its object, been too highly estimated. Its utility, however, can be fully appreciated only by those who have experienced its influence. It may, indeed, excite the surprise of ignorance, paying veneration to what is incomprehensible, or the splenetic sneers of envy, affecting to despise what it will not seek to acquire and does not understand.† There is a mu-

*The battle between the Ancients and Moderns (laying aside the early contention between the pupil of the irritable Polycrates, aptly styled "The Rhetorical Dog," and his opponent Vitruvius; and the more recent trial of strength between Sir W. Temple, Swift, Boileau and Mad. Dacier on the one hand, and Wotton, Voltaire and Perrault on the other, has been lately brought (as we think) to a decisive result by the united action of Messrs. Adams, Read, and the redoubted champion of the Southern Review, Mr. Grimke. In justice to the beautiful (though as we believe, visionary) speculations of the latter individual, we must admit, that if any thing could give success to his mistaken (though philanthropic) views, his eloquent and acute enforcement of them is well calculated to command it.

—————' Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.'—VIRGIL.

†We have frequently heard well-meaning men assert that the Pagan Mythology, and the loose fables accompanying it, tended to seduce the understanding and corrupt the heart; but have, always, placed the objection to its proper account, passing it by as unworthy of serious refutation. The point has however, been forced upon our notice, by the disclosure of the same opinion from more responsible sources. That the idolatrous fables of the Olympian and his fellow divinities (which no enlightened ancient believed, or used for any purpose, save to impose upon the infatuated mob) should militate against the true belief, is an apprehension so childish, that we can scarcely credit, (save from evidence indubitable) that it could ever have been seriously indulged. We can liken it to nothing, but the infinitely ridiculous dread of Jean Jacques Rousseau against the unholy influence of fables on the infant mind. We do not deny, that passages (and many too) of immoral tendency pervade the writers of antiquity; we regret the fact, and by no means intend to

that connection and dependance between the sciences; and the improvements which are made in one branch of human knowledge, necessarily shed light upon another—always furnish us with increased incentives to inquiry, and often illuminate a new path of investigation which leads to the most important results. We are far from advocating a promiscuous course of application. To limit the immediate sphere of our efforts—to chain down the mind to the subject matter before it—to cling sedulously, and only, to our peculiar occupation, is the only certain security for success and distinction. It is however, by no means at variance with the most devoted assiduity, to pursue the various labours of science, and acquire a general knowledge of life and letters, whereby the mind becomes expanded, and is in this way preserved from the contraction it would necessarily undergo, from any one exclusive pursuit.* But even were it otherwise—admitting that the time bestowed upon the classics *did* (as it certainly does not) detract from professional eminence or emolument—who is there, who would estimate the value of enlarged intellectual vision by a degrading comparison with the *plus* and *minus* of worldly and pecuniary advantages?

defend the practice. But we disclaim the visionary scheme of rejecting all that may be tinctured with evil. But to meet the objection more openly, we do not hesitate to say, that in every species of writing, which corrupts the principles, by appealing to the sensual passions, and charming the voluptuous imagination, THE MODERNS have far exceeded their forefathers. A sagacious writer (TEMPLE) has compared ancient indelicacy to a naked child, modern to a robed courtesan. We do not agree with him in the points of his likeness, though we coincide in our conclusions. Ancient indelicacy is of so gross, unblushing, a character, that its effect is considerably lessened by the disgust, which it produces in every mind, not utterly seared by depravity; whereas their successors, have artfully enveloped their filth with an engaging exterior, and more efficaciously, enticed to vice, by the semblance of purity. We will not exemplify our opinion, certain that instances, corroborating our assertion, will readily occur to every mind.

“There is no profession or pursuit, which has not habits peculiar to itself; and which does not leave some powers of the mind dormant,” &c. *Stewart's Elements*, vol. 1, p. 20–21. The whole passage is so appropriate to our purpose, that, did our limits permit, we would willingly transcribe it at large. In another place this beautiful writer so markedly coincides with us in the opinion we have advanced, that we cannot forbear adducing the sanction of his name; tho’ we must here, also be content with a simple reference.

The end of all tuition, is, to employ the language of the inspired Venusian—“*facere et servare beatos*”—“to make men happy and to keep them so.” It is not the aim of the enlightened intellect to become a lawyer, or a divine or physician, for the mere purpose of gain, but to exalt the understanding, to extend the sphere of usefulness and enjoyment—to give a wider field of survey to the free vision, and in every variety of way, to multiply the sources of all legitimate pleasures:

The first advantage, accruing from the pursuit of classical learning, is the mental method and discipline which it produces, and the acute and enlarged tone of mind which it awakens and engenders. To analyze the syntactical construction and elucidate the idea of an author—thence, in the perusal of the highest order of writers, to trace an allusion, and decide upon and determine its fitness—display and illustrate its propriety, or point out its defects—to pursue the bearings and ascertain the accuracy of a metaphor—to trace the analogy of languages—their peculiar excellencies and defects, and by an accurate comparison and contrast of leading and different writers, determine, not their comparative merits, simply, and the gradual advancement of literature, but those true standards, by which all who come after are to be guided and restrained: these all fall within the control and scope, and their consideration make up the offices and advantages of the classical education. That the memory—a faculty beyond all others dependant upon its own exercise and frequent practice, is in great measure created; and undoubtedly strengthened, by the repetitions necessary in the acquisition of a language, admits neither of denial or dispute. Imagination, the offspring of accumulated ideas, tastefully arranged, is peculiarly indebted for many of her choicest stores to the lore of ancient times, not readily obtained elsewhere—and the guide for the skilful combination of which (a faculty not less essential than the material itself,) she also owes to the

same prolific source. Our taste is a faculty susceptible of almost infinite improvement, and the perusal of the polished models of composition, transmitted by the scholars of antiquity, established those accurate standards of judgment—that unerring criticism for the proper perception of beauties, which cannot, through any other medium be obtained, and which cannot readily be lost or forgotten. The acquisition of the classics is the best—nay, the only sure foundation, for the study of the modern languages. An acquaintance with one grammar immeasurably facilitates our acquaintance with another. What theory would induce us to recognize as the fact, actual experiment has demonstrated to be true; and the student who has once mastered Greek and Latin, progresses in all the languages of modern Europe, with an ease and rapidity, which one, devoid of these advantages, in vain labours to rival. We pass by the minor point, that, to the mere English scholar, innumerable terms of science, the correct knowledge of which is almost essential to the acquisition of an art, must remain either wholly unintelligible or but partially understood:—and the fact; which, however important, need not here be dwelt upon, that learning has flourished in different countries only as classical science has been cultivated, would of itself be conclusive on the subject, were other arguments wanting. But not only are the terms of science unintelligible without a knowledge of the classics—but even in works intended merely for the amusement of the lighter mood and moment, occur numberless effusions, maxims, figures and fables, equally obscure and mysterious, wanting in this talisman. From this fruitful source, the writer derives his richest treasures of illustration and embellishment; and if the reader cannot follow him in his flights, the pleasure, and with it the profit, is lost. We put the question strongly. Let a reader, who is acquainted with his vernacular tongue alone, approach the literary models of his own country, and, we hesitate not to say,

that he will find them so interwoven with classic lore—so entirely the growth of ancient institutions, and so imbedded with their history, customs, etc. as to be unintelligible, or, at least, lose half their value, to one not deeply imbued with the spirit of antiquity. In proof of our assertion, we point to the witty page of Cowley, the learned text of Milton, and the lofty strains of Grey; to the wild luxuriance of Dryden, the pregnant verse of Pope, and the playful humor of Cowper. It has been averred, that the Ancients, in their best sketches of the most animating scenes, dwell too much upon the surface, without penetrating into the real and final source of our emotions—that they portray a picture, graphic indeed, and producing a striking effect upon canvass, but fail to fathom the recesses of the heart, and arouse its deepest and loftiest feelings. From even our limited acquaintance with the great authors of antiquity, and our consciousness of their deep-toned energy, we unhesitatingly deny the assertion. To one, indeed, enamoured of the dreamy mysticism of modern “appeals to the heart,” and the eternal cant about “Human Nature” in most ostensible speculations into the mind, we believe it may appear the fact. But to us, who estimate the power of a writer, by the imperceptible sway he exercises over our sympathies, and who deem it the height of art, to conceal effort, this apparent superficialness is the surest evidence of a thorough intimacy with the deep buried springs of feeling. To show, beyond contradiction, the utter futility of this objection, we need only appeal to the examples of ANCIENT ELOQUENCE, woven in the loom of that celestial deity, whose smiles to the modern would have been but partial and transient. If there be any art, which requires a rigid analysis of the passions and prejudices of mankind, and a thorough insight into human character, it is undoubtedly that persuasive talent whose object it is to enlist the passions and win over the heart, even when the understanding remains unmoved. It has been

affirmed by the purest of English writers,* that every intrinsic beauty, in the authors of one tongue, can be transferred uninjured to another. That the reverse is perhaps, more consistent with facts—that much of the original freshness and gloss of a literary model depends upon idiomatic expression, adaptation of language to subject or other circumstances, which imitation (still less translation) cannot copy—has been fully demonstrated by experience. Relying, however, on this flimsy† rule, and regardless of facts, these self-panegyrists assert, that those dreams of poetical feeling, which “brighten and brighten, as time steals away,” and those inimitable *exhortations*‡ which chained Senates in applause, may be, with all their attendant impressive energy, transferred to our vernacular tongue. “True” says Judge Story, they may, as one remembers the face of a dead friend, by gathering up the broken fragments of his image:—as one listens to a dream twice told:—as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of the rivulet:—as one sees the blaze of noon, in the first glimmer of twilight.”

It is all in vain that modern daring, and ill-advised innovation would depreciate and decry these ancient schools—these mighty lessoners. The monuments of these, themselves undying monarchs, stand, like the “rock of ages,” unmoved and immoveable!—defying

*Addison.—Spectator—On Wit. So thinks Addison—not so we. We are disposed rather to think with the witticism of one of the moderns, that “every thing suffers by translation except a Bishop.”

†I think it is now pretty generally conceded, that Addison, however deservedly celebrated for his chaste, simple, and elegant style, is (save in a few instances, as his *Essays on Imagination* and his notes on *Ovid*) deplorably deficient in vigor and originality; (always excepting his delicate and purely attic humor, which is peculiarly his own)—and that his best observations are mere transcripts, which he has embellished and set in new lights (thereby, it is true, giving them their value) by his inimitable and enticing decorations.

‡We have ever been of opinion, that such is the character of ancient Oration, and that the Greeks and Romans either possessed not (in their Oratorical department) our close, subdued, though calmly persuasive style of speaking; or that (with many of their richest treasures) oblivion has shaded it with his mantle.

alike the ravages of time, the neglect of society, and the sneers and assaults of that yet more ungracious class, who having drawn their nutriment from her breast would now deny their beneficent mother. We are thoroughly convinced, that, to the study of the ancients is to be attributed whatever of polish and accuracy has been acquired by modern languages. By the perusal of classical models,—referring to them as standards and endeavoring to imitate their beauties—a portion of the regularity and vigorous terseness of their style, has been transferred into the dialects of modern Europe.*

There is no country in the old world—the land to which we are bound by the double tie of consanguinity and gratitude, to which we owe our arts, our civilization and literature—there is no shore from the bleak North to the sunny South—from the Hyperborean with its endless snows—to the smiling plains of Italy, where “the whole year in gay confusion lies”—whose literature has not sprung up, flourished and been fostered and matured by the all-pervading spirit of the ancients. This single fact superior to all human speculations concerning the possible advance of mind, stands, like the rock of the Anchorite, in the sacred waters of the Ganges,† baffling every effort for its removal.‡

*It cannot escape the notice of the most superficial observer, that of late, our language has degenerated from its former strength and almost Attic simplicity, into diffuseness, tinsel, and meretricious ornament. That, to its philosophical irregularity has succeeded uncontrolled innovation, and that there can scarcely be found an anomaly, which has not been introduced by writers of the last half century. It is the self-evident dictate of the most ordinary observation, that this result can be traced to the neglect which the pure models of Antiquity have sustained in public estimation.

†Vide Sketches of India by a British officer.

‡To be convinced that the ancient models of writing are disregarded or forgotten, we need only turn to the Novels, Essays and Reviews of the day, the productions too of men of no ordinary capacity. To answer the popular call for novelty, our writers are stimulated to sacrifice simple diction, to intense and abrupt phraseology; correct and chastened thought, to bold and daring sentiment, and cautious and mature composition, and laborious correction, to hasty and unequal efforts—resigning future fame for present notoriety and profit. To this all absorbing thirst after public favor, which hurries our authors to

It is not for mere pictures, to amuse the imagination and interest the feelings, that we refer to the ancients as the great masters of the heart. If, besides charming the fancy and taking captive the passions, they inspire a taste for true glory, strengthen the sentiments of virtue, discipline the understanding, and fit us for intercourse with our fellows, who will, for a moment, deny their extensive utility? What can more conduce to the ends enumerated, than the series of great actions in every species of heroism, every department of life, every trial, toil and difficulty, which brighten each page of the historian, and add an additional lustre to the lofty sentiments of the poet? Who, when he reads of the noble disinterestedness of Cincinnatus, the generous contempt of wealth of Emilianus, and the heroic self-denial of Scipio, does not imbibe a taste for solid glory, and real greatness, distinct from the fleeting brilliancy of worldly splendor? Who, on perusing the lofty response of the Roman matron, (Cornelia) who, when requested to display her jewels, exclaimed, pointing to the noble sons of a generous sire, (Scipio) *Eu! hæc ornamenta mea sunt!*—does not, with emulation, hope that the mothers of his country may have similar cause for triumph? Who fails to make resolutions of perseverance in the path of undisguised virtue, when he reads the inimitable panegyric of Sallust upon Cato, *essè quam videri malebat bonus*; or to renew his exertions in the cause of philanthropy, animated by the upbraiding self-reproach of the benevolent Titus? What bosom does not thrill with the loftiest patriotism, in contemplating the heroic, stubborn self-devotion of the Roman Patriot, the invicta mens Catonis? And whose heart does not bleed with sympathy,—whose

surpass, in the rapidity of their productions, even the avidity of their readers to peruse their works, we attribute (what to us, appears to be) the fate of by far the greater part of the innumerable works of the day—viz—temporary fame—final oblivion. How many of the volumes, under which the press daily groans, will be referred to, as standards of taste, style, or sentiment, in the 20th century?

courage is not steeled in defence of his country—when viewing the mournful, though, instructive spectacle of

A great man, struggling with the storms of fate,
And nobly falling, with a falling state?

But why multiply instances? Every page teems with instruction, every sentiment inculcates virtue, every character warns us from error, or incites to generous rivalry, in the cause of mankind!

Yes! in that generous cause forever strong,
The Patriot's virtue and the Poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world unconscious of decay.

But not in literature* alone, do we acknowledge ourselves indebted and bow to the superiority of the ancients. We are still forced to gaze, with despairing admiration, on the animated forms depicted by the pencil of Apelles, the living groups, wrought by the creative chisel of Praxiteles, the mighty piles of the East, triumphant over time, and the venerable fragments of Grecian architecture, imposing even in their desolation!

The orator of the present day, has none of those causes of thrilling excitement, which formerly awakened the loftiest energies of the mind, and elicited, from the treasury of genius, its deepest and brightest, and richest stores. He has not mankind for his audience—high and permanent power for his incentive, and the applause of posterity to reverberate his fame. He addresses not the immutable springs of feeling, universal to the whole human family. His topics revolve upon

*We have already said that we valued not classical lore as a mere source of pleasure to the Library. Cicero, somewhere in his rhetorical rules, (*De Oratore*) remarks,—in pleading—we quote the idea from memory—though the liberal arts be not directly made use of, yet the hearer immediately discovers whether the speaker is acquainted with them. It is thus that an intimacy with the great models of antiquity though they be not once alluded to, tinctures our style, gives precision to our expression, elevates our thoughts, and throws over our productions a garb of freshness and chastened originality.

principles, which change with a variation of policy, and fluctuate with that ever-varying Proteus—public opinion. He gives not tone to his age, but bends to its mandate, and succumbs to its prejudices. In short, to such a degree has the social fabric been re-modeled, and the notions of its inhabitants altered, that the Orator of Greece and Rome bears little, if any, similitude to his successor of later date. Anciently, a gifted mind, appealing to the immutable laws of human nature, linked by common interest to his audience—they ministering to his power, and he flattering their national pride, exalting their imaginations, supplying stimulants to arouse their feelings, and meshes, to take captive their passions—wielded a sceptre over their spell-bound understandings, which rendered their sympathies submissive to his words, and moulded their actions to the dictates of his will. Far different is the situation of the modern rhetorician. Fancy with her potent spell has now few materials to wreath in her magic tie—her dominion has yielded to a less visionary and more tangible idol, *wealth*—the divinity of modern times.

But the chief source of the inferiority of oratory, in modern days, and, especially, of the absence of the "*verba ardentia*," which glowed on every page of the ancients, must be attributed to want of culture in its professors. Despite the unvarying testimony of all ages—the unerring dictate of universal experience, that success in this art, unaided by untiring perseverance, and determined effort, is unknown—and notwithstanding the importance, which, though less than formerly, is still attached to it—the small attention it receives from him, who has staked upon it his fortunes, his eminence, nay his existence itself, is truly surprising. In any other pursuit, such indifference, or rash reliance upon natural talent would be esteemed an infallible symptom of folly. The ancient aspirant for rhetorical renown, like his brother candidate, in the

gladiatorial arena, or the festive games of Olympus, made every improvement in his powers, that unceasing practice could ensure—nor risked the encounter, without repeated trials of his strength. His devotion to his profession was undivided, untiring—no diversity of pursuits, no complexity of business could divert him from the ardent prosecution of the end, which was to make, or mar him—upon which he had staked his hopes, his expectations, his all!



CHATEAUBRIAND.

We find a passage, relating to the present and past career of this great man, in the columns of a brother journalist, to which we must unhesitatingly put in our dissent. We quote the paragraph entire.

“M. De Chateaubriand, was said at the last accounts from France, to be engaged in writing a political pamphlet, against a project of some writer, for the banishment of the Bourbons. The muse of this author is susceptible of inspiration, under every variety of dynasty and form of rule.” He wrote political allegories under the imperial régime. His imagination became sublimated under the Bourbon domination, and he concocted poetical prose, in large quantities, for the glorification of that monarchy. Now, he is not less adventurous under the sway of royalty, in a republican guise. But genius draws resources out of misfortunes, and materials for new creations from the most opposite systems. M. De Chateaubriand is a mystic in politics, and his mysticism is tinctured from his religion, which is spiritualized by his imagination. Every thing is distilled through this alembic. He forms his political system as he would combine the elements of his fictions. He would have principles of action that are too ethereal and antiquated for our modern wants and appetites.

He would make the church the handmaid of authority, after making priests more than mortal men. He would blend in the offices and maxims of the state, the influences of piety and philosophy; but his system is founded upon associations which are merely poetical—which live on the past—which would revive faded recollections. The world looks now to the *useful*, and will sacrifice nothing to the *romantic*. The remembrances of by-gone periods, that call up images connected with martyrdoms for the church and feudal monarchy, are passed irrevocably. It is the whole scope of M. Chateaubriand's genius to recall these recollections and make them the basis of the renewal of the political system, as he wishes it formed. The attempt is vain, but one cannot but admire the consistency of that idealist, who thus under every change, clings to his cherished scheme, and embellishes it with so much genius."

The quotation above made, is from the pen of our very able and highly esteemed contemporary, Mr. Cardozo, of the Southern Patriot; but we do not think it marked by the temperate tone which uniformly characterizes him, and the rigid logic which he seldom fails to exact from others. His anathema strikes us as too unsparing—his denunciations as too bitter—his critical touches as too general, vague, and inconclusive—to be entirely well founded, even were there no facts that could be adduced in support of our objection. The name of Chateaubriand is one dear to literature, and may well excuse a word or two in its defence. That he did *acquiesce* under the different *regimes*, that, in a short space of time harassed his country, is certain:—But that he ever went beyond acquiescence—with the exception of a few *jeux d'esprit*, and complimentary copies of verses, which readily find shelter under the "poetica licentia"—has never been substantiated. The charge of political servility is a common one against literary men, and is about as well founded in this, as in

most other cases. We do not pretend to be familiar with the entire writings of M. De Chateaubriand, and, thence, perhaps, are unable to comprehend the full force and appositeness of some of the hard names which our contemporary has bestowed upon our author:—for example—“M. De Chateaubriand is a mystic in politics: and his mysticism is tinctured from his religion, which is spiritualized by his imagination. Every thing is distilled through this alembic. He forms his political system, as he would combine the elements of his fictions. He would have principles of action, that are too ethereal and sublimated for our modern wants and appetites,” etc. But, as far as our acquaintance extends, we do not see their foundation in his published opinions, or recognized acts. During Chateaubriand’s travels in Palestine, the Directory was abolished, Buonaparte raised to the summit of power, and commenced exercising it to “command not only the private acts, but the writings—the conversation—and the very thoughts of his subjects.” It is true, that M. De Chateaubriand had himself praised the despot; but this was at a period when it was still excusable as to the real character of Buonaparte. None of the enlightened men of the day had penetration enough to prophecy, that the general of the expedition to Egypt would be the future opponent of the rights of humanity, and M. De Chateaubriand has the further excuse, that when the statesmen and writers of France began to rival each other in meanness, and prostrate themselves at the foot of the throne, the author of the “*Beauties of Christianity*”* ceased to “worship the unworthy idol of transient glory, recovered by degrees, and silently resumed the noble attitude, which belonged to him. It was now the despot’s turn to humble himself before the greatest writer of his empire, and he adopted measures to draw M. De Chateaubriand into the circle of his slaves, but in vain. All his power was ineffectual, when exerted

*Vide. Introduction to the *Beauties of Christianity*.

to shake the firm and noble soul of a single individual, who was no longer to be imposed upon by fictitious grandeur. He was induced, however, by dint of persuasion to become a member of the first literary society in France.

It was necessary that he should make a public oration on this occasion, and it was then, that he prepared his celebrated eulogium on Liberty. His intrepidity astonished the institute and the Government. He was forbidden to deliver his oration, but was never afterwards importuned for his support, which could palpably never be obtained afterwards.* From this period, his heart afflicted by the misfortunes of France, and the degradation which literature and the arts had experienced, was doomed to sigh in secret; but it experienced consolation, when the tyrant began to lose his power of oppressing his country. Those who never could have displayed the courage of M. De Chateaubriand, thought proper to criticise his admirable production “of Buonaparte and the Bourbons,” as being a work too strongly betraying the feelings of the writer. They would perhaps have written in colder blood, because their eyes were then familiarized to the horrors they saw incessantly renewed. But can the soul of a great writer remain torpid, when liberty—however fallacious be the gleam—dawns upon his unfortunate country? Would Cicero and Demosthenes have remained torpid, if they had been called upon to oppose, the one an “incendiary’s crimes,” and the other a tyrannical monarch’s artifices and ambition? Yet these are trite themes, to the schemes—big with slaughter and rapine, which were discussed in the French Chamber, April,

*M. De Chateaubriand was elected a member of the Institute in 1811, in place of Chenier, a poet well known for the part he took in the French Revolution. According to custom the recipient was to deliver the eulogium of his predecessor; but the friends of Chenier knowing how much the memory of the deceased had to fear from the eloquence of Chateaubriand, insisted that the speech of the latter should be communicated to the Institute before it was delivered. It was found little suited to the memory of the deceased, or the servility of the age, and Chateaubriand was, accordingly, blackballed.

1814. When the revolution was affected—which despite its horrid excesses should not be regretted, for, as Mr. Jefferson strongly observes, the “tree of liberty must every half century be watered with the blood of patriots”—when all its solid advantages were reaped—when innovation began to be mistaken for improvement, and reform to degenerate into extravagance—the “Political Reflections” of M. De Chateaubriand bore reference only to the degree of rational, regulated liberty, that might be enjoyed under the mild, and then reformed rule of the unfortunate Louis.

His “*Beauties of Christianity*” is an enduring monument of his sincerity—of his truly pious fervor and exalted Christian eloquence. Infidelity has never been able to frame a plausible answer to it. He definitively lays the question of the truths of Christianity on the shelf, not by unrolling the dusty parchments of the Fathers to pick up evidence, nor by consulting the mystical lore of the “divine doctors.” He exhibits in bold relief its manifold beauties—passing by external evidences, he displays its attractive charms—inferes that it is excellent, not because it is of divine origin, but proves that it is of divine origin, because it is lovely and of good report, and every way worthy of the divinity. He pursues with admirable success the plan of the imaginative reasoner.

A poet in name, but a philosopher in effect, pursuing the same end by different means, he veils what would have, otherwise, been harsh and displeasing in the enticing form and feature of amusement. The one appeals to reason alone, the other more forcibly addresses the judgment, aided by the influence of the passions.

The former boldly commences its attack upon the principles: the latter, by a circuitous and skilful delay, first prepossesses the heart. The one, with the stern voice of truth alone, forces conviction: the other disdains not the assistance of harmonious measure.

captivating imaginary, and all the tinsel and witchery of fable. The philosopher, bound down to facts, pursues his course in a circumscribed and fore-ordained path;—the poet, with “charter wide as the wild wind,” ranges uncontrolled over the expanse of nature. Fiction (says the Father of Criticism) teaches morality not by dull and sententious maxims, not by reciting historically what Aristides achieved or suffered, but by the unbounded aid of allegory and imitation, more surely effects its purpose.

The importance of poetry is eminently conspicuous in its application to religion—its subserviency to the incense of adoration, and making man fit to hold converse with his Maker. This, indeed was its primal, essential, and original office of destination; and this it still so happily performs, that it elsewhere seems out of character, as if intended for this holy purpose alone. “In other instances poetry appears to want the assistance of art, but in this to shine forth in all its natural splendor, or rather to be animated with that inspiration, which on other occasions is rather spoken of than felt. These observations are remarkably exemplified in the Hebrew poetry, than which the human mind can conceive of nothing more elevated, more beautiful, or more imposing:—in which the almost ineffable sublimity of the subject is fully equalled by the energy of the language, and the dignity of the style. If we were to adduce an argument to convince the mere appellant to reason of the futility of his objections to the inspiration of the sacred writers, we would point him to the lofty strains of Isaiah, whose “lips have been touched with a living coal” from the ever-burning altar of sacred inspiration.

Precisely such is the course of our author in this, his “*Palmarium opus*.” He intersperses amid much learning, and apparently embodied research, the advantages of *music, sculpture, painting, eloquence*, and presents to his reader in proper succession astute rea-

soning to convince his understanding—pathetic sentiments to enlist his sympathy—lofty truths to arouse his fervor—awful retribution to awaken his fears, and soothing consolations to encourage his hopes. In fine—for our remarks have extended beyond our purpose—few writers combine so many beauties. To nervous and original thinking he adds a brilliant imagination, and the most picturesque coloring of language.—To abstruse speculations he lends an irresistible charm by ingenious and easy illustrations, and has attained the difficult and rare felicity *omne habere punctum* by uniting the *utile cum dulce*. Few writers—we recollect Addison alone in our language—have succeeded in combining literature with morals—in reconciling science with religion—in freeing the former from skepticism and the latter from bigotry—and rendering the union more delightful by splendor of imagery and richness of illustration from both sources, making them stand mutually supporting and supported. That he occasionally mistakes declamation for argument—falls into extravagancies of thought and language—and uses reasonings more specious than solid—we are forced to admit. This is the result of a too vivid imagination, and who would not concur with *Soame Jenyns*—

“If the soaring spirit flow
Beyond where prudence fears to go:
These errors are of nobler kind
Than beauties of a barren mind?”



IDENTITY OF JUNIUS.*

The Southern Review, in a late article, in which the theory of Dr. Waterhouse is examined at large, ventures upon one of its own, with regard to the iden-

* *Waterhouse's Junius*.—“An essay on Junius and his Letters: embracing a sketch of the life and character of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and

tity of Junius, to which we propose giving a moment's consideration; though, for some time back, we have been disposed to look upon any inquiry into the authorship of these letters, as productive of gratuitous and fruitless controversy. Not that the discovery may not be of utility in many respects, but because until their pateruity be avowed, discovery is hopeless. It may afford, at the present instance, a theme for fine writing, plausible guesses, and acute reasoning. To estimate the earnestness and zeal, with which the enquiry has been prosecuted, we need only reflect, that, to each of the following list of distinguished men, has the honor of its authorship been attributed, and that labored efforts have been made to support the claims of most of them:—*John Horne Tooke, Lord Sackville, Sir Philip Francis, Wm. Gerard Hamilton, Henry Flood, Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, Chatham, Glorcer, Dyer, Butler, Auburton and De Lolme.*

We have ever thought ourselves that Horne Tooke was the author of these letters. External and circumstantial evidence are against it, but the proofs afforded by these letters themselves are neither few, nor insignificant. The lofty style, pointed invective, proud consciousness of superiority, and familiarity with classical lore, evinced by Junius, was ever fully within the reach, and characteristic of John Horne. The fact of his transfixing himself with his own poisoned dart, and in a manner so unsparing, presents a singular distortion of disposition; but the severity of the attack was perhaps necessary to insure concealment, and may only present one of those singular whims, or deep laid schemes, both of which form a part of his eccentric character. Indeed, we might make use of all our Reviewer's general arguments in support of our nomination. Dr. Waterhouse (the writer under the ordeal

memoirs of certain other distinguished individuals:—with reflections historical, personal, and political, relating to the affairs of Great Britain and America, from 1763 to 1785. By Benjamin Waterhouse, M. D., member of several Medical, Philosophical, and Literary Societies in Europe and America."

of our critic) nominates the elder Lord Chatham as the author of Junius. We think our reviewer has demolished the claim of his lordship with great ability. He has proved by argument clear, and illustration conclusive, by internal and external evidence, and by a just analysis of Chatham's mind, his utter incapacity for the task. Indeed, we can hardly conceive an hypothesis more monstrous. The claim of Sir Philip Francis is also discussed by our critic, and satisfactorily laid on the shelf. The pretensions of the Baronet however, had been previously settled by Mr. Jeffrey, who upon the first appearance of the ingenious work (*Junius Identified*) of W. Taylor, shattered at a blow his plausible deductions. Our reviewer, after dismissing those claims, and treating his readers to some truly acute and original remarks upon the character of Junius' style, sentiment, and illustrations, proceeds to offer his own candidate for the prize. We read this essay with a mixed pleasure until we came to this hypothesis. And what is it? That Junius was the Rev. Philip Francis, D. D. translator of Demosthenes and Horace. To us the idea is fraught with improbabilities, nor do we think our reviewer is very strong in the faith. If Dr. Waterhouse's nomination is an anomaly, this is the anomaly of anomalies. Our objections to the reasons adduced by our reviewer are as numerous as the reasons themselves. His grounds are so vague and inconclusive, that they might be transferred to a score of writers whom we could name. The style of Junius (says he) frequently resembles that of Demosthenes. Does it therefore resemble that of Dr. Philip Francis? Just the reverse. Dr. Francis' style was correct, somewhat polished, and always free from inaccuracies, but without point, or great vigor. The style of Junius is often abrupt, sometimes careless, and always abounding in new and striking illustrations. In relation to the supposed resemblance of hand-writing, we know nothing; but of all evidence, we deem it the weakest.

It deprives the author of the most ordinary discretion and foresight. Besides, Dr. Francis, though the translator of Horace and Demosthenes, possessed not the scholarship of Junius—that intimacy with the classics without servility to their manner—that spirit of the ancients thoroughly engrafted with the modern—that elegant tact, which enabled him to mould antique knowledge to his purpose, without the appearance of pedantry.

Dr. Francis was a *translator*—Junius a *transfuser* of classical ideas. He made them his own. His work is not Demosthenean. It is precisely what Cicero would have written in English. Again, as a political writer Dr. Francis is unknown. The intimacy with men and measures, the familiarity with courts, their customs, etiquette, and foibles, which give no small attraction to these letters, were totally out of his line. Finally, Dr. Francis was a divine, and a good man, and consequently incapable of the insincerity, distortion of language from its original meaning, malevolent delight in the agony of his victims, virulent invective, and evident impiety, which plainly appear favorite recreations with the author of Junius.—These letters are decidedly the finest model of writing in that style, combining ease and elegance, with terseness and poignancy. But we make a special *protestando* against his heartless causticity, his unsparing anathemas, his revengeful spirit, his loose allusions to the Deity, and undoubted disregard of moral restraint. Not content with pointing his arrows with ridicule, he dipped them in poison.

DEFENCE OF POETRY.

It has become quite a fashion among modern writers to offer a Defence of Poetry and the poetical temperament, as if, in fact, there existed any such necessity. To those courts, in which, the “fine arts,”—the wanderings of old song, and those sweet abstractions which could deify the solemn groves and the secluded forests, with “grave and glorious shapes,” are held obnoxious and profane, the muse has always refused to concede jurisdiction; and, to all others, where is the necessity for defence. There is however, such a disposition, at all times to couple the use with the abuse—the prostitution with the profession,—that modern criticism, mistaking in some sort the true argument, has taken up the cause of one, who, in reality, needs no defender. Sir Philip Sydney’s beautiful essay, has furnished the text book for one of these, who, in a recent issue of the North American Review, has put forth an article upon the labor of this brave knight, whose whole life has been quaintly described as “Poetry put in action.” The article to which we now refer is a chaste and rather eloquent essay, occasionally vague, wandering, inconclusive, and sometimes commonplace:—but proving in elegant language, that all the early science, both sacred and profane, of which the world is possessed, and which constitutes the fund, from which successive speculators have invariably borrowed, has been deposited in the treasury of the muses. That the only mode of instruction adapted to human nature in an uncivilized state, when the knowledge of letters is little diffused, must be that—in the language of Bishop Lowth—which is calculated to captivate the ear and passions,—and which assists the memory by metre,—which is not delivered for after-contemplation, but is immediately infused into the mind and heart. So faithful a preservative of truth is the rhythm of verse,

that what is invariably augmented, changed, corrupted or interpolated in prose, may continue for ages in metre, without material variations or even a change in obsolete phrasology.

To stand amid the works of the wonderful architect as their admiring interpreter:—to look around, not with the unconscious gaze of mere animal sensation:—but to comprehend in their qualities and uses, the things we behold, the air, the sunshine, the lightning, the storm, to see all things rising in their order, and moving in their harmony:—to stand, as did the first man, and call by their names “all things that” pass before us,—is to take one of the noblest and happiest positions on earth, and fittest too for the Lord of this lower creation.

There are few pleasures, unconnected with labor, in which men can indulge without making inroads upon virtue. Few can be at the same time unoccupied and innocent. To extend the sphere of our uncontaminated enjoyments, and ensure a relaxation, which, while it unbends the mind, detracts nothing from the heart, there is, perhaps, no surer method than to cultivate the pure wanderings of the fancy. The mind awakens to a new existence, and scenes before noticed (if at all) with indifference, are gilded by its influence with all the varying hues of beauty, and disclose unnumbered charms before invisible.

The mind cannot be always busy, but must sometimes relax itself from the labor of reflection. The thirst after knowledge cannot always subsist without satiety or weariness: and there is not more bountiful provision for the recovery of the ardor of enquiry, than the tendency of the mind to fly from the pursuits of bustling life—to combine the discordant sources of happiness—and solace itself in the boundless riot of fancied felicity.

In fields of air she writes her name,
And treads the chambers of the sky:—
She reads the stars and grasps the flame;

That quivers round the throne on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime—
She moves in greatness and in grace;
Her power subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

There is no heart so seared by worldly pursuits—no understanding so uncultivated—no bosom so steeled by the grovelling things of earth, as to be incapable, at certain moments, “short though they be, and far between” of enjoying that divine emotion, which steals the soul from the unworthy anxieties of the world and makes it “hold converse with the gods.”

We cannot forbear, at times, to turn with a sickening feeling from the cheerless pursuits of bustling life and the heartless, all-absorbing interest of gain, to refresh the eye with the never-fading verdure of a golden age, and drink the living waters that gush from the fountain of inspiration—perennial helicon—the sacred retreat of the muses! The poet is the pioneer of improvement. Before science is advanced and civilization diffused, the productions of the bard are complete—requiring not the aid of learning to paint scenes familiar to his childhood—the characters with whom he had acted—and events in which himself has borne a part. Thus, he is the first to offer the fruits of his genius, and foremost in the career of those arts, destined to polish his uncivilized countrymen. Unaided at an early age, by learning, the situation of the poet more than compensates this defect. The herald of events passing before him, or of tradition equally believed—not recalling the sentiment and manners of a remote and obscure age, he requires not the admonition of the critic, to reflect upon the ideas and expressions suited to his characters. The language of feeling flows spontaneously from the movements of his own heart, and he has no occasion to copy. Imitation misleads not his judgment, nor fetters his imagination,—he delivers sentiments dictated by nature, for he has no other pre-

ceptor. His sentiments flow as if from inspiration, not invention:—no effort is visible, but he is hurried on by the mere impulse of instinct. Such is the simple, yet lofty, lay of the early bard, enjoying licence denied to the poet of after times.

We cannot better conclude our crude strictures, which have extended beyond our original intention, than by a quotation from the noblest writer in our language—the illustrious founder of the inductive philosophy. The summary which this bold and original writer makes on this subject is so masterly, that we shall be surprised, if it does not go far to answer the cavils of those, who have objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life—peoples the mind with shadows and illusions—and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom:—

“Poetry (says he) seems to be raised altogether from a noble foundation, which makes much for the dignity of man’s nature. For seeing this insensible world is in dignity inferior to the human soul,—poetry seems to endow our nature with that which history denies; and to give him satisfaction to the mind, with at least the shadow of things, where the substance cannot be obtained. For, if the matter be thoroughly considered, a strong argument may be drawn from poetry,—that a more stately greatness of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety, delights the soul of man, than any way can be found in nature since the fall.—Wherefore, seeing the acts and events, which are the subjects of true history, are not of that amplitude to content the mind of man; poetry is at hand to feign acts more heroical. Because true history reports the success of business not proportionable to the merit of virtues and vices; poetry corrects it, and presents events and fortunes according to deserts, and according to the law of Providence. Because true history, through the frequent satiety and similitude of things, works a distaste and misprison in the mind of man; poetry cheereth and refresheth the soul, chanting things rare, and various, and full of vicissitudes.”

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The seventh article of a late Southern Review, is devoted to the claims of American Letters, and furnishes a sensible and judicious review of the pretensions to immortality offered in behalf of sundry score of native poetical worthies, by one Mr. Samuel Kettell. The reviewer justly observes, "we come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him"—and he has effectually done so. We object, however, to the *modus operandi*. In dismissing them to the shades, he has unnecessarily stopped them on their already downward course thither: and, in consigning them to deserved oblivion, has given them by his strictures a momentary character, which they do not merit, and would not, otherwise, have obtained. These mental contortions bear every mark of having been manufactured in the Dutchman's mill for making poetry, or, at least, upon the principle laid down in the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*"—"tout ce qui n'est pas prose est vers"—all that is not prose is poetry. We do not intend by this sweeping anathema, that the whole body of poetry contained in these volumes is on a par, and obnoxious to indiscriminate censure. Several pieces—Sprague's Ode, for example—would adorn English literature in its best day. But a vast majority of the selections, we regret to say, will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten,—but not till then. *Jam satis supurque*. We will dismiss the subject with a few general remarks upon the theme of the reviewer.

The literature of America resembles her soil—much of it is wild and uncultivated. The calls of necessity have hitherto principally engrossed our efforts—those of refinement are but now beginning to be heard. At no period has our reputation for literature stood higher, both at home and abroad. We have advanced with no faltering step—but the ground untrod is infinite.

What we have already achieved furnishes ground for hope, but none for complacency—is an incentive to action, but no excuse for supineness. We cannot but believe, that the circumstance which distinguishes us from every other people who have created a literature of their own,—*our community of language with an old nation*—has retarded, and will, for a long time, continue to impede, our native original productions. The Augustan age of English Literature is past—her boldest conceptions are exhausted—every department has been pre-occupied—and we are left to *imitate*. This is our danger. Let this once become our “besetting sin”---and we are thrown a century in the rear. Let us escape it, and we gain a century in advance. The cant of worn-out themes---of the impossibility of novelty---of the sameness of human nature---of exhausted well springs---we give to the winds as idle and unmeaning verbiage. It is the office of exalted minds to discover new sources of pleasure---to vary the attitudes of human passions---to expand, to transpose, to illustrate, and adorn old thoughts, and mark them with their own character and impress. An Orphic verse produced the Illiad---Hesiod’s meagre “Works and Days” begot the Georgic---a night thought engendered the Paradise Lost. Upon such materials does genius operate---from such sear and withered stems does she weave her fairest garlands! It must strike every one, of even superficial observation, that poetry has latterly lost much of the ground it once held in public estimation. The world is becoming more bustling---more practical---more alive to the sensible than the ætherial---to matter than to mind. In place of the flowing numbers of the muse, we find the numbers of the discount and interest table:---in lieu of the soft phrases of rhetoric, we find rough specimens of geology:---instead of logic, we find chemistry:---in place of metaphysics, we find political economy. To rouse this apathy, and excite the flagging interest of

the world, our poets have resorted to monstrous efforts of fiction---to the incredible---in place of the sublime---to abrupt phraseology---and ostentatious libertinism. They have in part succeeded, but the "gain" has been "exceeding loss." They have insured present notoriety and profit, but risked future oblivion. Their error is, to us, obvious. They have not written for the people. They have repeated---*usque ad nauseam*---the thread-bare exploits of oft sung heroes---they have rung the changes upon old themes, without inventing new---they have followed, not preceded, public opinion---they have adopted the creed of the infidel Shal-lal---"Aleph is god of the hills, but not of the vallies," and have, accordingly, deserted the cottage of nature for the palace of art. This is a fault, not of poetry, but of its professors. They alone are answerable for the disrepute of their art.



FLORAL EMBLEMS.

"These flow'rs do have a meaning,
"They do speak."

In Berkley's Romance of *Gaudentio Di Lucca*,* embodied in the beautiful tale of Bevilla, we have the utopia of the writer, in the customs of the simple, unsophisticated Mezzoraniens. These usages are many of them beautiful, and that in relation to declarations of love, certainly much more simple, expeditious and poetical, than the business-like method of modern times; three considerations, (simplicity, despatch, and poetic beauty) which should materially weigh even with the votaries of the Modern cupid—cupid-ity—who even now exclaim with the old extravaganza—

"Ye Gods! annihilate both time and space,
"And make two lovers happy!"

*See at page 202 of this Romance.

In Mezzorania, gallants made professions of attachment, not by *artificial* words, but by *natural* flowers. The lover commenced the seige upon the citadel of his lady love's heart by the offer of a Rosebud—the emblem of concealed affection, just budding into existence. If she did not wish him immediately “killed by the frowning wrinkle of her brow,”—if she did not aim to “crush young affection's budding flower”—and to cast the pilgrim of love into Bunyan's “slough of despond,” there, like Jeremiah of old, to “waste his days in melancholy sighs”—she graciously accepted and wore the bud. When time had increased his affection—for in Mezzorania, it is supposed, that time increases affection for those that deserve it—the lover presented a half-blown rose, the token of expanding attachment:—and, after this also was graciously accepted, he came, we may suppose, not very long afterwards, with a full-blown rose, the emblem of mature affection. At this juncture the Mezzoranian belles had the privilege of pausing, ere they crossed the rubicon; though, it is said, that those who were suspected of trifling with the mystery of Flora's kingdom, and of enticing hapless youth to this last and perilous category, with the secret intention of snapping the chord of affection—of letting love swing from its moorings—of causing hope to die on the altar so lately erected—in vulgar parlance—of *kicking* a suitor—were debarred, by the laws of the island, from receiving or presenting a flower (for Mezzorania had its bissextile) through the “long space of six revolving years.” We forgot to mention, that the ladies, who accepted these full-blown flowers, and wore them, were looked upon amongst the simple Mezzoranians as engaged for life: nor did the gentlemen, when they offered their flowers, make one single vow or protestation of eternal love, yet they were believed, and deserved, it is said, to be believed.

A fair Florist begs of us a dictionary of Botanical Emblems, and we have half a mind to oblige her; but

though in our early days we have ventured stealthily to the waters of Castaly, we have grown staid of late, and are now strict followers in the train of Themis, who, as it is well known, will as little sanction any attention to her sister Calliope, as permit of any flirtation with the nymphs of Flora. We have long since quit the company of the muses, underrating the value of their acquaintance, from the simple reason, perhaps, that we have never, at any period, been permitted to boast of any great share of their intimacy. To look for lines therefore, by which to illustrate *leaves*, is an awkward difficulty, but, at a season, like this, when the flowers are in bloom about us, and the glad waters glitter in the sun, there is no apology, and we proceed therefore to gather a wreath of *flowery* and *fanciful* communion, finding for capricious love, a rich form of speech in the language of flowers. Should some of our botanical terms strike the learned reader as rather novel, it is not our concern. Let him take the garden as he finds it, and not look the "gift horse in the mouth." We have, it is true, taken some liberties with Linnæus, all of which we shall answer for in another place and season.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"Then gather a wreath from your garden bowers,
"And tell the wish of your heart in flowers."

Cypress.—*Cupressus sempervirens*. Grief

"The cypress that darkly shades the grave,
"Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot."—*Percival*.

Forget me not.—*Pentandria Dyginia*. Remembrance.

"And faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
"Speaks in thy (blue) leaves, forget me not."—*Per*.

Evergreen.—*Graphalium*. Unchanging affection,

"When I love thee not, chaos is come again."—*Shaks*.

Dogwood.—*Cornus Florida*. Undeserved love,

"Tho' mean, false and cruel,

And base as thou art,
Yet I cannot forget thee,
Thou lord of my heart."—*Percival*.

Violet.---*Anemone*. Humble attachment.

"The silent, soft, and humble heart
"In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes."—*Per*.

Evergreen.---*Cardinalis*. Ever thine.

"And the tender soul that cannot part
"A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes."—*Per*.

Bay.---*Laurus*. Lofty love.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
"Loved I not honor more."

Columbine.---*Purpuria Del*. Win or die.

"Spar on, Sir Knight, your Lady dear
"Imprisoned lies in dungeon drear."—*Sir Launcelot*.

Ambrosia.---*A. maritima*. Love returned.*

"She was beloved, she loved."—*Shakspeare*.

Amaryllis.---*A formosissima*. Splendid beauty.*

With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as this.

Anemone.---Windflower. Expectation.*

"For him she breathes the silent sigh forlorn,
"Each setting day, for him each rising morn."—*Dar*.

Morning Glory.---*Convolvulus*. Uncertainty.

Hope cheered his breast with morning beam,
But evening's cloud dispell'd the dream.

Catchfly.---*Viscari*. Love's ambush.

"Killed by the frowning lightning of her eye."—*Shaks*.

Dahlia.---*Dahlia superflua*. Happy love.*

"To feel that we adore,
To such refined excess,

*We quote, from memory, Mrs. Wirt's graceful compilation, 'Flora's Dictionary.'

That though the heart would break with more,
It could not do with less."—*Moore*.

Everlasting.---*Gnaphalium*. Never ceasing remembrances.*

"So turns the impatient needle to the pole,
"Though mountains rise between and oceans roll."—*Darwin*.

Everlasting pea.---*Lathyrus latifolia*. An appointed meeting.*

"Lovers break not hours, except it be to come before their time."—*Shakspeare*.

Eglantine.---*Rosa rubiginosa*! I wound to heal.*

"Now show the wound mine eyes have made in thee."—*Shak*.

Foxglove.---*Digitalis*. A wish.

"O, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek."—*Shakspeare*.

Cotton flower.---*Gossypium*. Modern love.

'Tis not the pouting lip of roseate dye,
Nor breasts, where all the loves delighted rove;
Nor the blue languish of the speaking eye,
That in my bosom rais'd the flame of love.
Thy lip, and breast, and eye, I much admire,
But charms less transient rob my soul of rest—
Thy gold, thy guineas, set my heart on fire;
I long to rummage—thy *papa's old chest*.

Myrtle. *Communis Myrtus*. Constancy.

"Yes it *was* love," &c.—*Byron*.

Myrtle. *Mursine Normionia*. Innocence.

"Thy myrtle bud, white-robed in innocence."—*Hughes*.

Rosemary. *Ros Marinus*. Unhappy love.

"Absence is death of love."—*Shakspeare*.

Sun Dew.---*Dionæa Muscipula*. Attraction.

"Fall not in love!"

*We quote, from memory, Mrs. Wirt's graceful compilation, "*Flora's Dictionary*."

China Aster.---*Aster Chiniensis*. Hesitation

"Why that downcast look, lassie,
Why that cheek of changeful hue,
Why that hand withdrawn, lassie,
When thy lover dares to woo."—*Mellen*.

Wild Tulip. *Tulipa Sylvestris*. Indifference.

"And coldness steel that heart and brow,
That passion swayed before."

Lotos.---*Lotos*. Aspiring love.

"That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it."—*Shakspeare*

Wind flower.---*Anemone*. The modern Cupid.

"He rests on violet banks no languid limb—
The *Bank* of England is the *bank* for him;
Nor *bull* nor *lion* he triumphant rides,
But *bullion* is the golden beast he guides,
Lord of the Treasury, Master of the Mint,
This is our Cupid—ladies take the hint:
In short a money-loving god is he,
Called by his votaries—*Cupidity*."

Blue Bell.---*Latifolia*. Female Pedantry.

"Said Nature one day, "For the peace of mankind
Let women and men have their kingdom apart;
To man I assign the cold regions of mind,
To woman the sunny domain of the heart."
The kingdom of hearts, then is woman's sole share,
Oh! unharness your owl, and depend on your dove!
There is learning enough in the world—and to spare,
But Flora, my dear, there's too little of love!"

Beauty's Slipper.---*Cipripedium*. Fastidious beauty.

"Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, &c."—*Shaks.*

Sensitive plant.---*Mimosa*. Capriciousness.

"Lost is the dear delight of giving pain."

Passion Flower.---*Nigella*. Beware.

"Fall not in love, dear girls beware!"

Hollyhock.---*Alca rosea*. Honorable love.

“Yes, by my hopes of Heaven, I’ll be
With honor thine, or lost to thee!”

Love-lies-bleeding.---*Convularia*. Unanswered love

“He is gone! he is gone!
Like the leaf from the tree,
Or the down that is blown
By the wind o’er the lea.
He is fled—the light hearted!
Yet a tear must have started
In his eye, when he parted
From love-stricken me!”

Iris.---*Iris*. Farewell!

“Farewell, a long farewell to” love, to flowers, and Flora.



VITALITY OF LETTERS.

It has been said that the most brilliant monuments of Literature have been coeval with the downfall, or, at least, the decay, of national greatness. Impartial History does not corroborate the assertion. We deny that a flourishing state of arts is an irvariable contemporary of national decline, and that it is like the final song of the bird of classical fame, the last expiring effort of Nature to retain existence. We do not consider Literature as a mere source of pleasure to the intellectual voluptuary but as destined to subserve more exalted purposes. We consider it not as a mere object of luxury; but as exalting the views, enlarging the moral vision, and increasing the intellectual powers of the human race.

The student loves to linger “on those scenes of tranquil refinement, when the profession of arms has yielded to the study of letters; and the rough features of war have been softened by the milder influence of the imagination. It is more pleasing to dwell upon the les-

sons of Aristotle, than on the conquests of Alexander; upon the Eloquence of Pericles, and the History of Thucydides, than the battles which they fought, or the victories which they gained. The Augustan age of Rome has obscured the conquests of her Scipios; and among their descendants the names of her heroes are forgotten, while the literary splendor of the House of Medici still illumines the world. The martial fame of Essex is heard no more, but the glory of Spencer and Shakspeare are brighter than ever. The ambitious plans of Louis XIV. are forgotten, while his Corneille, his Racine and his Moleire, continue the pride of France. Marlborough and Blenheim, are names sounding only at intervals; but those of Dryden, Addison, and Pope, will be forever repeated with delight. And may we not predict triumphs to America also in the field of learning? I answer—we may. The vital alimment of exalted excellence—the moral power of our freedom of institutions can effect more than all the coincidence of causes which favoured “living Greece.”—Happily for America she has fully felt, that, whatever adorns man: ersons, imparts vigour to the mind, or nerves the ardor of the character, owes its existence to Education. With this persuasion much she has performed; but the field untrod is infinite. For never can our country be based upon an imperishable foundation, until LIBERTY and LETTERS, be her chosen Motto. In the meantime, she has much to undertake—much to execute. Her labours are manifold, for as yet, we shame to say, notwithstanding our unprecedented progress in the arts and elegancies of refined life,—Literature, native and original, still too much resembles the “desert Rose;”—and we are still too much inclined to regard the apparently *unproductive* efforts of rhetoric and song, as the satirist did the faded relics of the Grecian beauty—*mere bones!*

JEREMY BENTHAM.

The last English papers announce the death of Jeremy Bentham, Esq. one of the most celebrated, as well as most eccentric, men of the age. He was a high-toned latitudinarian, radical reformer, ever wedded to some favorite theory, and regardless of difficulties. No restraints of hazard incurred, no calculations of consequences, were to be regarded. Neither existing institutions, nor established prejudices, nor habits hallowed by time, nor even the unalterable nature of things, were permitted to obstruct any theoretic and abstract suggestion of his mind. All vested interest—all existing systems—all actual present palpable good must be sacrificed without compromise to a favorite general principle. It was the singular infelicity of this remarkable man, to prejudice every cause he undertook to advance. With untiring zeal, sincerity unimpeachable, incredible mental and bodily endurance, of great versatility of talent, and equal self-confidence, he was confessedly, pre-eminently, the most unfit of all the distinguished men of his party, to promote the cause he may have espoused. He always cooled the ardor of friends, and by his extravagancies caused division in their ranks: he was apt to add warmth to enemies, and by his violence and *ultraism*, give them recruits from among the timid, the wavering, and the neutral of his own side. If he stooped to act with a party, his services were accepted, but he was not a partner in the ulterior counsels of its leaders. Of such powerful talents, as to command their respect, and have his services courted, but of too little discretion to be entrusted with the post of active exertion. Too visionary to be followed;—too uncalculating to lead;—too independent to be controlled;—too wedded to the *perfect*, to acquiesce in the *practical* and *practicable*. He would listen to no offer of compromise,—he would attend to no

obstacles,—he respected no prejudices, however honest,—no habits, however deep-rooted,—no season, however unpropitious. Too inaccessible to conciliate—too headlong to yield even unimportant concessions—too violent to admit the possibility of honest error—he seemed to forget the infirmity of our nature.

With all his vast acquirements, and singularly acute cast of mind, he was as little qualified for a sound statesman, as the moon-struck Plato:—he required to be first “unsphered.” We have never acknowledged the force of the objections against him which implied inconsistency. We only charge him with an overweening love of system-making—extravagant theorizing, and headlong zeal—with running counter to our dearest hopes—prejudices, if he will. His virtues, on the other hand, were many and sterling.—he was fearless, zealous, and often irresistible in the cause of truth,—he saw the best, though he sometimes wandered from, and more often, overstepped, the path. But we pause—it is not for us to sum up the dread account—and farther still to estimate the issue.



MUTATIONS OF LETTERS.

Glancing, a day or two ago, for the hundredth time, over that little volume of condensed wisdom, which goes by the name of Bacon's Essays, we were led to reflect upon the many mutations of letters since the time of that illustrious writer.

If we enter into a comparison of the literature of the present, and even of the last century, with that of the age of Hooker and Taylor, we shall find infinitely less vigor and originality, more polish and refinement. In the one, the fault is a subdued coldness, or the opposite extreme, fantastic extravagance,—faultless medi-

ocrity and interminable transcript. In the other, rough, ungainly strength, untutored energy, and unrestrained, unequal efforts. In seeking to avoid the clownish ruggedness of our nervous ancestors, we have adopted a meretricious refinement, and courtier-like effeminacy. In correcting their occasional vaguenesses of phraseology, we have pruned and engrafted, until the language is weakened and its original stock almost extinct. The cause of this want of independence and comprehensiveness of thought, this meagreness of intellect—ostensibly atoned for by an apparently chaste and simple, after the elaborate style, which so much infected Queen Anne's wits, and which the present age has not yet shaken off—is not entirely obvious. It extended equally to poetry and prose—in the former we have made an essential alteration, whether for the better or not, we shall see in time.

That the prevalence of French manners, which then began to exist—the estimation in which their authors stood—the galaxy of wit which adorned the French court—and the imbecile imitation engendered by the patronage of Charles II. were concurrent causes of no small influence, cannot be doubted by any one, who has dabbled in the history of that day. England had just recovered from the stern rule and rigid fanaticism of the Republicans, the spirits of her people felt relieved from a gloomy pressure, and gave free and unrestrained vent to their vivacity, which imperceptibly tinged her writers, and gave tone and character to her literature. No one who is familiar with the private and literary annals of the time can be ignorant of the difficulty in the way of escaping this infection.

Another cause, and one to which we attach no little importance, is that from this era we date the origin of *English criticism*. We do not mean to say, that when critics flourish, a sound, original, healthy literature cannot exist. We know the contrary. We esteem the office of criticism much higher than the cap-

tious art, which those have represented it to be, who have writhed under its well deserved lashings.

But we mean to give this, and the events which engendered it, as no small cause for the obviously different features, which characterize the age of Hooker and Barlow, from that of Addison and Swift. As the multiplication of books increased, the number of readers augmented---authors rushed in---literature became a trade. It lost its previously lofty character---competition ensued---depreciation of rival authors followed---and criticism assumed a "local habitation and a name."

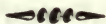
Of old the class of readers, as that of writers, was small, the difficulties to be surmounted great. Few ventured upon the "*itur ad astra*" the ascent to Parnassus---but those, whose consciousness of intellectual greatness assured them of success. Where one succeeded in reaching the summit, he was amply repaid for the toil, by the admiration and gratitude of his readers, who, depending upon a small circle for their intellectual food and recreation, vied with each other in devotion to the literary pioneer. But when the art of printing became general---when authors multiplied---when readers no longer received their works with deference and gratitude as a favor, but sat in judgment over them, as an attempt to corrupt their taste and lighten their purses---when writers dreaded, as a fiery ordeal, the tribunal they once regarded, as a tributary fame---literary men lost that freedom and independence of thought, which confidence engendered---the master spirits of the day whom nought could intimidate from innovation, passed away, and left a class behind which succumbed to critical *dicta*---forced their minds to act within circumscribed limits---dreaded long flights, and were content with being polished, easy, and witty, without aspiring after vigor or originality. Both the style of their writing, and their choice of subject indicate, if not more contracted, at least feebler minds. These remarks, however, ap-

ply more to the writers of the last century than to those of our own day, when there has been a species of spasmodic reaction, and impetuous contempt of authority, which indicate independence, if not power of thought.

An American author of distinguished reputation has on another occasion, in speaking of our National Literature, recommended that the united study of the classics and the writers of the 17th century, whose character we have been discussing be compared with their immediate successors and our own school. The force of his suggestion is summed up in the following extract:

“We have recommended these two classes of writers, not only because they are in themselves excellent, but because each is, we think, calculated to correct the evil which might arise from an exclusive study of the other. The Greek and Roman languages are far more perfect, better contrived vehicles for thought and feeling than any modern tongue. No writer can, therefore, now equal the class in authors in mere style, and if he strives too much to resemble them, he would perhaps, form a tame, monotonous and artificial style; he might substitute excessive delicacy for purity of language. Now this evil would be less likely to befall him, if he were accustomed to the copiousness, variety and force of the old English writers. On the other hand, an excessive and indiscriminate admiration of these last might make him careless, diffuse and declamatory; but this could hardly happen, if he had learned to appreciate aright the simple majesty, the lofty and sustained, but disciplined energy of the mighty masters of the Grecian and Roman school. It is apprehended by some, that a style, formed by the study of English authors, who flourished when our language was, as they say, in its infancy, would be quaint, affected, and full of obsolete expressions. He who is much acquainted with those writers, with Jeremy Taylor particularly, cannot but discover that our language is very much impoverished since their day, he will perhaps feel strongly the contrast between their rich and varied expression, and the lifeless monotony of more modern writers; he may sometimes be tempted to use a word or idiom that has gone out of fashion; but this will be the extent of his offence, for the classics will teach him to hate every thing like affectation.

"In this country, it should be the business and the object of the literary men, not to reform and purify, but to create a national literature. We never yet had one, and it is time the want should be supplied. So much has been said, and unskilfully said, about the peculiar advantages of our free and popular institutions, and the beneficial effects they might be expected to have on our literature, that it has become a wearisome theme to many ears, and we almost fear to touch upon it; but the fact is, that while some of our countrymen are vain enough, they scarce know of what, the great body of the nation, the literary and the wealthy, of those who have influence in the community are not at all too proud of our peculiar and glorious advantages; and what is worse, they are not apt to be proud in the right place."



Dr. Johnson has said, with the flippancy he sometimes affected, that "the man who would perpetrate a pun, would not scruple to pick a pocket." This was one of those dogmas of a mind, perverse though strong, which delights in startling assertion, and is bold and confident without being assured. That he spoke without thought may be inferred from the fact, that, in the application of his remark to the feeble spirit of conceit which disfigured the style, and distorted the language of the day, he overlooked or disregarded its like application to the practice of the ancients—one too, that does not appear to have been much rebuked, or, at least never to such an extent as this—among them. Glancing at the fragments left of the earlier Roman Poets, Andronicus, Nævius, Ennius, etc. we were more surprised than we should have been, to find many passages the merest bundles of conceits that the most trifling and degraded periods of modern literature can furnish. The most senseless jingle of words and extravagance of alliteration is found in Enneu's "*Telephus*," and show, that it is a great mistake to imagine, that the literature of a rude and early age is free from the alliteration of the English, the *bijouterie* of the French, or the con-

cetti of the Italian school. We challenge the manifold feeblenesses and absurdities of the three to produce a specimen of false taste equal to the following by the man, whose character *Ovid* sums up in the words, *ingenia maximus—arte rudis,—*

*“Haud doctis dictis certantes sed maledictis,
O Tite tute Tute tibi tanta tyranne tulisti.
Stullus est qui cupida cupiens cupienter cupit.”*



POETRY OF MRS. HEMANS.

We have just risen from the perusal of the “Sceptic,” a poem, by Felicia Hemans, and trust we have laid the volume down neither uninstructed, nor unimproved. It is uniformly chaste and beautiful, and occasionally presenting passages of thrilling pathos and brilliant and powerful eloquence. It is not, as its title would import, a didactic poem, attempting to induce through the medium of Poetry a conviction which prose cannot effect. It is precisely what a poem of the kind should be—one of feeling addressed to the sympathies—proving the weakness, the utter helplessness of man, without the consolations of the Christian.

Didactic Poetry is apparently the most *Philosophical*—the most capable of teaching by examples—the most susceptible of reasoning, and therefore, it would seem, the most suitable to convey instruction, or to convince by an imperceptible and pleasant process. But the fact is otherwise. The connection with argument is always forced, and unnatural, and generally unfavorable to any better feeling than *ennui* or disgust. There is, indeed, philosophy in Poetry, but it is not the ratiocination of the schools—it is not the dull process of syllogism, or a reasoning, which appeals to the understanding alone. It is the spirit of poetry operating upon the heart—bringing back the calmer passions—sooth-

ing the more stormy—and reducing the soul to a tone of sober contemplation, which prepares it to receive, if it does not actually apply, the conclusions of philosophy. No one was ever convinced by a didactic poem, nor indeed, is the power of instruction a test of its excellence. Mrs. Hemans was aware of this, and took a surer course to effect her object—to make a broken and a contrite spirit. She addresses the feelings,—she eloquently depicts the loneliness and desolation of the heart, and gradually enlisting the sympathies, at last reduces the understanding to a state of humility, that admits the approach of truth,—which is with the sceptic the chief, nay, the only, difficulty.

We give a couple of extracts, which, we think, will fully bear us out in the opinion we have advanced.

“O what is nature’s strength? the vacant eye
By mind deserted hath a dread reply,
The wild delirious laughter of despair,
The mirth of phrenzy—seek an answer there!
Turn not away though pity’s cheek grow pale,
Close not thine ear against their awful tale.
*They tell thee, reason wandering from the ray
Of faith, the blazing pillar of her way,
In the mid-darkness of the stormy wave
Forsook the struggling soul she could not save.*
Weep not, sad moralist, o’er desert plains
Strew’d with the wrecks of grandeur—mouldering fanes
Arches of triumph, long with weeds o’ergrown—
And regal cities, now the serpent’s own:
Earth has more awful ruins—one lost mind
Whose star is quench’d, hath lessons for mankind
Of deeper import, than each prostrate dome
Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome.”—p. 17.

“————— In the pride
Of youth and health, by sufferings yet untried,
We talk of death, as something which t’were sweet
In glory’s arms exultingly to meet;
A closing triumph, a majestic scene,
Where gazing nations watch the hero’s mien,
As undismay’d amidst the tears of all,

He folds his mantle, regally to fall ;
 Hush, fond enthusiast!—still obscure and lone,
 Yet not less terrible because unknown,
 Is the last hour of thousands—they retire
 From life's throng'd path, unnoticed to expire.
*As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears
 Some trembling insect's little world of cares,
 Descends in silence, while around waves on
 The mighty forest, reckless what is gone!*
 Such is man's doom—and, ere an hour be flown,
 Start not, thou trifler, such may be thine own."—p. 25.

"The restoration of the Works of Art to Italy," was Mrs. Hemans first and worst performance. The versification is only tolerable even as regards melody and smoothness, and in compass, strength and compression utterly wanting. Her next effort, "Tales and Historic Scenes," evidences a rapid and obvious improvement, not only in versification, which practice might have insured, but in richness and novelty of thought, in power of compression and choice of a pregnant, terse phraseology.

"Camœns, and other Poems," was her third performance, being translations from the French, Italian, Spanish, German and Portuguese, and exhibits little else than the translator's knowledge of these languages. At least this is our opinion as far as we are able to judge, for with the first tongue alone of those above-mentioned, do we claim intimacy.

The character of Mrs. Hemans' poetry is, in some respects, peculiar. She does not address herself to the common passions or bustling scenes of life's routine, nor are the feelings which she is most prone to delineate such as are universal. This, it would seem, should lessen her success, and totally deprive her of a favorable reception from the generality of readers. But the fact is otherwise, nor do we conceive it of insuperable difficulty in the solution. Nature, it is true, is everywhere the same, but its predominant features vary in different temperaments! The most widely successful

poets in our language, Shakspeare and Dryden, have depicted passions universal to the whole human family, and are thence universally appreciated. The character of Mrs. Hemans' muse is less social, and more retiring and contemplative. It delights more in intercourse with nature, than with mortals,—prefers the snow-capped mountain, the shifting clouds, and the ever changing year, to the dull monotony of the works of art; and would rather meditate in loneliness, and live upon its own poetic aspirations, than mingle in busy life, and make calls upon the sympathies of others.

This preference, the result either of original temperament, or the blighting hand of affliction, would in a mind of less power, and equanimity, and regulated tone, engender an abstract metaphysical love of mysticism, a misanthropic spirit of loneliness, and a neglect or indifference to the interests of society. But our talented authoress never permits her Pegasus to outstrip the concerns of life—never forgets that the genius of poetry, though a native of the wilds and mountains; and though preferring lonely contemplation to the bustling and heartless concerns of traffic, is a “good genius,” and regards the “busy hum of men,” though sometimes with pity and regret, never with contempt or indifference.

We are no admirers of that poetical temperament, which dwells with rapture upon the grandeur of nature's inanimate works, and disregards the mysterious sublimity of God's immortal creatures.—The secret of Homer's success—(may we not say of the success of poetry, as synonymous terms;) is a clearness of images, which seizes upon the mind, and transfers it to the impress and conceptions of his own fancy. His scenes are what pictures are to the eye, or music to the ear. Without effort he unlocks the springs—not of feeling alone—but of sympathetic, social, worldly, feeling, if you choose—and is read by every class with precisely the same effect. We consider this a peculiar

merit, and worthy of being insisted upon in this age of dreamy, diffuse, listless, rhyme-making.

There is in Mrs. Hemans' poetry a calm, delicate, and winning persuasiveness, that attracts without exciting, interests without absorbing, and elicits, without harrowing, the feeling. It is the thrilling power Kirk White has sometimes exhibited, not the abrupt strength of Byron—it is the serenity of Addison, not the pathos of Otway. This evinces a want of power of a particular cast, not an absence of poetic feeling. She is not obnoxious to the charge of downright apathy—of chilling insensibility. The sentiments are calm, dreamy, chastened, as distinguished from the fantastic wildness, the vague abruptness, and the fervid extravagance; which have too much become the tendency of the age. We are glad of it, and put it to account of her independence, and consciousness of true poetic power. Men require to be powerfully excited—their sympathies must be inflamed, their imaginations strained—and their feelings harrowed up. Stimulus has become their “daily bread,” and when the purer sort cannot be obtained; the grosser, or that of doubtful tendency, is not rejected. This is the fault of the age, and Mrs. Hemans deserves well for having successfully opposed it.

The age is distinguished for its female writers. Until within comparatively a short period, a classical writer of that sex—one that could affix her stamp and impress to the literature of her country was almost, if not entirely, a “*rara avis*,” etc. True we have long had a Sevigne, a Montague and a Dacier, but they were rather literary triflers, than sturdy pioneers, or inhabitants of the land; and wrote rather to show that they could write as well as men, than with any other object. The amount of their contributions is very small and might be destroyed without loss.

Latterly this part of our literature has amazingly increased both in quantity and quality. They have

written much and well—with a depth and compass of mind—a richness and discrimination, which entitle them to a permanent niche in the literary fame of their country. Their object has been to create a literature of a moral, every-day, practical cast:—to rescue fiction from the hands of profligacy, to purify ethics from the discordant extremes of levity and sectarianism, and present to vice a polished surface, which it can neither parry nor resist. Our remark is matter of fact, not of inference; it is founded upon literary history familiar to all. Need we mention De Stael, More, Barbauld, Steele, E. gworth, Baillie, whose works with those of our authoress, are in every body's hands? If Mrs. Hemans be inferior to some of these, she possesses an union of attractive qualities, which restores the balance of usefulness. If she is below Madame De Stael in capacity of thought—in versatility of power and reach of imaginative strength: inferior to Miss Edgeworth in knowledge of the world, in wit, and happy description: surpassed by Hannah More in enthusiasm—though we doubt it—in glowing aspirations, and sublimated invention,—she unites so many of their best, if not their very highest, attributes—that, though the comparison with any one may seem misplaced, she richly deserves to be classed with those names, so honored by taste, piety, and usefulness.

There is in Mrs. Hemans' poetry a moral charm—a tone of uniform, intellectual equilibrium—a deep and chastened tinge of feeling, full of beauty---of nature—of truth---of thrilling yet delicate passion, that gives an uncommon and irresistible power to her strains, and totally disarms criticism. Moreover, there are other causes less connected with intrinsic merit, calculated to propitiate an American critic. She is a *woman*---with which term we connect associations of a deep and extensive character. That intellectual inferiority---we use the term in a strict sense---is not one of them, our preceding remarks have demonstrated. She is a

native of a rival country---rival even in the feelings and sympathies of literary excellence:---is attached, devotedly attached, to our peculiar institutions:---rejoices in our successful struggle for national existence:---and has, what her "lords of the creation" have not---the candor to acknowledge it. Thence we admire her genius, consider her success in some sort our own, and readily pay our unimportant tribute of praise. We say *unimportant*—for, if we mistake not the deep religious sentiment, the tone of sorrowful feeling, tempered with placid resignation, that pervade her writings---she has been no stranger to misfortune. She "bears her faculties meekly"—there is no parade of learning---no tincture of conceit---but a strain of devotion, and a holy enthusiasm, which rest upon higher favor, and depend not upon human applause.

Mrs. Hemans, in common with European writers, has reaped but little benefit from the extensive perusal her works have obtained in this country. An edition of her works intended for her benefit, was contemplated some years since, but was relinquished, we believe, through cupidity and want of generous forbearance in rival publishers. Why does not one of our many highly gifted females undertake to edit her entire productions, which now exist, scattered in numerous small volumes, and thus pay a small tribute to an individual, who has in no small degree contributed to exalt the female character for talent and sensibility?



THE KING'S SECRET.

"*The King's Secret*," by the author of the "*Lost Heir*," is one of the best novels of the day. We know nothing of the former effort of this writer, nor indeed in relation to himself, can we tell his *quo nomine dicam*. but he need not be ashamed to avow the paternity of

his bantling. The time chosen for the introduction of his characters upon the *tapis*, is a period of British history, rich in chivalric legend,—enveloped in that degree of uncertainty which admits of an artificial superstructure without shocking probability, or violating facts—and affording a mine of ore readily wrought up into fictitious narrative, yet, comparatively, unbreathed upon. The plot is remarkably well laid—regular, yet deeply interesting—various, yet in perfect keeping. The scenes do not succeed each other with sufficient rapidity, and are sometimes drawn out to tediousness—they grow out of each other, however, with a probability, that avoids any calls upon the imagination of the reader for assistance, and present nothing abrupt in the *series innecka causarum*, which is by no means a common excellence. His characters, with the exception of the *Ruward*, present nothing very striking. They are, however, by contrast, analogy, accurate discrimination, and the scenes in which they figure, fully developed. The conduct of the plot is admirable—the events probable, and well explained—(the title is, by the bye, a misnomer) and some of the more stirring incidents—the attack upon the *Ruward*, for example—fully equal to the efforts of *Waverley* in the same line. Our author evinces considerable intimacy with antiquarian lore, in the costume, armor, and Heraldic devices of his knights. We welcome this novel, though not of the first order, nor evincing great power in its conception, as a returning relish for the chaste and natural productions of Scott, (though his style is by no means unexceptionable, nor his greatest merit) in preference to the powerful and fascinating, but artificial and fleeting, style, which *Bulwer* has introduced, and of which he has already founded a school of imitators. His (*Bulwer's*) first effort (*Pelham*) appeared like a new star in the firmament—it attracted the gaze of the reading community at once. It was in a new style—abounding in epigram, antithesis, and

repartee---profuse in powerful declamation, brilliant episodes, and feeling soliloquy. But the best sketches of character---Sir Reginald Glanville, for example---are descriptions---not creations. He analyzes their characters---details their feelings, and supplies them with eloquent declamation. But this is all. There are none of those touches of nature---those spontaneous and involuntary acts, which at a flash open the deepest recesses of the heart, and make us at once acquainted with the individual before us. Mr. Bulwer's subsequent productions are in the same style---and inferior to his first in delineation of character, and interesting incident. The same command of language---attic wit---deep feeling remain; but there is little variety, and no improvement. Mr. Bulwer is a man of powerful intellect---classical taste, and great imagination:---and were he to relinquish the *fashionableness* of his manner---his perpetual declamation---and dreamy episodes---might well make Sir Walter look to his laurels. But his faults are those of the age. To be satisfied of it, we need only turn to the novels, essays, and reviews of the day, the productions, too, of minds of no ordinary capacity. To answer the popular call for novelty, our writers are stimulated to sacrifice simple diction, for intense and abrupt phraseology---correct and chastened thought, for bold and daring sentiments,---mature, laborious composition and cautious correction for hasty and unequal efforts---resigning future fame, for present notoriety and profit. To this all-absorbing thirst after public favor, which hurries our authors to surpass in the rapidity of production, even the avidity of their readers to peruse their works, we attribute (what to us appears to be) the fate of far the greater part of the innumerable works of the day---temporary fame---final oblivion. How many of the volumes, under which the press daily groans, will be referred to as standards of taste, style, or sentiment, in the twentieth century? What *Martial* said of the MSS of his

day, may be repeated now with tenfold truth---“*Sunt pauca bona---sunt quedam meliora---sunt plurima mala.*---It cannot escape the most superficial observer, that, of late, our language has degenerated from its former strength and comparatively attic simplicity, into diffuseness, tinsel, and meretricious ornament:---that to its philosophic regularity has succeeded uncontrolled innovation---and that there can scarcely be found an anomaly, which has not been introduced by writers of the last quarter of a century. But we pause---being in danger of wandering into a corollary by no means warranted by our text.*



THE YOUNG DUKE.

We have just risen from the perusal of the “*Young Duke*,” by the author of *Vivian Grey*. It is a beautiful biographical sketch of a naturally strong mind and noble disposition, perverted by a vascillating and fantastic disposition and turned from its original bent by reckless self-indulgence. It may fairly be placed by the side of “*Pelham*”---by far the best production of the talented Bulwer. In passages of thrilling eloquence, and bursts of irresistible comic effect, it is superior---its sentiment is vague and dreamy, or fantastic, foppish and strait-laced---and, in this respect, it is inferior to the work in question, which it sometimes obviously imitates. The fire and animation---the playfulness and waggyery, that run through the whole, are admirably sustained, and show the polished gentleman of wit, taste and fashion. With the alternate jest and morality, the irresistible humor succeeded by thrilling pathos, shew a practised pen which touches at will

*A portion of this article will be found elsewhere. We have, in the *Memoir*, referred to these repetitions, and endeavoured to account for, though not to excuse them.

the hidden springs of feeling, and wields the lighter details of fashionable skirmishing with an ease and elegance that we in vain look for even in Waverly himself. But the literary *bijouterie* is laid on with too great profusion; and deprives the work of that simplicity and unaffected grace which renders Scott---despite their unbounded wit and elegant display of knowledge---superior to all his competitors in those sterling requisites which adhere, and indeed, are never fully developed until a second perusal. The developement of the plot in the "Young Duke" is wandering and interrupted---but verging to a point by bright and desultory incidents, but unerring certainty. The style we seriously dread as of contagious example. It is artificial---replete with metaphor---brilliant with epigram---but united with that eternal trifling---that strait-laced literary *dandyism*, around which the author of "Pelham" has thrown a charm, which will for a while delude imitators into mawkish, fantastic, and strained incidents, abrupt style, affected phraseology, until the public shall have been dosed---*usque ad nauseam*---and then they will appreciate, and return to, the chaste and natural descriptions of Scott, and to the legitimate landmarks of pure, healthy English, which, in the foreign foppery of fashionable novels, are sadly overthrown or mutilated.

In this last effort, Mr. D'Israeli, (who is beyond the allotted age, by several years,) seems to have had an *Indian summer*, in the winter of his life, and as snow invigorates the sear and famished root, to have acquired increased vivacity by the temporary sluggishness in the current of his veins. In point and sprightliness, and in splendor and variety of incident, it is superior to his former attempt---in sentiment, elegance of dialogue, and delicacy of retort---it is inferior. The conclusion appears to have been carelessly written, nor can we account for the clumsiness of the *eclaircissement* between Herbert Dacre and

Lady Caroline. We intended to have made some extracts, but, though passages of great beauty, of attractive playfulness, and deep interest, are profusely scattered over the work, they depend so much upon contrast with each other, peculiar situation, and dramatic incident, that they lose much of their effect when detached. We content ourselves with one, which affords a favorable specimen of our author's manner.

"First love, first love! how many a glowing bard has sung thy beauties! How many a poor devil of a prosing novelist, like myself, has echoed all our superiors, the poets, teach us! No doubt, thou rosy god of young desire, thou art a most bewitching little demon; and yet for my part, give me last love.

"Ask a man which turned out best, the first horse he bought or the one he now canters on? Ask—but in short there is nothing in which knowledge is more important, and experience more valuable than in love. When we first love, we are enamored of our own imaginations. Our thoughts are high, our feelings rise from out the deepest caves of the tumultuous tide of our full life. We look around for one to share our exquisite existence, and sanctify the beauties of our being.

"But those beauties are only in our thoughts. We feel like heroes when we are but boys. Yet our mistress must bear a relation, not to ourselves, but to our imagination. She must be a real heroine, while our perfection is but ideal.—And the quick and dangerous fancy of our race will rise to the pitch. She is all we can conceive. Mild and pure as youthful priests, we bow down before our altar. But the idol to which we breathe our warm and gushing vows, and bend our eager knees, all its power, does it not exist only in our idea—all its beauty, is it not the creation of our own excited fancy? And then the sweetest of superstitions ends. The long delusion bursts, and we are left like men upon a heath when fairies vanish; cold and dreary, gloomy, bitter, harsh; existence seems a blunder.

"But just when we are most miserable, and curse the poets' cunning and our own conceits, there lights upon our path, just like a ray fresh from the sun, some sparkling child of light, that makes us think we are premature, at least in our

resolve. Yet we are determined not to be taken in, and try her well in all the points in which the others failed. One by one her charms steal on our warming soul, as one by one, those of the other beauty sadly stole away, and then we bless our stars, and feel quite sure that we have found perfection in a petticoat."



IRVING'S ALHAMBRA.

We have skimmed over this last effort of our distinguished countryman, Irving, but are not of opinion that it will make any addition to his already lofty, and richly earned, eminence. As a record of the quaint manners of the remnant of a people fast falling to decay, its beautiful sketches and occasional graphic touches of character may render it curious, but even here its sketchy and fairy texture makes it of little real weight or value. We suspect it is little more than our author's ordinary journal, not originally intended for the public, but imperceptibly accumulating on his hands, and increasing in the richness of its contents, until it became necessary to relieve himself of the mass, and the mass became sufficiently valuable to be thrown off in this form. Mr. Irving, has, therefore, put forth a book; and this, we infer from external evidence, is the history of the sketches before us. It is an off-hand, *currente calamo*, travelling effort, written without design or labor, and strung together, like loose pearls simply to keep them from being lost. Viewing it in this light, the "Tales of the Alhambra," however little they may add to, can detract nothing from, the high reputation of our countryman.

The first one hundred and fifty pages are devoted to a description of the "Alhambra," its appearance, exterior and interior, its ancient government and state, its inhabitants, and its chief courts, halls and balco-

nies,—the rest of the work is taken up with legends, superstitions, etc. relative to the building and its several parts. The opening one hundred and odd pages are a blemish to the work—dull, diffuse, circumstantial.* Our author describes with the same particularity with which he examined—he amplifies until he becomes vague and individuality is destroyed,—and heaps up particulars, until the general impression is weakened. All the local information necessary could be conveyed in one fifth the space and to better effect,—and the particulars would both have enlisted the interest of the reader, and avoided repetition, by being introduced under their proper head, in the local legends, when they would have appeared important and been fixed in the memory by interesting association:—whereas, where they stand, they are isolated and without interest. The subjects too are not such as to call forth great power; fairy legends must be essentially light, flippant, and, to a degree, childish. They do not even admit of our author's peculiarly graceful tact in sketching, nor the full flow of his delicate humor. The portraits, too in such a work must be grave and, at the same time, trifling:—for where unearthly agency is admitted, human characters are secondary and not worth drawing with a nervous hand. Accordingly, wherever he deviates from the routine of fairy tale telling, and permits, as he often does, the full play of his delicately sarcastic wit, he ceases to be an inhabitant of "faery lande"—we forget his new character, and commune with our old friend of "Knickerbocker," and the most racy portions of the first "Sketch Book." This work will be read as extensively as any of its author's previous productions, and, we trust, may afford him a

*But is not this same diffuseness and particularity a strong and leading feature in all the writings of this gentleman? What are the stories and current narratives of the Sketch Book, Dracebridge Hall, &c. but the accounts of things and events of moderate interest, needlessly carried out to a particularity which is tedious; and in a strain and manner better meriting to be styled *sentimentality* than sentiment?

harvest more substantial than fame, of which he has already reaped his full share in two continents—in one with a single co-laborer—but, we think, criticism will settle down into the opinion we have advanced, that it is a mere *jeu d'esprit*, which, however pleasing in its way, can add nothing to a reputation already so great.



“SWALLOW BARN,”

Or a sojourn in the Old Dominion.

Our country, fruitful as she is in legend, historic record, and diversity of character, can never want writers of fiction, and, as a proof of it, we would adduce this work, the production, it is said, of J. L. Kennedy, Esq. a member of the Baltimore bar, upon a theme apparently barren, and almost impracticable to the mould of the novelist. Our author has succeeded however, in creating a delightful domestic tale, and enveloping very meagre materials in considerable interest, which increases with the progress of the story throughout a plot exceedingly simple, and requiring from the sketchy, disjointed, journal-like character of the book, little or no attention and management. This novel—if it fall under the class—is by no means of the first order even of American works of fiction;—it exhibits none of Cooper's living scenery, thrilling description, and abrupt, startling transition;—Irving's delicate attic wit, sparkling *bijouterie* and Addisonian style, are no where to be seen;—and of Brockden Brown's manner it is the perfect antipodes. Still it has merit of no ordinary character, and as a departure from the fashionable slipshod style of the day, deserves to be hailed as ominous of a returning taste for placid life, natural descriptions and ordinary events, over the high-wrought scenes, unnatural sentiment, and distorted pictures of life, which

disfigure the powerful, but from their presenting no impress of the times, necessarily short-lived, productions of the new school; which has trodden on the heels of the great Waverly. Our author's style is simple, careless, and even loose,—but there is an idiomatic turn of expression pervading it, which is as delightful, as it is uncommon. Of wit he exhibits nothing, and his humor is of the broad caricature order, which is well adapted to the scenes and characters he describes.—As a journal of domestic events, Mr. Kennedy's book is a perfect picture of the hearty hospitality of the Old Dominion, and as a record of manners fast falling into decay, and a memento of a class almost extinct, it will be a source of great gratification a century hence, and an interesting repository to the antiquarian.



“CONVERSATIONS WITH AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT IN ILL HEALTH.”

These “Conversations,” together with an essay or two, and several fancy sketches, are attributed by their American publisher (for they have not appeared in this form across the Atlantic) to the accomplished author of “Pelham,” and the internal evidence furnished by them leaves no doubt of their paternity. The dialogue is easy, sketchy and perfectly characteristic,—abounding less in antithesis, and ambitious metaphor,—less in abrupt and conceited sentiment,—less in inverted style and meretricious ornament, and entirely exempt from that strait-laced literary dandyism, which is the great blemish of our author's manner. At the same time, we have no small portion of that delicate tact, that sprightly *bijouterie*, that elegant trifling united to profound reflection, which characterize his efforts, and infinitely outweigh all, and they are not a few, of the minor objections. We do not mean that

this work is to be put by the side of "Pelham," but we assert, that if its beauties be not as striking, its faults are fewer,—that our author has reformed his style of late, or that there was a time, when he wrote more naturally, which we are glad to know, as it affords ground for hope that he may do so in future. Mr. *Bulwer* is evidently a man of powerful imagination, extensive knowledge, classical acquirements, and deep observation, but his taste, or rather the fashionable taste of the day—for which he caters—is essentially factitious and corrupt. Let him but reform its affected fastidiousness—its sickly sentiment—its preference of abrupt style and daring phraseology over chastened and correct thought—let him but "reform it altogether," and write but as nature and his own genius prompt him, and he may well make Sir Walter look to his laurels.

POETICAL.

THE DRAMA—A PRIZE ADDRESS.

Hail, generous Patrons of the Drama's arts,
Once more we greet you with devoted hearts,
We bid you welcome to the mimic scene,
Its worlds of painted life, and fields of green—
Its wilds of thought, where vagrant fancies play,
Where Nature wooes and wand'ring poets stray,
Its classic groves, and bow'rs by magic wrought,
And all its stores of song, and mighty thought!

Long o'er these realms of wealth had Darkness trod,
A gloomy tyrant—an usurping God—
And hallow'd learning half forgot her sway,
Her glorious empire blotted from the day—
In dreams oblivious sacred Poësy slept,
Her groves deserted and her lyre-unswept;
'Till, bursting through the gloom, the Drama rose,
And, at her glance, a new creation glows!
There, clust'ring round, obedient to her will,
The soul's strong passions her behests fulfil;
Remorse, in tears, and Mirth, with laughter lit—
Hate with its haggard sneer, and bright-ey'd Wit—
Despair that haunts wild glen and lonely stream,
And cherub Love, that warms the maiden's dream.
The phantom troops, around her altar throng,
And lead in chains the willing slaves along—
By toils severe the Drama school'd the age,
And Virtue taught her lessons from the stage.

In western wilds, within the unbroken shade,
Ere Learning sanction'd laws which Freedom made,
Or, Reason form'd, in one harmonious plan,
The social rules which bind discordant man,

The Stage arose—and even the savage mind,
Lov'd the high scene, and sought to be refin'd.

The Bard of Avon led the deathless band,
Who struck and taught the lyre in British land—
The chequer'd realms of earth his spells obey,
And the stern tomb resigns its ravish'd prey—
And spectres rise and sheeted ghosts appear,
With scorpions arm'd to startle guilt with fear.
Now, wild Ambition finds it vain to trust
To sculptured stone, and monumental dust,
Yet though the urn be crush'd, the lyre unstrung,
On whose proud note the world delighted hung,
The scythe of Chronos, though the world it sweeps,
Shall spare the hallow'd spot where Shakspeare sleeps.

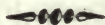
To point the efforts of the aspiring Muse,
To Virtue's, Honor's praise—its noblest use,—
To be—as by th' immortal Bard defin'd—
The unerring mirror of the human mind,
Each folly him, and, with all colours true,
Clothe Error in her vain and native hue—
To win new muses, and awake new strains,
And win the old from well-remember'd plains,
In Freedom's land to rear some classic bays,
And leave a name of pride to other days—
This be the aim of our aspiring age,
These be the works and triumphs of our Stage.

Indulgent Patrons! in your hands we trust
The Drama's fortunes—to the charge be just.
To rear an infant stage, on you we call,
For by your verdict it must rise or fall—
To all its faults we would not have you blind,
But look with gentle brow and spirit kind—
Though here, on feeble wing the Muse may rise,
Feebly at first, and fearful of the skies,
Yet with your plaudits cheer'd, a bolder flight,
Shall win your hearts in wonder and delight—
And in her walls, by your warm bounty fed,
Some Shakspeare yet may sing—some Garrick tread;
Some glorious Siddons passion's fire impart,
Some Kemble wing a shaft to every heart.

In this thrice favoured clime, where deathless fame,
 Prompts the young mind, and lights up glory's flame,
 Land of chivalric deeds—where sprang of old,
 The statesman, wise and true—the warrior, bold—
 Where golden Ceres with profusive hand,
 Scatters her bounties o'er the teeming land—
 And Nature, lavish still of life and light,
 Decks the rich realms the Genoese brought to sight,
 Here bring your legions, and your standard plant—
 And make your lore enchain, your lyre enchant!

Oh, from these happy shores be banished far,
 The gloom of death, the frenzied shriek of war—
 And wild ambition, fated to pursue,
 The vision glory, with his demon crew.
 May peace forever more with plenty shine,
 And bless the land that consecrates the Nine;
 And here, where Commerce spreads her wide domain,
 Be fix'd the splendours of the Muse's reign.

Oh, vain—ye masters whom we all obey,
 If you prove adverse, is our Poet's lay—
 Though you receive not, yet extend delight,
 And grant indulgence to our toils to-night—
 O'er all our errors draw the guardian veil
 Nor let the sterner, critic mood, assail—
 Not free from failing, hope we to appear,
 Yet honest effort claims some favour here—
 You whose applause we value more than gold,
 And in just poise the equal balance hold,
 Still keep in view the Drama's noblest end,
 And be at once the *Censor* and the *Friend*.



THE POETICAL RAGE.

The universal passion, pride,
 Has surely never spread so wide,
 As now, when every dunce, in arms,
 Would storm Apollo with alarms;
 And raging rash, in rankest lays,
 Would snatch and steal reluctant bays

'Tis Horace says—a man of wit—

“Poëta nascitur non fit”—

The maxim's stale, but would you know it,

You are not made, but born, a Poet.—

'Tis prose enough, and hence 'tis here,

Since men may prose it every where.

The meanest brute by Nature made,

Securely plods his proper trade,

Nor, by strange follies led astray,

Pops, ever, in his neighbor's way—

Who ever saw a hog romantic,

A bear forever at an antic?

Alas—these may no models be,

For all the monsters that we see,

And Boobies now make daily uses,

Of Dan Apollo and the Muses;

In wit, and in their nature's spite,

Disdain to think—yet dare to write.

With wit and judgment unendow'd,

Still captious, ignorant and loud

Each modern Midas shakes his ears,

And chatters to the vexed spheres,

Void of all sense as wel' as shame,

Beneath rebuke, beyond reclaim.

To mend the manners and the mind,

The poet's art was well design'd;

To point the height where glory flies,

And teach presumption to be wise—

The Muse appeared with heavenly strain,

And fill'd the warm enthusiast's brain.

Shall these high offices of thought,

These glorious duties then be nought—

While spirits base, and blockheads dull

Presume their choicest spoils to cull—

Apollo, cast aside thy lyre,

And let thine arrows speak thine ire.

To notice dullness would be vain—

“The loss would be exceeding gain.”
Respite thy brain—thou shouldst not try,
“Upon the wheel to crush the fly;”
“Be this our motto and our fate,
“Hated by fools, and fools to hate.”



WINTER SCENE.

Look upon the winter hearth,
What a scene of careless mirth,
Yonder go a thoughtless round,
Whirling at the viol's sound;
There, is many a wanton fairy,
With light heart and footsteps airy;
With no thought upon the morrow,
Things that never yet knew sorrow.

There are some of riper years,
Taught, methinks, in human cares,
Yet they look with grateful sight,
On the whirling ring's delight—
Care has lesson'd to be kind,
And has mellow'd well each mind,
Till their very griefs become,
Gentle teachers for their home.

These are small and humble joys,
But their presence never cloy—
Though they come with every night,
Still their presence brings delight—
Memory has not lost its pow'r,
And the old survey the hour,
When like those that wander by,
They too had their revelry.

'Tis a pleasant song and play,
Those who know them well, may say,
Which the wrought and anxious ear,
Listens ever more to hear—
That same song by winter sung,
Uttered forth by childhood's tongue,

That same sport, when none would tire,
Round the good old winter fire.

Never may the open brow,
Or, the heart that's joyous now,
Or, the wild and wanton dream,
Or, the gay, unflickering beam,
Or, the footstep light and airy,
Find the future visionary—
'Twere a Poet's sweetest pray'r,
That their fortunes should be fair.



THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

What shall compass Beauty's dow'r—
Who shall sing of Beauty's power—
Who is weak that Beauty arms—
Who is dull that Beauty charms?—
Though the Minstrel slumber long,
Beauty wakes him into song;
All his human bands she breaks,
All his heavenly ardor wakes,
Bids him ride on eagle wings,
Soaring to celestial things.

In her bow'r long days he lies,
Raptures sealing up his eyes,
'Till she prompt him with a glance,
And he lifts the lyre and lance;
Throws aside his apathy,
Learns to live and dares to die,
Nor the storm, nor piercing wind,
Stays the ardour of his mind.

From his limbs the locks are hurl'd,
And he rushes o'er the world;
All his spirits now awaken,
From his eye the scales are taken,
And his living song is given,
To that brightest form of heaven;
To the world's eye she is shown,

As her charms have fill'd his own,
 'Till, as mad as he who sings,
 All the million put on wings,
 Soaring for the embodied glory,
 Of that wild eyed Poet's story.

'They would compass Beauty's dow'r,
 'They would witness Beauty's pow'r,
 'They would revel in her arms,
 Blest with all her sacred charms—
 But she keeps the charms and spell,
 For the bard who sings them well;
 Though, for him, the prince of verse,
 They are yet the care and curse—
 She has bound him in her chain,
 And he never sings again,
 Ruling not his fellow men,
 He has lost his empire then—
 Hush'd the lyre that once delighted,
 And the wreath of bay is blighted.



MOONLIGHT WANDERINGS.

When is set the orb of day,
 And the moon with placid light
 Cheers the lonely traveller's way
 'Mid the darkness of the night—

When the bright stars beaming through,
 And along each waving pine,
 Scatter'd o'er the trackless blue,
 In the spacious azure shine—

When the drowsy earth is still,
 And no single jarring sound,
 Save the trickling of the rill,
 Breaks the spell of silence round—

'With perhaps, the sullen moan,
 When the prosing owl would sing,

Or the whizzing bat alone,
On his dark and dragon-wing:—

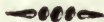
Then I wander forth alone,
Not alone—for round me throng,
Fairy elves of foreign tone,
And with spirit speech and song.

They are mine and in my heart,
All its longings they supply,
'Till my spirit fain would dart
Upward with them to the sky.

Let the garish glance of day,
Livelier senses still delight,
'Tis my mood to rather stray,
In the stillness of the night.

Flitting fancies guide me on,
Mazy wilds and waters through,
Echo, ever and anon,
Playful, bidding me pursue.

Be the night my province still,
She will aid my soaring wing,
With her I shall gain the hill,
And the sacred spring.



LOFTY MEDITATIONS.

Though young in years, in wisdom hoary,
Sworn foe alike to Whig and Tory,
Serene I mount the upper story,
And thence look down,
With towering grandeur, ease and glory,
On this ——— town.

In soiled shirt, and tattered breeches,
Disdaining worldly power and riches,
For others' wealth my palm ne'er itches,
But wields at will,

That source of poems, songs and speeches,
My "grey goose quill!"

Oh, sacred weapon! Source of pleasure!
The dunces scourge! the poet's treasure!
Alone, exempt from legal seizure —
Thy charms delight
My mind by day, and sweetly measure
My dreams by night.

Like thee, self-buoyant, firm and steady,
Blythe as ——— on May day,
Or College Fresh let loose on play day,
I careless snore—
E'en thee, vociferous, cursed pay day,
I hear no more.

My pleasing prospects never vary,
My spirits rarified and airy,
No Fortunatus, witch or fairy,
Can mend my diet:—
Not D—— in his Baratary;
Reign'd half so quiet.

Ye Poets! mark the truths I teach,
Strive all Parnassus' heights to reach,
Nor heed what groundling Poets preach
Of fame and glory;
Who seeks for *attic* wit must reach
The *attic* story!



AN INTRODUCTION, TO THE ALBUM OF MISS ———.

While other bards their homage pay,
And celebrate thy natal day—
While swains upon thy virtues dwell,
And gallants of thy beauties tell—
A humble bard, with downcast look,
Would sing the virtues of thy *book!*

No minstrel he, with genius strong,
 To mount up in the realms of song,
 But one, who, in his utmost pride,
 Still creeps along the mountain side—
 His highest hope, with timid pen,
 To scribble of thy Album then.

Now, while its leaves are free from stain,
 An emblem of thyself we gain;
 The pages free from spot appear,
 And teach us, thou, like them, art fair.
 Thine is the gentle cherub's part,
 And shadowless thy hope and heart.

But when with sable streams o'erspread,
 Hope's brightest visions here are read;
 And Friendship comes with genial smile,
 And Love, beguil'd, and to beguile—
 And pensive Thought, with evening ray,
 Rejoiced at their harmonious play.

Oh, may thy young heart feel the power,
 Of each of these in every hour—
 While Hope, ethereal, comes to charm,
 And Love adores with ardour warm—
 And Truth, well known, beside thee stands,
 And hears, and heeds, and links your hands.

Oh, may the current of thy days,
 Unlike the minstrel's idle lays,
 In sweet composure glide along,
 A calm, uninterrupted, song,
 Whose notes, like those that swell above,
 Still cheer with peace, and charm with love!



MORNING.

When appears the God of Light,
 In his high imperial car,
 Driving with unmeasured flight,
 The o'erladen night afar—

Gath'ring up, in sullen haste,
All her gloomy train she flies,
While, with hues more gentle graced,
Laughs the blue and beaming skies---
And the weeping mists are fled,
And the chill and shade are gone,
And each bird from out his bed,
Singing, hails the gathering sun.
And, though lately sad with tears,
Nature, like a blushing flow'r,
In her bridal dress appears,
Laughing in a summer bow'r---
'There, a daisy lifts its brow,
Thither speeds a vagrant breeze,
And a squirrel on yon bough,
Shakes the dew-pearls from the trees:
While, with modest joy ciate,
Two sweet warblers sit above,
With a low and tender prate,
Conning o'er their stores of love---
'These have lessons in the lore,
Which the listning soul may find,
If, by all untaught before,
Which may well supply the mind---
Nature, with a kindly sense,
Grateful to the student's sight,
Teaches the intelligence,
And the rapture born of light.
With this lesson taught I rise
Over humbler earth's control---
Guided to my native skies,
Fearless, by the seeing soul.



THE YOUNG MOTHER.

While pleasant visions in the mother's mind,
Fill with sweet cares and ecstasies refin'd,
And Hope's fair promises, with calm control,
Warm, with the future prospect, all her soul---
While all the thoughts which animate her breast,
'The purest dreams of happiness attest---

May that great Providence who rules on high,
 Look gently downwards with approving eye---
 Nor pause to sanction the sweet hopes that rise,
 Within her soul, and fill with tears her eyes.
 Still, o'er her babe, as anxiously she bends,
 And, with her hope, a doubt of sorrow blends,
 Dispel the care, whose dark and deadly mien,
 Would dull the vision and deface the scene.

Oh, gentle mother, with thy soul of truth,
 Still tend his childhood and inform his youth,
 And, till secure from human sin and strife,
 Direct in sweet simplicity his life---
 Ere the dark blights of future grief arise,
 'To blight the garden scene and cloud the skies. ---
 When youth attends with all its golden hues,
 Its theme of love, its worship of the Muse,
 Its thousand strings of thought, its fleeting rays,
 Its love of fleeting power---its thirst of praise---
 Through your affections still, by nature taught,
 As great in action, and as pure in thought,
 Let solid joys, that may not disappear,
 And works that fleet not with the fleeting year,
 Requite the present toil, all toils above,
 And every harvest home bring joy and love.



DITHYRAMBIC.

How pleasantly sweet is the fond recollection
 Of youthful attachments, unscathed with alloy,
 When the heart, haply freed from each painful reflection,
 Reverts back to days of its earliest joy.
 When frolic and gay, with the spirit of childhood,
 The form roved at once where its memory flew,
 By the wandering stream, by the thicket and wild wood,
 And every dear scene, that its infancy knew.

Oh, why are we doomed, when the bloom is all banish'd,
 Which Hebe in youth threw around the young heart,
 When the blush of the flowers forever is vanish'd,
 And the odour all gone, to behold them depart!

To linger behind and to see in the distance,
 The glorious phantoms, all fleeting, of youth—
 To cherish a sad and a single existence,
 With nothing to seek and with nothing to soothe.

And fled from my grasp are the joys of my childhood.
 And faded the visions that shone at its morn—
 I rove midst the bower, I roam in the wild wood,
 And seeking their flow'rets, I find but the thorn.
 Ah, wherefore thus seek---since the pleasures are faded,
 Ah, wherefore desire, nor boldly depart---
 'Tis but folly to gaze where the prospect is shaded,
 But madness to nourish a still breaking heart.



DEAR THINGS.

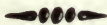
Dear to the storm troubled seaman at even,
 Is the silver lamp in the azure heaven—
 Dear to the warrior, strewn with the slain,
 Is the field of his triumph, the red battle plain—
 Dear to the exile, long destined to roam,
 Is the twinkling lamplight that beams from his home—
 And dear to the slave by his tyrant oppress'd,
 To sink on his lowly couch to rest.

Dear to all is the morning's light.
 Dear the sky-lark's upward flight—
 Dear the minstrel's airy spell,
 And his sprite-encompass'd cell;
 Where, the pleasant wood-nymphs rove,
 And the bow'rs have each a love,
 With a magic rich and rare,
 Making dearest things more dear.

Dear to valour is the strife,
 Where the victim pleads for the forfeit life;
 Dear to mercy is the tear,
 That tells of the plaint, and the granted prayer;
 Dear to wild ambition's eye,
 Is the battle's fearful pageantry;

More dear the spoils of the foughten field,
Where the gallant die, and the dastards yield.

But brighter far than morning's beam,
And wilder far than the Poet's dream;
And milder than the young moon's ring,
And softer than the breath of spring—
And sweeter than note of the early lark,
And prouder than valour whose deeds are dark,
And dearer than all that others may prove,
Are the thousand charms of the maid I love.



HOPE.

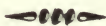
Sweet power, whose high and heavenly art,
Flings gladness o'er the dreaming heart,
And when each pleasure leaves the mind
Still linger'st with thy ray behind,
And shonest fair—a beacon light
To guide us thro' the gloom of night—
How come thy pleasing hues to bless,
And cheer life's weary wilderness!
Can wisdom with its boasted power
Compare with that ethereal hour,
When Hope's presaging eagle eye
Pierces thro' dark futurity;—
And all her glorious hues unfurl'd,
Illumes and lightens up the world?

* * * *

Man wand'ring on a desert clime,
Welcomes thy influence divine,
And hails with rapture from afar,
The lightning of thy brilliant star,
Which whispers in each surge—a sail,
And voices in each sighing gale—
“Glance quick,” she cries, “thy straining eye
’O’er yon dark sea;—a barge is nigh,
Which waits the beckoning of thy hand,
To waft thee from this dismal strand,
To that dear clime, where roses shed
Sweet fragrance from their tufted bed.

And friendship's voice in soothing strains
 Shall heal thy lonely woes and pains!"
 The dreamer hears! a brilliant light
 Now bursts upon his dazzled sight!
 His native home appears in view
 In all its vivid colourings true;
 The hawthorn hedge, the ivied oak.
 The jas'mine bow'r and pebbly brook;—
 The porch with woodbine tendrils bound—
 The every spot—each shrub around—
 Like magic mirror to his gaze
 Reflect the joys of by-gone days.
 The dreamer flies, and in his haste
 The wicket-gate is quickly past;—
 The door is gained—all—all is done,
 A mother's kiss salutes her son—
 He feels a father's fond embrace—
 A sister's tears bedew his face,
 And love's warm gush the spirit cheered
 Where lately grief her throne had reared.

Alas! an envious crash withdrew
 The sainted image from his view!
 His dream is past—the shadow vain
 No longer cheers his burning brain.



TO A LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Time speeds—time speeds, and though I cannot be,
 The watcher of thy years, and see them glide,
 With a still onwards and unslumbering tide,
 To the wide ocean of Eternity,
 Yet would I note that day's return, which tells,
 Warm in my heart that thought, even now, which swells,
 Till you or I, or both of us are dust.

We met in childhood's happy hours,
 When our young hearts were gay,
 We lightly trod on Spring's sweet flowers,
 Which faded soon away—

Again we meet, when fancy flings,
 Her shadowy form around us,

When pleasure plumes her golden wings,
And scenes of bliss surround us.

The wildest glow of generous joy,
Which Nature scatters o'er them,
Time's ruthless hand will soon destroy,
And stay not to deplore them.

Those joys, which youthful feelings heighten,
And scorn the vulgar shade:—
Those beams, which childhood's visions brighten,
Like morning light must fade.

The rainbow bursting thro' the clouds
Which dim the early day,
Dispels whate'er its splendor shrouds,
And vanishes away.

The morning opens to the gaze
A fair and glorious sight,
But all its bright etherial rays
Are soon dispersed in night.

Lady, our early care is gone
Ere we could count the hours,
And neither now may hasten on
To pluck the loveliest flowers.

Gay morning gives us back the day
Which charm'd our eyes before,
But when our youth has fled away,
What should stern Time restore?

What but the youth and loveliness,
Like Spring flow'rs frail and fleet—
The beauty and the comeliness,
That fade in odors sweet.

—•••—

A WISH

I wish thee joy—warm, sunny joy,
Without defeat, without alloy,

And never to depart—
 For thee, may still the sunbeam's glow,
 The zephyrs rise, the flow'rets blow,
 All cheerful, cheer thy heart.

May friendship with a smile of truth;
 Unchanging still in age and youth,
 Still guide and bless thy way;
 And well I know, that innocence,
 Which marks thee still, from Providence,
 Shall keep its holy sway.

And when the hours of merriment,
 Are gone, and life is nearly spent,
 And weaker grows its chain—
 May mercy take the sting from death,
 And Conscience to the latest breath,
 Disarm his gloomy reign.



The *Maid of Corinth* to her lover Palemon, on taking
 his likeness from the shadow on the wall, which is supposed
 to have given birth to the first idea of

PORTRAIT PAINTING:

[*Imitated from the French of L'Abbe Menard:*]

The lamp, which round me threw its feeble rays,
 And bent my mind to contemplation's tone,—
 Thy hallowed image on the wall portrays,
 And reckless Fancy breaks her raptured zone,—
 To view thy noble form—the sovereign of its own.

Absent Palemon! Even in fancy's dream—
 The shade which mocks the longings of the heart,
 More than *resemblance* to the eye can seem,—
 Allay the pang of *separation's* dart,—
 Fill up the vacant mind, and transient bliss impart.

To fix the well-loved shade that glimmers bright,—
 Thy Angel-form, that haunts young Love's first dream;
 Ere it shall vanish with the flickering light,

Or ruthless morning's rude and gaudy beam,—
Robbing me of my bliss—thy form—my constant theme;

Let *Love* my pencil guide. Let him inspire—
Thy *living* features. As thy form I con,
Let *Memory* bring her blaze of living fire,
To paint thy shape—thyself, my Palemon,
Of noble deeds, the sire—of noble sires the son.



SPRING.

Rising on the Zephyr's wing,
Like the new-born God of Day,
Welcome, to the coming Spring,
With its bright and rosy ray.

Skimming lightly o'er the flow'rs,
Bringing sweets and taking none,
Now in air she gaily tow'rs,
Winning brightness from the sun.

O'er the sleeping forest, shaking
Dews and odor from her wing,
Flow'rs and birds alike awaking,
From the earth to greet her spring.

Once again the foliage lives,
Once again its blessing bringing—
And the drooping year revives,
And the lark again is singing.

Promises anew are given,
Like the rainbow pledge of yore,
Though the sun grow dim in heaven,
Heaven its brightness shall restore.



POLITICS AND POETICS.

Again I stop,—again the toil refuse—
Away for pity's sake, distracting Muse!

Nor thus come smiling with thy bridal tricks
 Between my studious face and politics.
 Is it for thee to mock the frown of fate?
 Look round, look round, and mark my desperate state.
 Cannot thy gifted eyes a sight behold,
 That might have quelled the Lesbian bard of old,
 And made the blood of Dante's self run cold?
 Lo, first this table spread with fearful books,
 On which, whoe'er can help it, never looks;
 Committee letters, resolutions, hints,
 And inuendos from the rival prints,—
 Essays to prove, on pain of our undoing,
 The Tariff bad, but Nullification ruin;
 Excerpts, and crudities, and scraps of libel,
 That source of wit, the dastard blockhead's bible.
 Scarce from the load, as from a heap of dead,
 My poor old Homer shews his honored head,
 Euripides in darkness yields to fate,
 And Plutarch bends beneath the filthy weight,
 Horace alone (the rogue!) his doom has missed,
 And lies at ease upon the pension list.

I yield, I yield—once more I turn to you,
 Harsh Politics! And once more bid adieu
 To the soft dreaming of the Muse's bowers,
 Their sun-streaked fruits and fairy painted flowers:
 Farewell, for gentler times, ye laurelled shades,
 Farewell, ye sparkling brooks, and haunted glades,
 Where the trim shapes, that bathe in moonlight eaves,
 Glance through the light and whisper in the leaves.
 Farewell, farewell, dear Muse, and all thy pleasure,
 He conquers ease, who would be crown'd with leisure!

JOYS OF HOME.

When shall I seek with spirit bright,
 For that dear world—that gentle home,
 Where still in tones of true delight,
 Each young affection bids me come?
 The home of childhood—truest joy,
 The youthful bosom ever knew,

*Always.

Where to the wild and wayward boy,
 His strongest, best attachments grew.
 Oh, that the eagle's wings were mine,
 Once more among those scenes to pore,
 Blest by the joys for which I pine,
 And faces I may see no more.
 Borne on my fancy's wings I rove,
 To where, in youth, each step was bent;
 I climb the hill, I trace the grove,
 Each spot, in fairy pleasures spent.
 I seek again the murmur'ing brook,
 That, by our cottage, wound its course,
 Or, where among the rocks it took
 An aspect rough, an accent hoarse.
 I wander o'er the hamlet grey,
 Whose ruins wear a cheerful mien—
 And gather 'neath the ancient bay,
 And watch the dances of the green.
 In memory blest with every scene,
 Perchance, I never more shall see,
 Fancy shall weave her golden dream,
 And make her bliss reality.



TO A LADY,

Who at parting said, we shall meet again.

Oh, I would smile at human wo,
 Defy the bitter world's disdain,
 If, as thou say'st, thro' parting now,
 We two shall meet—shall meet again.
 This parting, to the riven breast,
 Is like some fell and fatal blow;
 That promise, like a dream of rest,
 Half balms the wound, half soothes the woe.
 And if that sweet delusive dream,
 Should false and frail and fading prove,
 I gather still, a kindlier beam,
 Still cheering sweetly from above.
 What though the life be gloomy now,
 What though the bitter world disdain,
 I heed them not—'tis written—lo!
 We two shall meet—shall meet again.

ON PLANTING AND DEDICATING A NONDE-
SCRIPT.

I place thee in a cold retreat,
 Where Summer's sunbeams slightly beat,—
 For thee, a dwelling place, I've made,
 'Mong things of kindred bloom and shade—
 Secure with them, the driving storm,
 Thy gentle stems shall not deform;
 But, still throughout thy sacred sphere,
 A Summer influence linger there.
 Innocuous weeds shall never spread,
 Their fatal influence on thy bed,
 But merry birds on sportive wing,
 Shall know thee as a sacred thing,
 And come, with Zephyr hurrying by,
 With odor, and rich melody;
 While spirits, of a gentle make,
 A wardship of thy world shall take,
 And, viewless, watch thee by the light,
 And dance around thee through the night—
 Making thy home, a guarded place,
 Secure from all of colder race,
 And worthy of the gentle eyes,
 For which, alone, I bid thee rise.



STANZAS TO ———. IMITATION.

I.

On pinions of the swiftest gale,
 Joyful, thy glad return, I hail—
 To Carolina's shore;
 Each sea-born nymph conspired to guide,
 Thy vessel through the foaming tide,
 And bring thee back once more.

II.

With rosy wine and chaplets gay,
 I'll celebrate the smiling day
 That brought thee here again;—
 To Friendship's joys I'll sweep the Lyre.—

Thy blest return my verse shall fire,
Escaped the raging main.

III.

Skilled in the magic, pleasing art;
Oft hast thou soothed a parent's heart,
That mourned her drooping child;—
Relieved her from the gulph of woe,
When death prepared his shaft to throw,
With aspect grim and wild.

IV.

From thee Hygeia's gifts arise,
On me be placed the Ivy prize,
Amid the echoing wood:—
Where nymphs and satyrs haunt the grove,
'Thro' woodland scenes I love to rove,
Secluded from the crowd.



IMPROMPTU.—TO ———.

I dare not gaze upon thy form,
For, all too bright,
Those eyes that speak, those lips that warm,
Obscure the sight.

Yet, still I may thy charms rehearse,
With truth, and well;
And in each wild and vagrant verse,
Describe each spell.

Thy spirit-speaking eye must be,
An endless theme;
Thy pure soul ever raise in me,
Some tranced dream.

Ah, still they wake in me the sigh,
And flows the tear!—
Ah, madness thus to venture nigh,
The spells I fear.

They glance too glorious, still, though sweet,
My soul has riven,

Even, as the lightning's winged sheet,
Comes yet from heaven.

'Thou hast the crown that Virtue wreathes,
With beauty's spell—
And—but a word my spirit breathes,—
Farewell—farewell!



FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell! I may not brook,
That changing eye, that careless look,
Nor live beneath thy scorn—
'Thy spells are winning still to me,
But having ta'en my liberty
They are no longer worn.

Farewell! but though unshrinking thus,
I break the ties that coupled us,
I may not break the spell.
Through the long waste of life before,
I still must sigh when whisp'ring o'er,
'That sorrowful farewell!



FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not—the Pilgrim's vow,
Was never breath'd more fervently,
'Than that I murmur to thee now,
That thou wilt still remember me.
"Forget me not!" the fond reflection
That I shall live within thy thought,
Dispels each gloomy recollection,
And I repeat, "Forget me not."

Forget me not—a sweeter spell,
Ne'er bound or bless'd the youthful heart,
And each shall feel and cherish well,
The pledge each gives when doom'd to part.

Forget me not—but mine's a token,
 By memory ne'er to be forgot,
 A heart that may be blighted, broken,
 But loves, and will forget *thee* not.



TO CECILIA—AN IMPROMPTU.

If placid features; grace and ease,
 The gazer's glance may bind—
 And Beauty's charms forever please,
 In thee, all these we find.
 Well may the Muse exulting praise
 Charms, winning all as thine,
 For thee, attune her softest lays,
 For thee her garlands twine.
 But what fond Muse may paint thy heart,
 Thy spirit, taste, refin'd—
 Or, where the Poet's daring art,
 To search thy polish'd mind?
 Twould task a nobler Muse than mine,
 Of such a theme to speak,
 And not one Muse, but all the nine,
 Might prove their labours weak.



A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Imitation.

But grant us jocund peace, our choicest treasure,
 Which gives to life fair study's worthy leisure,
 And wakes up holy fear, with chastened pleasure
 Mildly combining.

The arts around her secund bosom clinging,
 View justice flourish, peopled cities springing,
 And piety, each moral virtue bringing
 In honor shining.

Where war appears, integrity is blasted,
 Law overthrown, and every blessing wasted,

Religion crush'd, and all its balm untasted,
'Mid desolation.

Long may our Jackson live, his country loving,
With golden Peace thro' all her vallies moving,
And Heaven itself fair Union's Sons approving.
Hail Happy Nation!

TO ———

'The rose thou gav'st is in decay,
Its bloom is gone, its odour fled,
And men would fling the wreck away,
For all its early charms are dead.

'Tis beauty's emblem, that poor flow'r,
Thus fading in its early morn—
The charm, the plaything of an hour,
Decreed, forever, thence, to scorn.

Not so—not so! Though bloom be past,
And youth with all its charms take wing,
In memory will its freshness last,
Still tended by perpetual spring.

Thus will I keep this wither'd flow'r,
In token of that early bloom;
And memory, heedful of her dow'r,
Shall plant it on affection's tomb.

TO A LADY WEeping.

If the tear thou sheddest now,
Speak a sorrow, deep and drear,
Then my own at once shall flow,
I will give thee tear for tear.

But if dreams of fancied wo,
Bring to view the crystal rill,
So lovely do they make you now,
I would have you weep them still.

[*Translated from the Iliad—Book 3, v. 15.*]

When front to front the hostile troops appeared,
 And gleaming spears a bristling front upreared;
 Paris, the foremost of the Trojan bands,
 His fiery warriors, clothed in mail, commands.
 A Panther's spoil,—the gaily spotted hide
 Streamed from his shoulders: glittering at his side,
 Swung his bright sword, to deal the deadly blow;
 His back sustained the loudly-twanging bow,
 With threat'ning spear, and gold-embroidered shield
 He hurl'd the gauntlet on the war clad field,
 And dared each Grecian Hero to advance,
 To wield the sword, and toss the weighty lance.
 As rabid Lion from the mountain brakes
 With hollow roar the echoing forest shakes,
 And darts, like gleaming lightning, in the air,
 On bounding roe, or proudly antlered deer;
 And, while he keeps the hunter's dogs at bay,
 Devours in haste the unresisting prey;—
 Thus Menelaus joyed when he beheld
 The god-like Paris bending to the field,
 And from his chariot with a lofty bound,
 With clanging arms he reached the dusty ground,
 And hastened with a warrior's gen'rous heat,
 Thus, point to point, the enamoured boy to meet.
 But conscious guilt the Hero's heart oppressed
 And pallid fear usurped his manly breast,
 With shameful haste, he fled the martial fight,
 And shunned th' effect of injured honor's right.
 As traveller wandering in the mazy path
 Retreats and shuns the venom'd serpent's wrath
 Whose darting tongue, and warning coil bespeak
 The fatal vengeance which he means to wreak;
 Thus fearful terror seized the Phrygian boy
 Whose passion roused the angry arms of Troy—
 Nor bravely dared the anxious foe to fight,
 But sought for safety in inglorious flight.



TRANSLATION OF EURIPIDES.—CHORUS OF MEDEA.

Should Passion rule o'er Reason's throne,
 And wave Love's sceptre, full of ire,

Forgetful of soft Pity's moan,
 Lost in the storm of wild Desire:—
 While Honor—Justice—love of Fame—
 All perish in the maddening flame.

But should the Gods propitious hear,
 And grant their suppliant votary's prayer,
 The hallowed wish—the vow sincere—
 The transport soft—the tender tear—
 And Truth—which time nor fate can move—
 Attend the steps of sacred love.

And, what is he, whose frenzied brain,
 Has felt that deeply throbbing pain,
 Which Cupid's maddened votaries prove?—
 Our dove-eyed maidens call it—LOVE.
 A being formed by magic power
 Created in a single hour.
 Now bending with adoring knee,
 In maddening youthful ecstasy,
 And deeply gazing all the while,
 To catch the play of Beauty's smile.
 Her glance—it makes his bosom thrill
 And heave against his urgent will.
 Her smile—it is to him a star,
 That lights to glory from afar.
 Her touch—it makes his pulses swell,
 As none but lovers' hearts can tell.
 Her kiss—it makes the coward brave,
 And lights him to a glorious grave.

Oh! should inconstancy but lower,
 This being kindled in an hour,—
 When cold neglect or scorn estranges,
 This being, in a minute, changes.
 His eye indignant roves above,
 Disdainful of a woman's love:—
 Her whom he fondly loved of late,
 He now can view with scornful hate.
 His pulses in his bosom beat,
 At every glance with maddening heat,
 A vivid and a piercing pain,
 Hurries like lightning thro' his brain,

And frenzied by a lover's scorn,
He curses Heaven that he was born,

— — — — —
LINES TO — — — — —

Oh! by that genuine sympathy,
Which draws my very soul to thee;
Which touches in my faithful breast
Accordant notes when thou art blest;
And makes me feel with tenfold smart
Each anguish which assaults thy heart—
O'er thee its pure vibration spread,
Pure, sensitive in heart and head;
Impel thine eyes to trace each line,
Thy soul to feel they must be mine,
Which seeks on this revolving day,
To chase corroding care away;
Lure from thy soul the embryo sigh,
Expel the tear that dims thine eye,
Pluck from thy memory by stealth
Reverted thought, that foe to health,
And with prophetic ken explore,
What ripening time has yet in store,
And Hope return, a truant guest,
Long stranger to that aching breast,

— — — — —
SONNET TO MARION.

Why dwells my soul with rapture on thy form—
Why, to my pillow'd visions comes serene,
Thy imaged sweetness—why, amid the scene,
Of human tumult, and the driving storm,
Of faction, does thy beauty still arise,
While my ear drinks, with melody replete
Sweet tales of thee and of thy converse sweet,
While still unclosed, remain my kindled eyes?
And when the unobtrusive slumber steals,
Nestling upon my pillow, still, sweet thought,
Prone ever to the one, is then inwrought,
Among my dreams, and my glad hope reveals,
The uncurtained future, and I see thee then,
And wake, and wish, and strive to dream again.

SONNET.

That velvet down, that blushing cheek
 Those eyes that eloquently speak;—
 That modest front where CANDOR dwells,
 Where INNOCENCE each art repels:—
 Those virgin lips, whose glowing red
 Are still with sense and sweetness fed;
 Those smiling dimples, chaste yet free,
 Those arched brows turned by symmetry;—
 That skin's pure spotless dazzling hue,
 Prone to betray th' ethereal blue
 Which those rich veins of health impart,
 And serve to indicate thy heart,
 Which, ere youth's visions flit away,
 Seems ready for a brighter day;—
 These teach us, and in these we read
 The beauty and the good, indeed.



FLOWERS.

"For her who can best understand them."

These pretty flowrets—whence are they
 From what bright isle of Indian seas,
 Borne on the pinions of the breeze,
 And won from regions far away?

Vain trophies! from your tufted green,
 Why came ye to a rival sky?
 A fairer flowret here is seen,
 And ye are conquered—ye must die!

What though ye have the lily's white,
 The rose's blush of rich delight,
 Of both the odour and the glow—
 The graces of that brow that wears,
 Would shame your high pretence so low,
 That ye would melt away in tears.

SONNET.

When hope first taught affection fond to smile,
 How glowed the bosom with pathetic fire!—
 When love energetic, deep conceal'd erewhile,
 Burst forth in eloquence of wild desire:
 When absence taught my breast what 'twas to love:
 When virtue—beauty—pathos—every grace
 In all thy actions won me to approve,—
 When general smiles of sympathy, thy face
 In virtuous modesty, without alloy
 Bedecked:—what felt my passion-throbbing soul?
 Oh! who can say?—Weak language, thou enjoy
 Thy partial reign:—I would not thee control.
 My feelings when or how can I impart—
 Ah! who can find a language for the heart?



EPIGRAMS,



THE WORM DOCTOR.

Dr. Aleucius boasts his skill,
 To *worms* destroy with purge and pill—
 In saying thus he tells no lie,
 As I will prove and show you why—
 For scripture says in plainest terms,
 That *men* are nothing more than worms.



TRUE CANDOR.

Dick with long glance and arch grimace,
 Will cringe and flatter to your face,
 But, when you've turned your back on Dick,
 He would not do so mean a trick.



GIVING THE WALL—A JOKE VERSIFIED.

A Pedant once his Pupil met,
 And bade him from the wall to get—

He, to a rascal, would not give
 The wall as long as he should live.
 The Pupil, rich in wit and whim,
 Replied, "I will"—and gave it him.

LYING.

[*From the French of Voltaire.*]

Tom, impudently calls me mad,
 I, ignorantly, called him wise;
 Trust not what by either's said,
 I lied—he lies!

TOM'S WIT.

Exhaustless still is Tommy's wit!—

You ask me why,
 And I reply,
 Because—he never uses it.

Or,

Tom's wit will be exhausted never,
 And with what cause, you ask me dryly—
 Because, he uses it so shyly,
 Little or none, would last forever.

CHARITY.

Dick when a beggar press'd him sore,
 Seeking a simple groat,—
 "I give thee *all*,—I can no more"—
 He said, and gave him—nought!

THE HUMAN FAMILY.

This motley, universal crew,
 Have all a common aim in view—

And each with close and earnest suit,
Is for the leaves and flow'rs and fruit;—
Yet each pursues a different way—
Some drink, some dance and others pray;
Each at his fellow sneers or laughs,
Whether he dances, prays or quaffs—
The libertine, the sot, the monk,—
Yet all are blind, and all are drunk.

TO A SONGSTRESS.

[*From the French.*]

Sweetly you breathe the melting lay,
And, Oh! how happy should I be,
If on your lip, I might repay,
The bliss that now it gives to me.

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